Liberty

SEPT. 15, 1945 10c

Frances Tipton Hunter

Book: A. WOOLLCOTT: HIS LIFE AND HIS WORLD BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

SALTONSTALL OF MASSACHUSETTS By John Gunther

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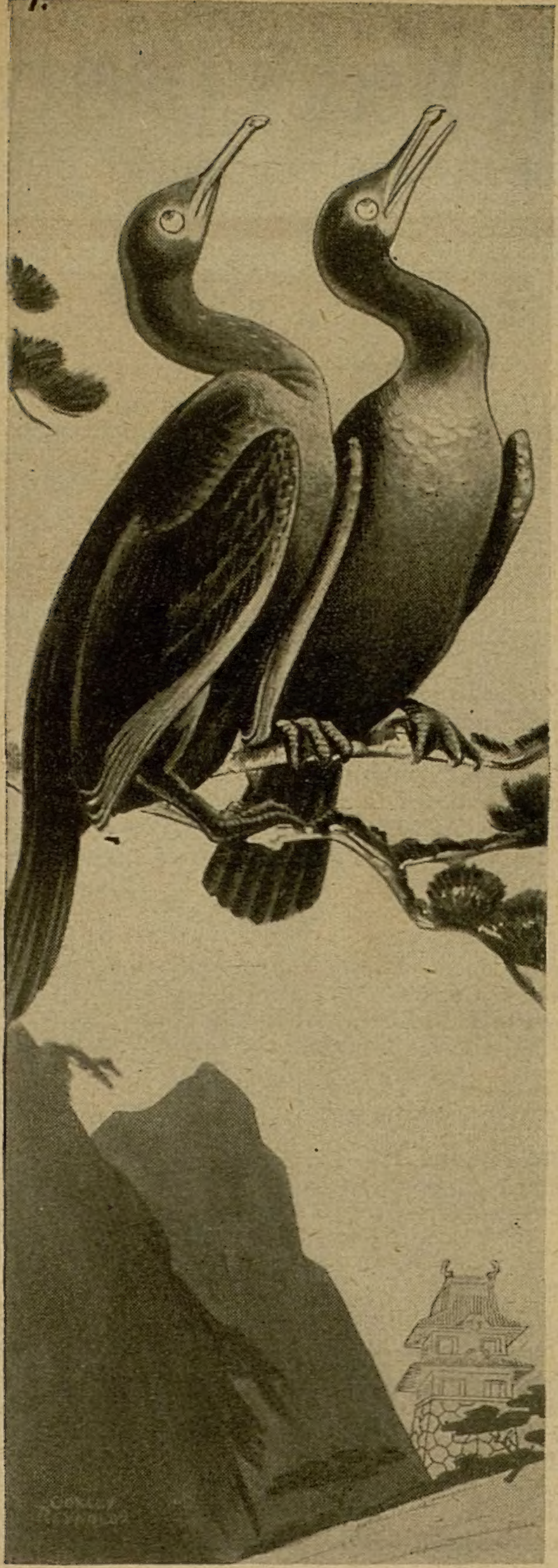

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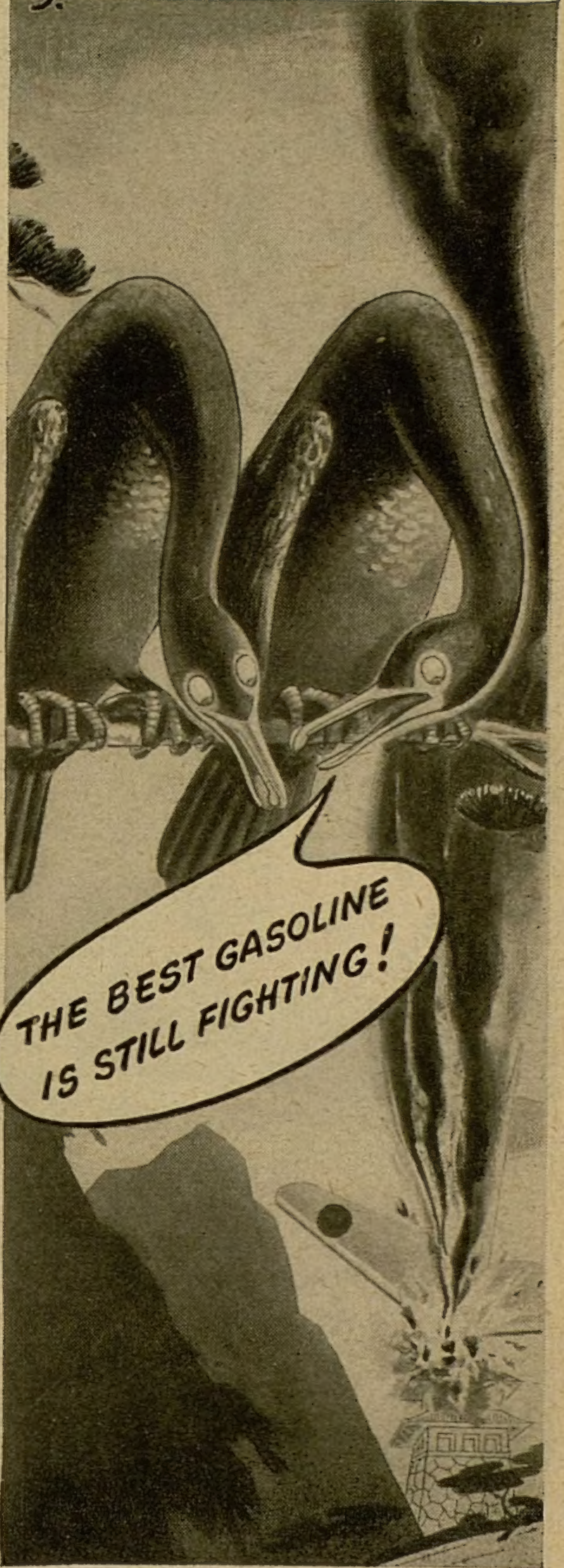
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Cover: Captain Kid

Painted by Frances Tipton Hunter

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

President, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Edward Maher, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; *Business Mgr.*, John Dungan; *Circulation Mgr.*, Lee Wagner.

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Liberty, September 15, 1945, Vol. 22, No. 37. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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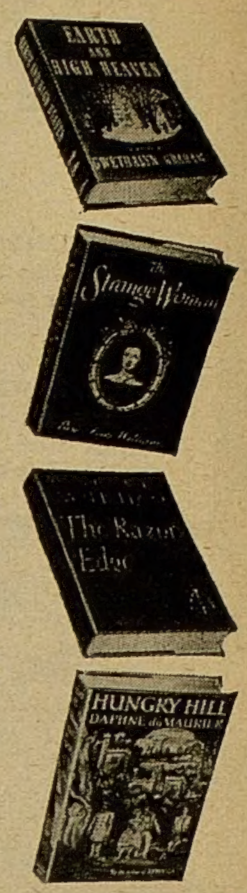

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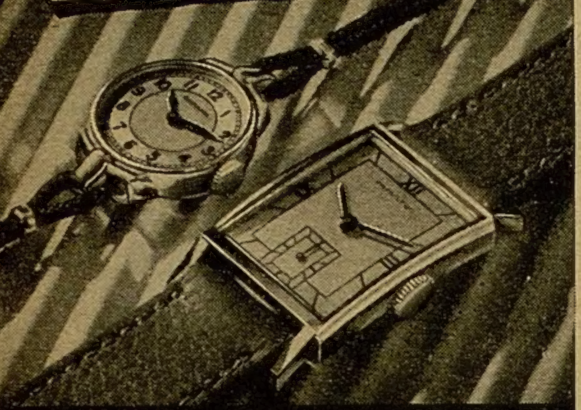

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VOX POP

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EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

McAlester, Okla.—Thomas M. Street's statements in Vox Pop (July 21) were infuriating. For example: "That all men are created equal is absurd"; and "Neither are many that I meet on the street my equal."

It's nice to have a good opinion of oneself, but it can be overdone.

All people are created equal, but due to environment, financial circumstances, education, etc., they often can't be as socially prominent as Mr. Street seems to think he is.

If jobs can be created for the masses at wages that will give them a chance to meet their obligations, you will find a mass of people who are Mr. Street's equal and better. I think you will find very few people who won't work for betterment of themselves and their families, if given a chance.—*Jessie L. Krueger.*

SOFTHEARTED?

New Orleans, La.—I much admire the stand taken by Elizabeth M. de Faron in Vox Pop (July 21). I agree with her 100 per cent. When she criticizes the Americans for treating Jap prisoners with kid gloves—even giving them cigarettes—she voices my sentiments precisely. I have seen in Yank, the servicemen's magazine, where our cigarettes have been given to old Japanese crones by our servicemen. They should be court-martialed.

I've been in the service for over thirty-one years and I know the softheartedness of our G. I.s and sailors. We should treat our enemies as they have treated us. I have lived in the Philippines for three years and have also been in Japan, and I see no reason why we should try to curry favor with those people by gifts of cigarettes and chocolates to which we have very little access here in this country. De Faron isn't wrong in her suggestion of treatment for the Japs and Germans. I wish more of us had her ideas.—*C. R. Rubright.*

Laredo, Texas—I'm not in the habit of writing to Voice of the People columns, but when I read the comment of Elizabeth M. de Faron on the article, Jap Prisoners Talk, Too! by Larry Barretto (June 9), about the Japs getting her cigarettes, I thought it called for a letter. She mentions "a girl of my tender years." I wonder if she is old enough to enlist in the WACs or the Waves? In that way, she could probably release a man to do some of the shooting she is talking about. And anyone with any sense should know that Intelligence needs some prisoners for information. She should also know that, if we are going to have to kill every Jap, some of our own boys are going to lose their lives doing it.—*Lt. M. E. S.*

CROSBY FANS

Springfield, Ohio—Victor Boesen's article, There's Only One Bing (July 21), certainly rings true to the heart of every American-loving citizen. He is as American as our great Will Rogers.

It is not often that you find men who will go for a male singer, but my husband is just as much of a Crosby fan as I am, and feels that he has been cheated if he misses one of Bing's programs. Crosby has done a lot for our boys overseas and is also doing a lot for our own American people.—*Helen L. Nier.*

Tuscarora, Nev.—In his article on Bing Crosby, Victor Boesen states that the crooner owns a one-thousand-acre ranch in Nevada.

Please inform Mr. Boesen and your readers that Crosby owns a ten-thousand-acre ranch in Nevada.—*B. M. Fairchild.*

BROWN MAN WITH A BLACK HEART

Southport, Conn.—My answer to Paul Hunter's editorial, Should We Bomb Hirohito? (July 28) is an emphatic yes. The sooner the little brown man with a black heart is blown off the face of the earth, the sooner the other 80,000,000 rats will realize that they have been fed hokum, and throw in the sponge.—*Orson Kilborn.*

HIROHITO
F.C.

NO PRESS-AGENT WAR

Boise, Idaho—It seems to me that J. Gardner Minard (Vox Pop, July 28) is being unjustifiably critical when he says that the picture of the flag raising on Iwo Jima smacks of press-agent stuff. Perhaps, in spite of his vast experience in battles, he is not exactly familiar with the size and weight of our flag, nor with what a stiff wind can do on top of a hill. Studying the picture, as he suggests, "calmly and dispassionately," it is quite evident that the boys were bucking a heavy wind at the time of setting the flag. Or does he think that the wind was part of the "stage-setting"? Also, is it not just barely possible that the boys were showing a little understandable enthusiasm in wanting to help raise our colors after a particularly bloody and hard-won fight? Three of the six, incidentally, have since died as their reward in this "press-agent" war which

(*Continued on page 8*)

"I can get a job, Dad!"

"That was Jimmy's voice cutting through the fog in my brain. Jimmy, my 12-year-old, was trying to console me...was offering to help support the family. We had lost everything—our savings, our home. All had gone to satisfy the court judgment resulting from my automobile accident. The man in the other car was badly injured—and I had no insurance. In one lightning moment I had mortgaged my son's future... destroyed the life I was building for my family. I had failed in my duty to protect them—by neglecting such a trifle as auto insurance."

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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

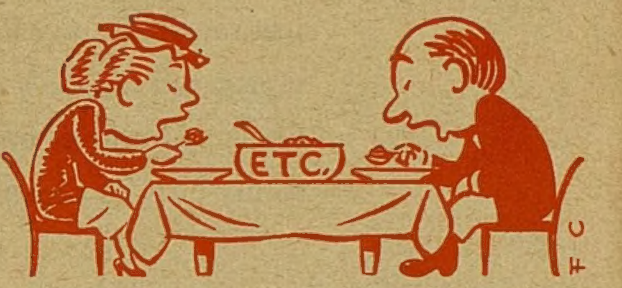
(Continued from page 6)

Mr. Minard seems to think is being fought.

The much revered Father of our country, in crossing the Delaware, would have been much more comfortable sitting down in the boat, and perhaps he did. But it does make an inspiring picture to see him standing in the prow, ready to spring at the foe the moment the boat touched the bank, doesn't it? Anyway, I, for one, believe the photo in question to be real; but real or not, I like it.—*Eugene B. Cudd.*

HASH WITHOUT MEAT?

NAMPA, IDAHO—In his article on Clint Anderson, America's New Food Czar (August 4), Jack Pollock states: "Unable to find either meat or ceiling-price poultry in Washington all week, they dined resignedly on hash . . ." Will Mr. Anderson share his secret of how to make hash without meat with a lot of worried, wondering housewives?—*C. Williamson.*



EXTINCT BILLS

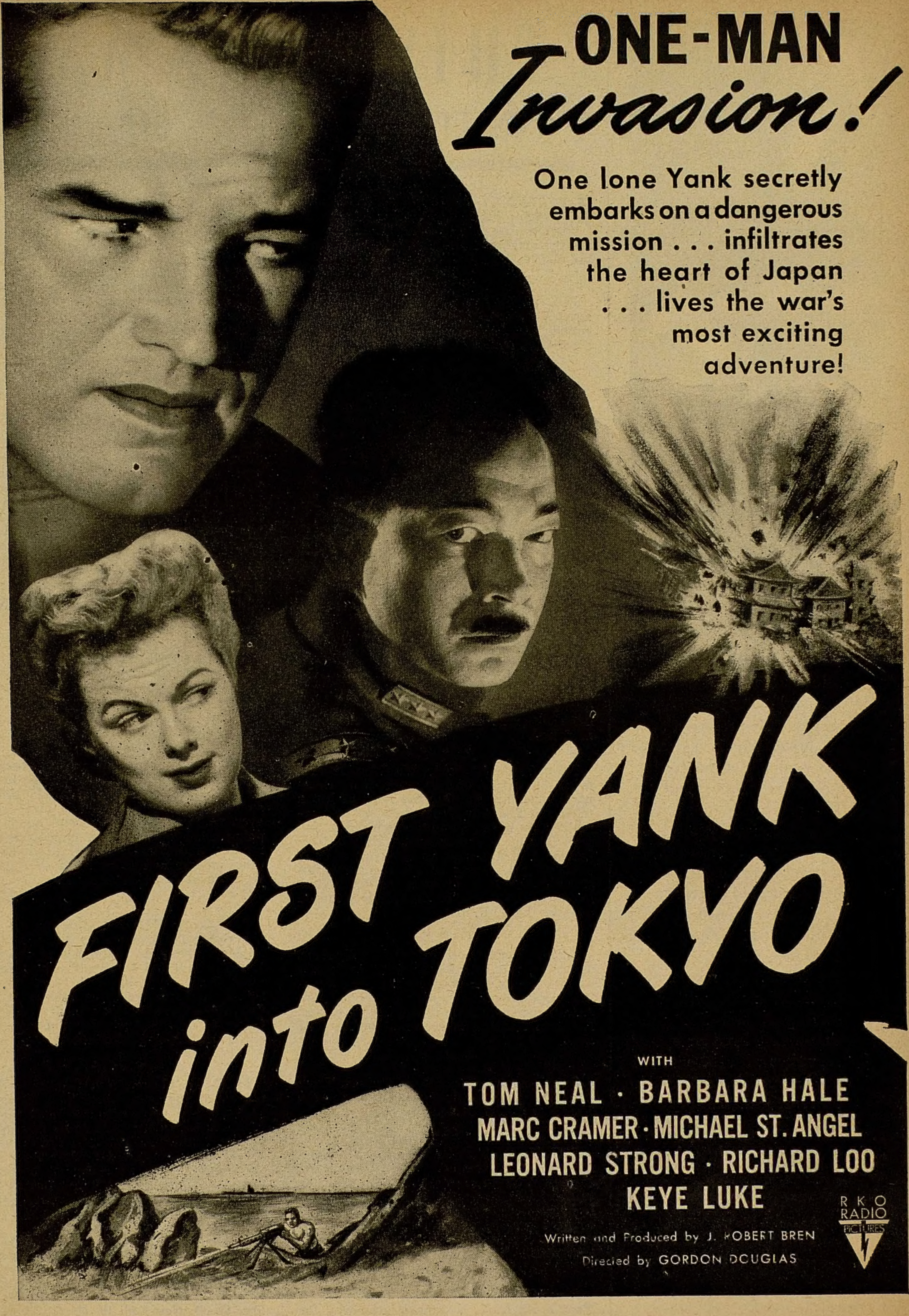
FRESNO, CALIF.—No doubt Sgt. Fulbright, in Liberty's Book Condensation, The Best from Yank (July 28), met numerous Italians who worked in the subways in New York and other cities in the States. But tell me why he had ten-dollar gold-seal bills or notes with him? These were used only for the invasion of Africa. Was he big time and able to keep these for souvenirs? Or perhaps he was just another Fuller Brush man. One wonders.

All gold seals were collected and lire and francs given in exchange, prior to the invasion of Sicily and Italy. Of course I could be wrong. But I was also there.—*Cpl. Louis F. Gates.*

HENRY FORD vs. HORATIO ALGER

STATE COLLEGE, PA.—To use her own words in Vox Pop (July 7), Anne Sparks "made me boil." Too many people think, as she does, that wealth is merely something to spread. Henry Ford undoubtedly has much wealth, but during his long life has created and spread much more. I can remember, as a youngster, hearing my elders predict Ford's ruin when he had announced that no employee of his, not even the lowliest in skill and accomplishment, should henceforth receive less than five dollars a day.

Of course, our American system is not perfect, but it is better than it was once and will become still better. That system has created more wealth than any other system. Let's improve both the creation and the spreading of wealth, but remember that, like butter, it has to be made before it can be spread. Think of the jobs which have come through the replacement of the horse and buggy by the automobile. While the automobile is the creation of thousands of individuals, Henry Ford has advanced its utilization far out of proportion to any personal or family wealth which he has acquired as a byproduct.—*F. C. Whitmore.*



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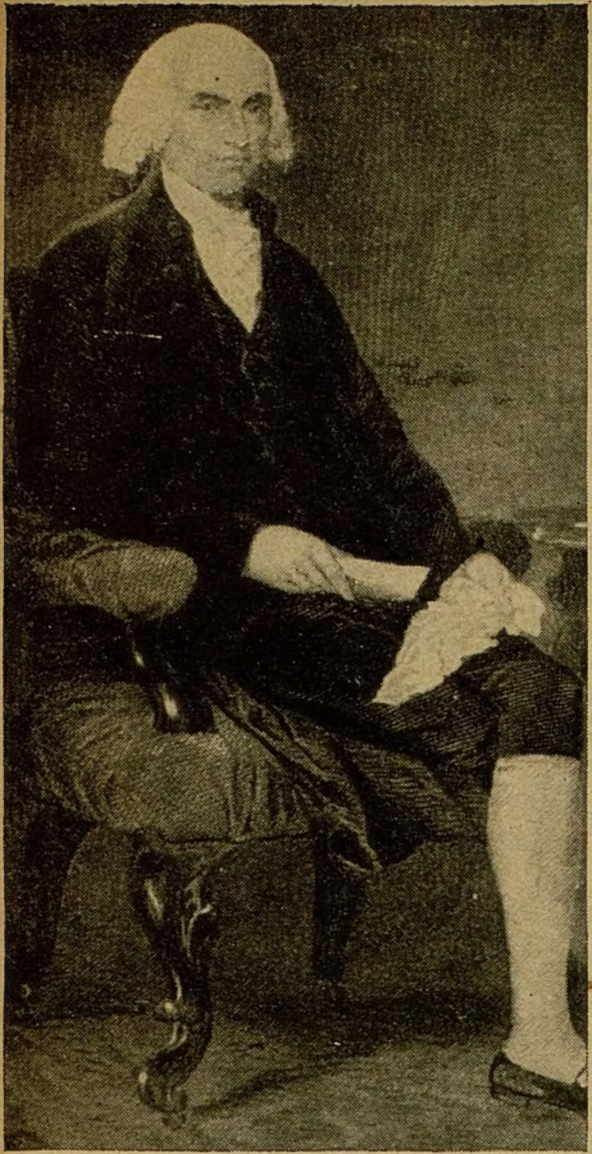

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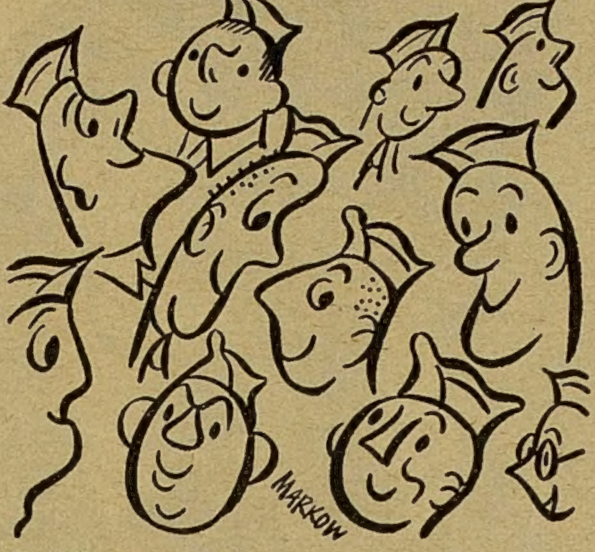
* * *

Pvt. W. C. Sterkel, Philippines. I disagree with you. I think any soldier who is called "G. I. Joe" has a right to resent it, since G. I. means "government issue," and no soldier is the product of an assembly line. Each of us has his own dreams, his own hopes, his own prayers, and is just a little different from the dogface in the next bed.



All different

* * *

Elliot Clark, St. Louis, Mo. War Department notification of a soldier's death is always made by sending the next of kin a telegram. The War Department never telephones the news. So anyone who calls and says that he is representing the War Department and wishes to sell you a book containing a listing of all the casualties since Pearl Harbor is a conscienceless hoodlum and should be immediately turned over to the F. B. I.

* * *

S/Sgt. Vernon Huesman, Philippines. Thus far, the War Department has made no provisions for discharging men overseas so that veterans may travel through Asia before returning to the United States. No such decision is expected before V-J Day.

* * *

Pvt. James O. Terry, New Guinea. Fines collected via courts-martial go to the Treasury of the United States.

* * *

J. H. H., C Ph M, Norfolk, Va. You cannot go out on the basis of sixteen years' service. The law providing for transfer to the Fleet Reserve on the sixteen-year basis applied only to men who were in the active naval service on July 1, 1925, or who re-enlisted within three months of that date.

* * *

Richard Donald Jenkins, SM3/c, FPO, New York, N. Y. No, there is no way for Navy personnel, enlisted or other, to be transferred to the ground forces of the Army.

* * *

Mrs. C. L. Chaney, Cumberland, Md. If your husband made a mistake when filling out your name as the beneficiary of his insurance, you may have the error corrected by writing to Director of Insurance, Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

* * *

Mrs. B. G. H., Tuscaloosa, Ala. If your husband is about to be discharged, you would do well to acquaint yourself with the various agencies which can aid him after his return. The three basic agencies are: (1) Selective Service. If he needs help in getting his old job returned to him, his old draft board is empowered to help him. (2) Veterans Administration. If he wants to go to school, the VA will take care of it, since they handle all veterans' benefits. (3) United States Employment Service. If he does not want to go back to his old job, but wants a new one, USES will confer with him and then attempt to place him.

* * *

Mrs. G. Z., Albuquerque, N. M. No, your husband cannot stop your allowance unless he becomes legally separated or divorced from you.

* * *

Mrs. E. G. Warner, Little Rock, Ark. The U. S. Government spent 32 billion dollars on World War I. Thus far, the present struggle has cost more than 275 billions, so keep buying War Bonds and stamps, even when there is no official bond drive going on. Freedom is an expensive commodity, and it's a national privilege few other people in history have ever had as we here in America know it.

* * *

Sgt. O. B. Hoffman, Chicago, Ill. You are right. There are only three five-star admirals. They are Admirals of the Fleet Leahy, King, and Nimitz. The bill authorizing their rank allowed four, but the fourth has not yet been appointed. The four five-star generals are, as you know, Generals of the Army Eisenhower, Marshall, Arnold, and MacArthur.

* * *

M. R. D., Green Bay, Wis. If you reported to your draft board on November 11, 1918, and you were sent home instead of being inducted, because of the signing of the Armistice, you are not a vet of World War I. You were never actually in the Army, since in order to become a member of that body you must at least have taken the oath of allegiance.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Outwitting the weather

How science copes with Old Man Weather is illustrated by these ideas and devices from General Electric laboratories.

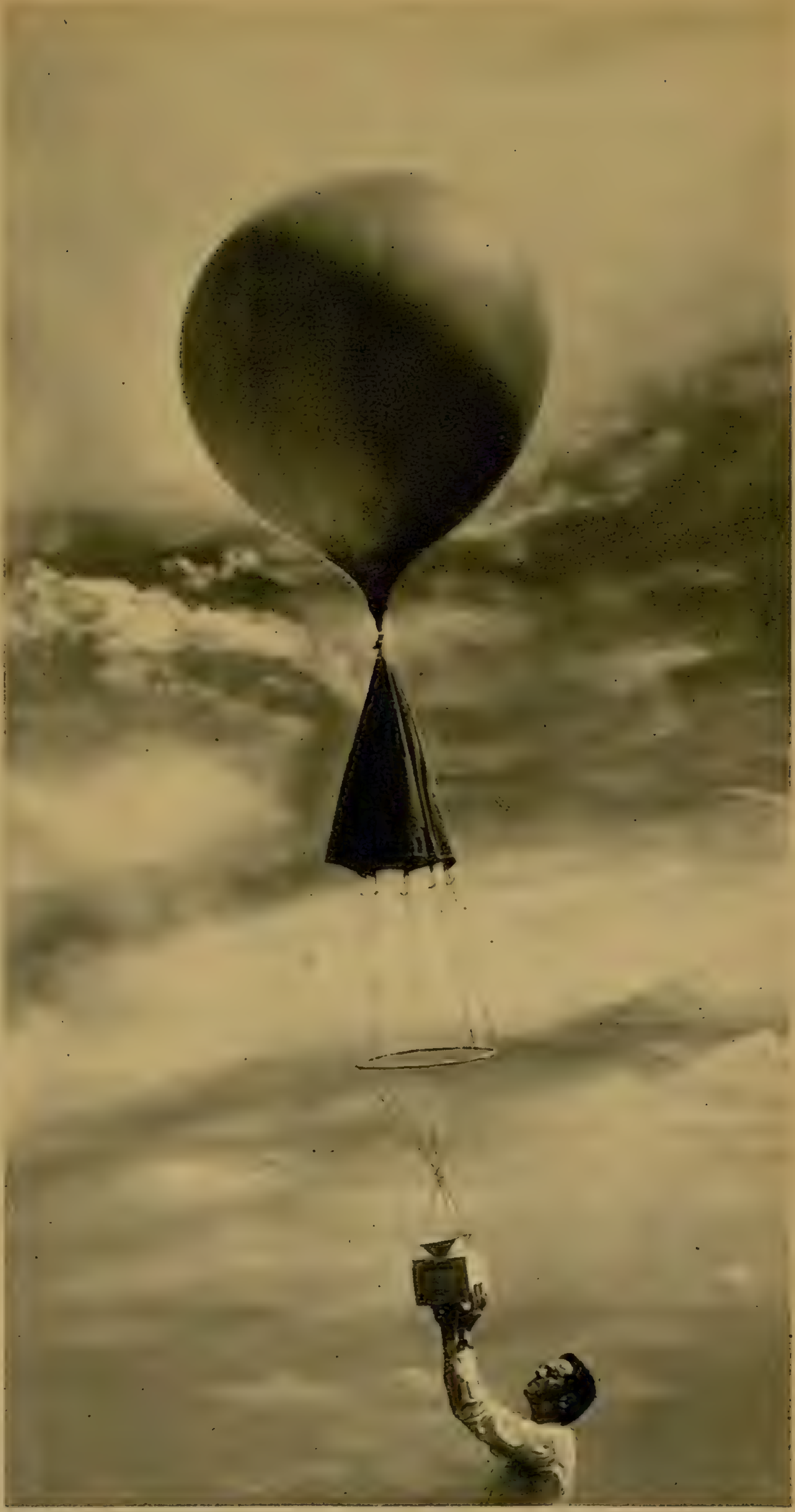
How high are the clouds? A ceilometer measures this for airmen. How wet is the weather? Hay can now be stored in barns before it is dry, with a new hay-drying system with G-E control. And one G-E laboratory makes weather—with or without rain, wind, sleet, snow—to test G-E turbo-superchargers.

On this page are a few more examples of the way General Electric research and engineering are being devoted to this phase of human comfort and health. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Cloudy but bright. When clouds darken the sky, lights come on in this schoolroom. No one has to remember; a General Electric automatic light control with an "electric eye" keeps constant watch, safeguards young eyes by turning on the lights whenever needed.

Cucumber magic. Vines in electrically heated soil (right) grew twice as tall, and bore one month earlier. A heating cable, developed by G-E engineers, is buried in the soil and thermostatically controlled. More than 15,000 commercial growers use G-E soil-heating cable.

Spring weather. Cool, mountain-top comfort in your bedroom, or anywhere else in your house, will be provided by G-E air conditioning units. Nor have G-E engineers forgotten winter problems; they have applied G-E research and engineering to home heating systems, too.



Weather detective goes aloft in the small box suspended from the balloon. Some 12 miles up the balloon bursts, and the box is parachuted back to earth. On the way up, this electronic device, called the G-E Stratometer, gives a running commentary on the weather—temperature, humidity, air pressure—and sends this information back to earth by radio signals. The information gathered by the G-E Stratometer can be used to help predict weather.

★ ★ ★

Hear the G-E radio programs: The G-E All-girl Orchestra, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—The World Today news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—The G-E House Party, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Something New ON THE TABLE!

For the first time a way has been found to put into a locomotive the same kind of power that sends big battleships forward—*turbine drive!*

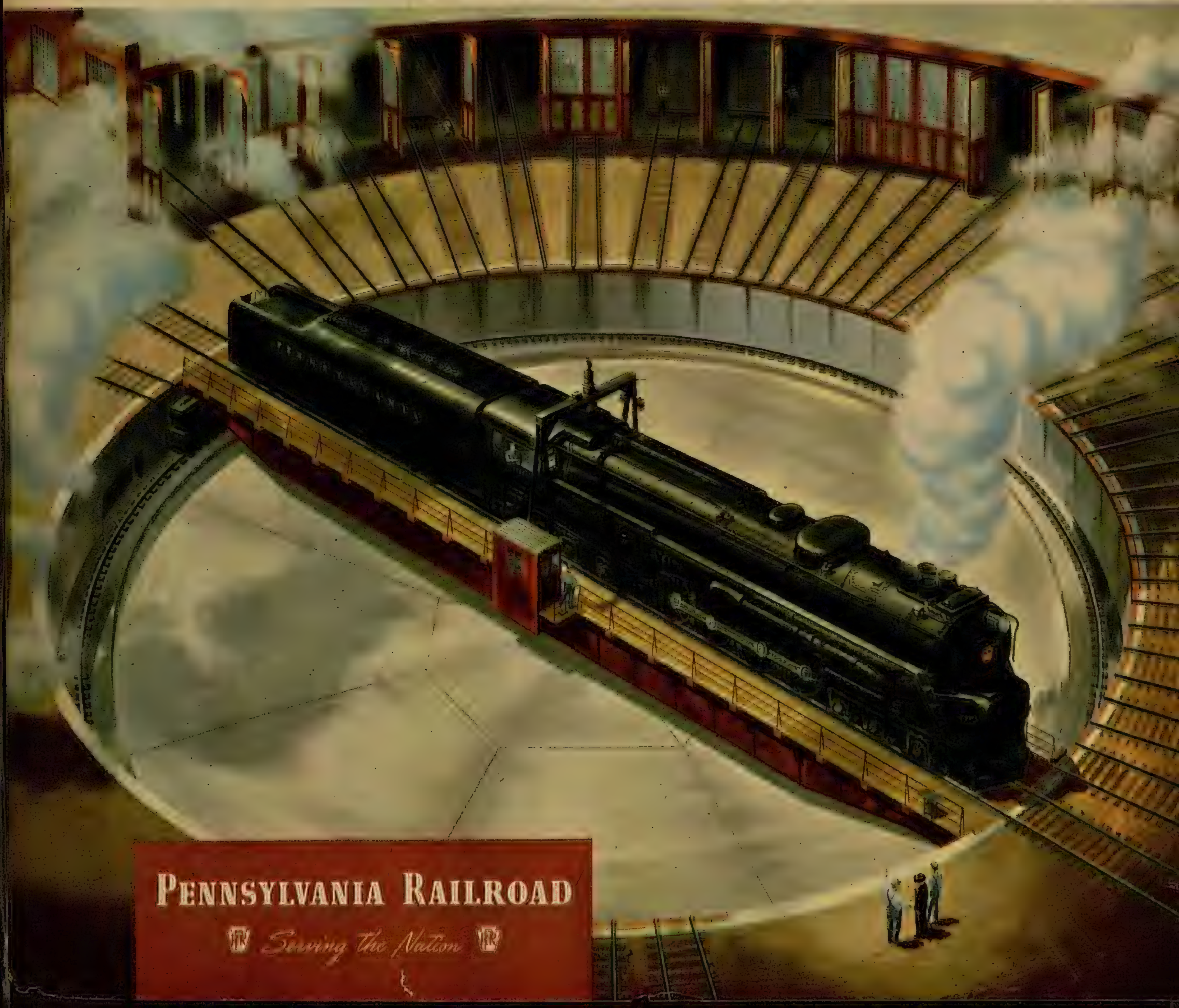
Developed by Pennsylvania Railroad research in conjunction with engineering staffs of Westinghouse Electric Corporation and the Baldwin Locomotive Works, this new kind of locomotive power adds extra smoothness in fast runs—and many other notable advantages.

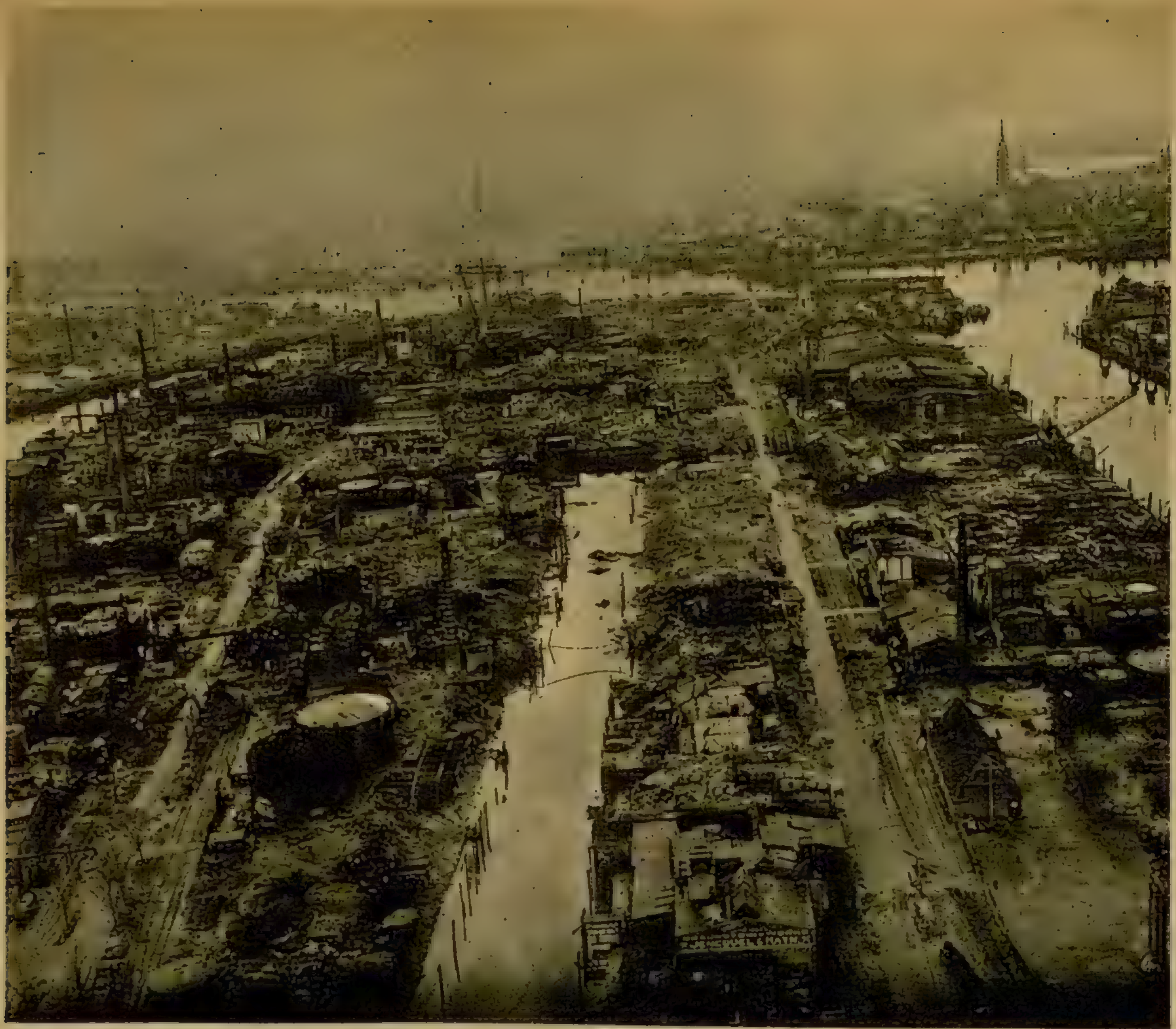
No bigger than your electric refrigerator, the steam turbine itself can produce power to pull the heaviest loads at high speeds. And the engineman controls the whole operation with a single small lever which works like a gear-shift on an automobile!

One of the most important changes in the power principle of the steam locomotive in over 100 years, the turbine drive engine gives promise of a great future in the field of train transportation.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

★ 53,639 entered the Armed Forces ★ 925 have given their lives for their Country





BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO FROM INT. NEW

Knocked out, paralyzed: Hamburg as it looked from the air immediately after its surrender on May 3—and as Mr. Parrish has found it still looks today.

ON THE BEAM

Hamburg, great city that was, as Allied air power has left it: An eyewitness description of devastation in prewar Germany's biggest port

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Paris.

FROM many viewpoints Hamburg's is the best case history of strategic bombing in Germany. Hamburg was not only Germany's second city but also its largest port—a vast sprawling area surrounding one of the best harbors in the world. It had many vital industries, especially oil refining, U-boat construction, and transport facilities.

It is proper to use the past tense in describing Hamburg today, for the city was knocked out and paralyzed. Its population has been reduced from 1,800,000 to 1,200,000. Large areas are nothing but rubble. The central part of the city is smashed and broken. Hamburg will be years in recovering and rebuilding. Yet a minor percentage of the residential section is still habitable. Hardly anything remains of Cologne, but Hamburg has a nucleus on which to rebuild.

It was just two months after Hamburg had surrendered to the British that I landed by transport airplane at the city's municipal airport and went to the home of one W. Testorp, on Adolf Hitler Strasse, where a press headquarters had been established. Herr Testorp was in the laundry business. His home was one of the few in Hamburg that had not been destroyed. He had to move elsewhere to make room for visiting correspondents. For a few days I had comfortable living, but most Hamburgers did not enjoy similar comforts.

Two impressions of war-smashed Hamburg stand out clearly today. One was the result of a twenty-mile tour of the harbor in a small boat; the other, of standing at a street crossing in what was once a large apartment-house section and seeing nothing but ruins in all directions, and finding that a once bustling part of a city can be deathly quiet without a sign of life anywhere.

The destruction of Hamburg came in two parts. The first was the day-and-night blitz staged for three days and nights by the Royal Air Force by night and the U. S. Eighth Air Force by day, July 24-27, 1943—almost two years before my recent visit. The second was the series of Eighth Air Force attacks, up to the end of the war, on pin-point targets, principally oil refineries and U-boat yards. There were fourteen major assaults by our own air force.

Quite aside from the 25,292 tons of bombs dropped by the Royal Air Force in the British type of area bombing—plastering a large area by night—the Eighth Air Force dropped 17,104 tons in pin-point attacks on strategic targets, with a total of 6,384 sorties and 103 planes lost. Oil production and the port area received well over half of this tonnage.

There have been reports in the United States that three fourths of German industry is prepared to resume operating. A tour of Hamburg discredits any such idea. The oil refineries are nothing but a mass of twisted steel and bricks. There is nothing left but unusable wreckage. A few shipyards are being cleaned up, but many months will be required before any of them can be utilized to any great extent. The U-boat yards were fatally hit. On the twenty-mile boat tour there was nothing to be seen but wreckage on all sides. The

(*Continued on page 15*)

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

HUBBA! HUBBA! THE THREAT!

"She's the Threat, to the Body, the Voice and the Look" . . . said a famed critic when she saw Lizabeth Scott in her first motion picture . . . Hal Wallis' newest production for Paramount

"You Came Along"

Hubba! Hubba! say Robert Cummings, Don ("The Affairs of Susan") DeFore and Charles Drake when they first meet Lizabeth Scott—blonde, beautiful, sultry-voiced—in Robert Smith's fast moving story of three wild and wonderful bird-guys chaperoned on a bond-selling tour by a golden haired lovely.

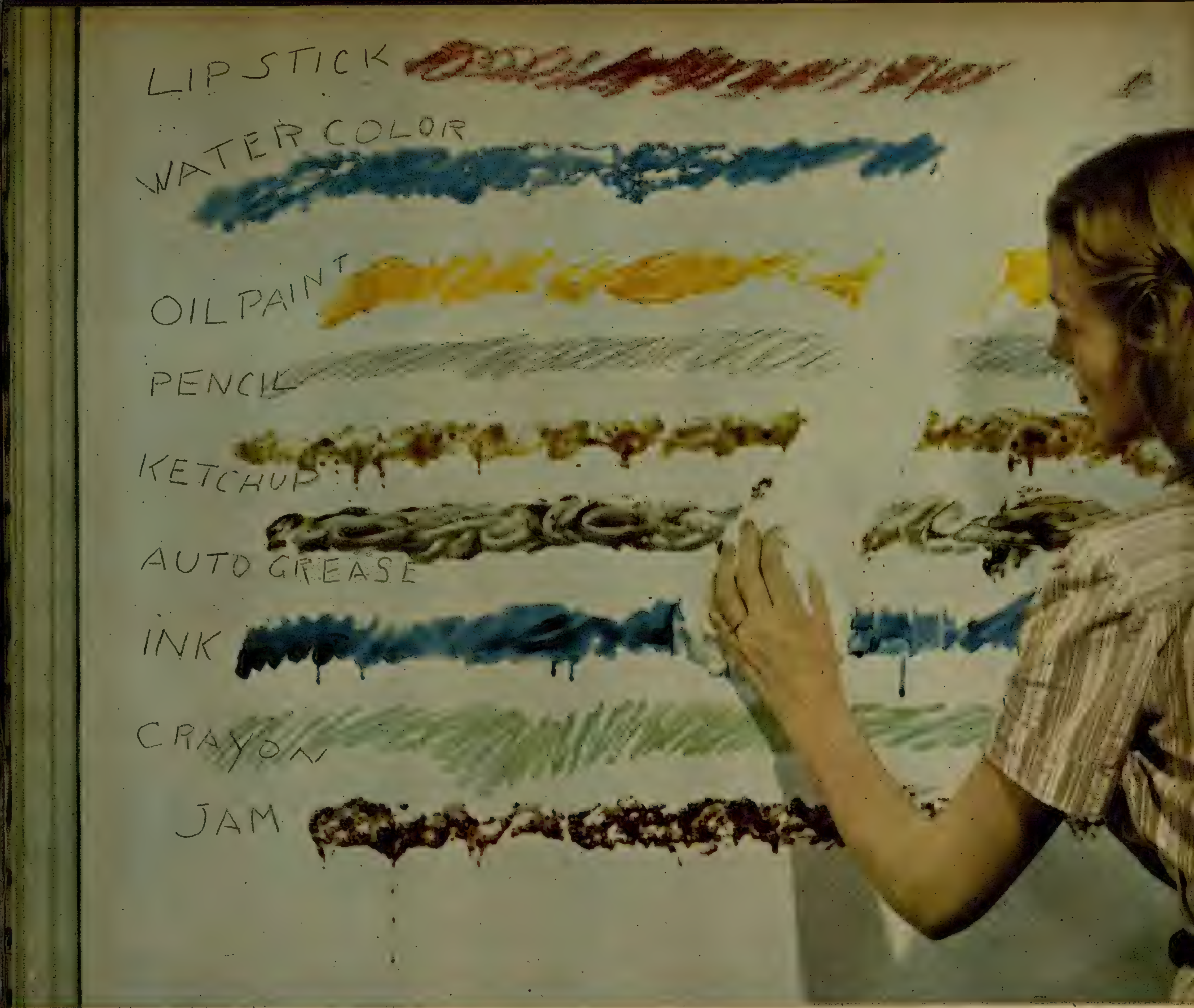
° ° °

Speaking of Robert Smith, he sent the script of "YOU CAME ALONG" to Hal Wallis with a note which began, "Take what liberties you like with my story, but don't foul up my flyers—as I turn them over to you, they've got the breath of life in 'em . . . they're on the level . . . keep them that way . . . and as for Ivy (Lizabeth Scott) . . . what really counts is that she makes a place for herself on their ball team—she belongs."

° ° °

When you see "YOU CAME ALONG," ably directed by John Farrow, you'll agree with us that Hal Wallis did not "foul up" Smith's flyers and that Lizabeth Scott really "belongs" on their team . . . and that team is in the big leagues.

Paramount Pictures



It all comes out in the wash

Even if you have a Koroseal raincoat, shower curtain, garment bag — you haven't seen anything yet!

KEEPING wall coverings, shower curtains, tablecloths, upholstery clean will be easy, when they're coated with Koroseal as they soon may be.

The Koroseal wall in the photograph was daubed with nearly everything we could think of that might ever get on a home wall. They all wash off easily, quickly. You'll be able to choose wall coverings of any color or pattern protected by a thin transparent film of Koroseal that won't wear off, need not be renewed or painted. And a quick wash is all your wall will need, to be as fresh and new as the day it was put on.

Koroseal is the new flexible material, developed by B. F. Goodrich, that is water-proof and resistant to grease, alcohol, acids, and years of sun and air. Since it does not absorb water, you'll be able to put Koroseal umbrellas, raincoats, bathing suits away wet, with no fear of sticking or rot. Porch furniture with Koroseal upholstery can be left out in the rain.

Koroseal luggage will be practically scuffproof; shoe soles and heels will outwear the finest leather. Koroseal baby pants will be soft and comfortable, and easily washed. In industry Koroseal will make better acid tanks, corrosion-proof paints, and many other things that will last longer than any previous material.

When its still-vital war job is done, Koroseal will be in the stores in scores of new articles to make life more convenient. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Koroseal—Reg. T. M.

Koroseal

MADE
ONLY BY

B. F. Goodrich

(*Continued from page 13*)

harbor was liberally littered with sunken boats of all sizes. Any idea that Hamburg can regain its stature as a major port in anything under several years is not based on reality.

Just as impressive as the harbor area is the city itself, where an estimated 200,000 persons were killed during that three-day blitz two years ago. How many are still buried in the rubble isn't known, but one estimate is 100,000. Probably the actual number isn't that high, but the fact remains that Hamburg hasn't begun to dig out from the ruins, and a sizable community still remains buried in the heaps that were apartment houses and homes.

Hamburg is one of the few cities where streetcars have resumed operating in some sections, and where electric power and water have been restored. But I went east of the main business section, along Eiffe Strasse, into a section once occupied by three- to five-story apartment houses with small shops in most of the ground-floor space. Rubble had spilled out over the sidewalks and into the streets. Nowhere in several square miles could a sidewalk be seen. Lanes had been cleared for motor traffic, although some streets were still bottled up.

Grass was growing between the pavement bricks. It was deathly quiet. Occasionally someone passed on a bicycle. Two boys were rummaging in the ruins for pieces of wood. In no direction could one see anything but jagged walls, burned-out houses, and heaps of brick and stone. Not a person lived within blocks. Sparrows chirped among the ruins, and the whole area had the feeling of ancient ruins long ago abandoned. How little had been done in two years to clean up the mess was amazing. One entire large section of the city was absolutely desolate; the scene was indescribable. There was not a roof to be seen.

In another area everything appeared normal at first glance. Trees lined the streets. Traffic moved normally. The façades of private homes seemed whole. But each house was an empty shell open to the sky. Here and there a family continued to live in the basement. Despite the surface appearance of normality, the area was as dead as though it were not shaded by fine large trees.

The Germans for the most part looked at U. S. correspondents and at the British troops with expressionless faces. They stared with curiosity at every truck or jeep. One would gather at first glance that the remaining citizens of Hamburg were well dressed, but one doesn't have to be around the city long to discover that the clothes are either not of good quality or are old clothes that were made of durable material.

Ninety-five per cent of the motorized traffic consists of British Army equipment. A few private vehicles are in operation under special permit. But the people are healthy. It is evident that the Germans ate well during the war. They aren't eating so well now. They are beginning to feel the sort of food pinch that hit Britain early in the war.

Air power crushed Hamburg to the point at which it was no longer useful to the German military machine. Rail lines were cut off. Oil production was cut to zero. Even if its factories could still produce something, the task of moving that product into the war became almost hopeless. And now, the war over, Hamburg is a shambles. It hasn't yet really begun to clear away the ruins, much less to rebuild.

Next week I'll give you the disclosures of a post-mortem on Nazi Germany's vaunted air power and aircraft production—and on her wartime use of them.

I'M READY FOR ANOTHER FLYING LESSON IN THE PIPER CUB
OKAY MARY, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OTHER WAYS TO TAKE OFF AND LAND
THAT TAKE-OFF WAS DIFFERENT!
YES. IF THE FIELD IS ROUGH OR SOFT, WE KEEP THE TAIL LOW AND GET OFF FASTER.
WHEN A FEW FEET OFF THE GROUND, WE EASE THE STICK SLIGHTLY FORWARD TO GAIN SPEED.
TAKE OFF ON A ROUGH OR SOFT FIELD
FULL THROTTLE—STICK NEUTRAL
STICK FORWARD TO GET TAIL JUST OFF THE GROUND
STICK SLIGHTLY BACK. PLANE "FLIES ITSELF" OFF THE GROUND
FORWARD STICK PRESSURE TO LEVEL PLANE AND GAIN SPEED
EASE STICK BACK FOR NORMAL CLIMB
NOW, TO LAND ON A SOFT FIELD, WE WANT TO LAND SO THE PLANE WON'T ROLL VERY FAR. THE CUB'S SLOW LANDING SPEED MAKES THIS EASY.
WE'RE GLIDING MORE SLOWLY THAN USUAL.
YES—A SHALLOW GLIDE, JUST ABOVE LANDING SPEED. WE GRADUALLY EASE THE STICK BACK AND "LAND THE PLANE IN THE AIR" WHEN A FEW FEET OFF THE GROUND.
LANDING ON A ROUGH OR SOFT FIELD
THROTTLE BACK—SHALLOW GLIDE
JUST ENOUGH SPEED TO KEEP PLANE FLYING
START EASING BACK ON STICK TO GET TAIL DOWN
STICK BACK—PLANE READY TO LAND A FEW FEET OFF GROUND
PLANE DROPS GENTLY TO GROUND—COMES TO A QUICK STOP
THOSE ARE ADVANCED MANEUVERS THAT HELP TO MAKE YOU A BETTER PILOT.
THEY'RE CERTAINLY EASY TO LEARN IN THE PIPER CUB!
PIPER CUB
Points the Way to Wings for ALL Americans

Write us for information on where to obtain movie films showing "How to Fly" and "The Construction of a Light Airplane." Interesting, clear, instructive sound narration.

Get Your "How-to-Fly" Booklet NOW!

"How to Fly a Piper Cub" describes and pictures basic steps in flying. 53 step-by-step photos. Many other facts and full-color pictures of Piper Cubs. Write Dept. LB95, enclosing 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling.

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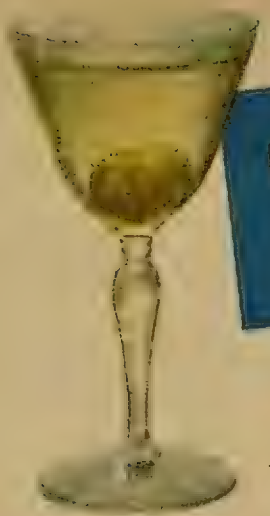


News about Martinis you have waited 3 years to hear!

Gin of pre-war quality made from pre-war *imported* botanicals

1 Today Hiram Walker brings you gin made with the same imported herbs, roots and berries used in the making of Hiram Walker's pre-war gin.

2 And remember, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor Americans bought more Walker-made gin than any other kind.

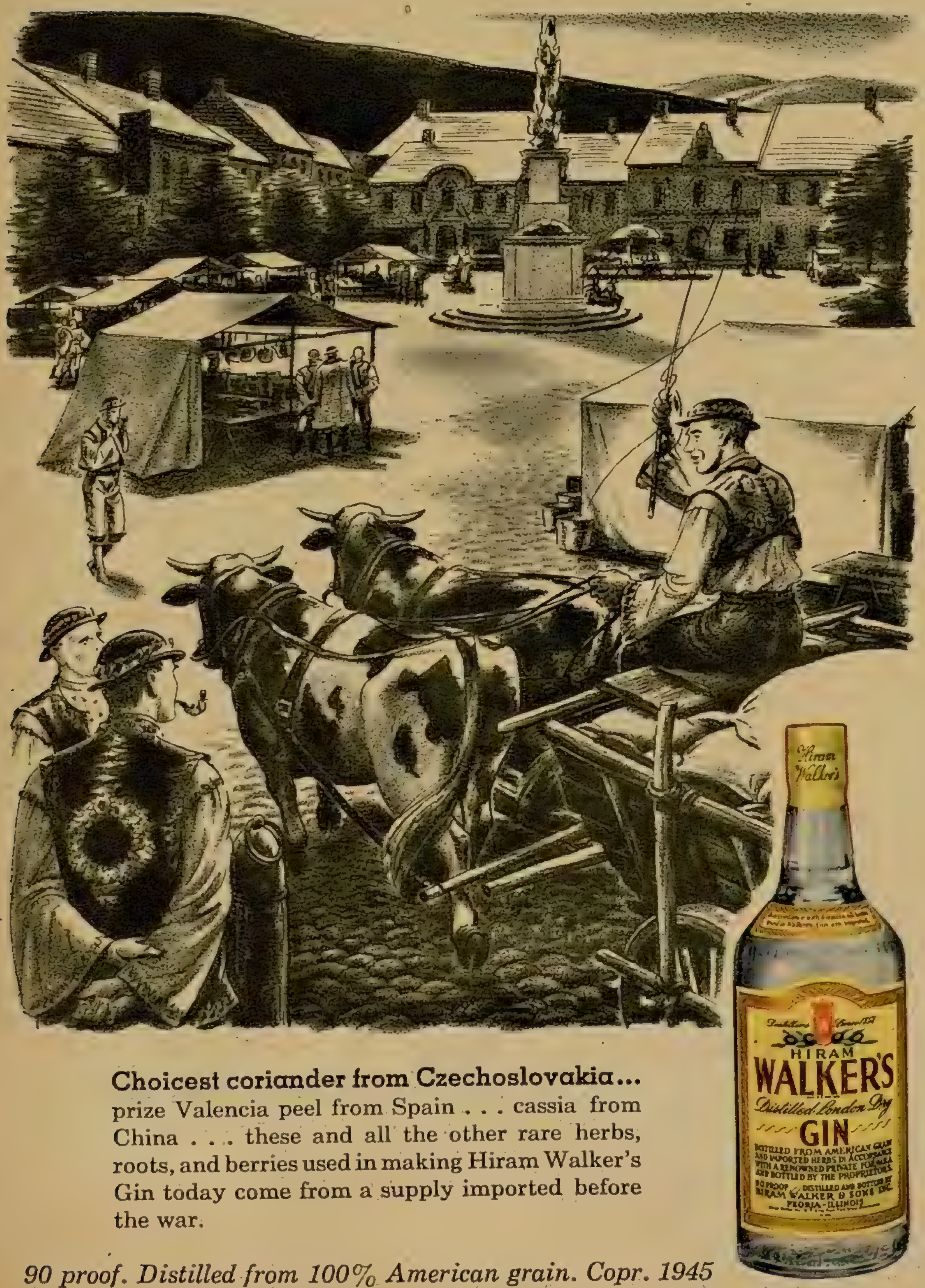
Today, you can once again enjoy the pleasure of real, pre-war quality gin.

For Hiram Walker's Gin is made not only to pre-war formula . . . but from **pre-war imported botanicals which are unobtainable today.**

The reason we now have these rare botanicals, like cassia from China and coriander from Czechoslovakia, is this: Prior to the war it was our policy to purchase these botanicals in the best crop years and far in excess of our annual requirements. This enabled us always to have on hand a treasured reserve.

When we suspended gin distilling in favor of war production in February 1942, this priceless reserve was carefully preserved and sealed away.

Today, it's these pre-war, imported botanicals that give Hiram Walker's Gin its real, pre-war quality. The quality which, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor, led Americans to buy more Walker-made gin than any other kind.



Choicest coriander from Czechoslovakia... prize Valencia peel from Spain . . . cassia from China . . . these and all the other rare herbs, roots, and berries used in making Hiram Walker's Gin today come from a supply imported before the war.

HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Copr. 1945

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A MARINE LOOKS AT AMG

STAFF SERGEANT HERMAN KOGAN is an ex-Chicago newspaperman and writer who has been, in the last decade, everything from copy boy to combat correspondent. After four years on the Chicago Tribune and an extracurricular stint as co-author of a biography of Chicago's famed political vice bosses, he became a special-assignments reporter and occasional columnist on the Chicago Sun in 1942. About a year later he enlisted in the Marine Corps. A veteran of the Okinawa campaign where he was a combat correspondent with the 6th Marine Division, he took a good look at the functioning of the AMG on the island and tells what he saw in HIZZONER, THE MAYOR OF OKINAWA.

FROM THE M-G-M LOT

"THE facts about me don't add up to much," Elick Moll says modestly. "I was born in New York, went to the University of Chicago, studied music, married above my station in life—a beautiful dancer from Brooklyn who bore me, in quick succession, no ill will and a son, now fifteen, who's been junketing about Colorado looking for dinosaur bones. I wish you'd asked for his picture instead of mine. He's really the advertisement for the clan." The author of THE BROWNSVILLE HANDICAP, Mr. Moll has been in Hollywood for the past two and a half years, topping off a busy free-lance career with a writing job at M-G-M.

NEXT WEEK

WHAT IS UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITY? How will the reborn Dies Committee operate? Representative Karl E. Mundt, a member, gives you the blueprint for investigation that will guide its work. . . . Do you know that YOUR EMOTIONS CAN MAKE YOU SICK, that the kind of person you are may determine the diseases to which you're susceptible? Let Constance J. Foster show you what psychosomatic medicine is all about. . . . Victor Boesen tells you how some smart Yankees on Tinian turned their P. O. W.s into JAP SURRENDER SALESMEN and saved countless American lives. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE BIRTH OF MISCHIEF, by Rafael Sabatini, is a zestful yarn of swashbuckling adventure from the days of Frederick the Great.

NOW . . Try the Shampoo made from *Natural Oils*

Contains Patented Rinsing Agent

A Shampoo for the whole Family

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 40 years, The F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

LEAVES HAIR SOFTER . . . NOT "DRYING" . . . Helps make your hair look soft . . . feel silky. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"MOUNTAINS" OF LATHER . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount of Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away all dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

A TRUE BEAUTY SHAMPOO . . . Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle. Helps give your hair a radiant, healthy-looking luster.

PATENTED RINSING AGENT . . . Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to help carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required . . . hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed.

DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF

. . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.

Fitch's
DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO
REMOVES DANDRUFF OR MONEY BACK
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
THE F. W. FITCH MFG. CO.

At Drug Counters
6-OZ. SIZE 50c 16-OZ. SIZE $1

Fitch's SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles 21, Calif.
Toronto 2, Canada

Suppose *YOU* hadn't been home for 3 years?

Chances are, the first thing you'd do when you got near a telephone would be to call the folks back home.

That's happening thousands of times every day now and we'd like to get every one of those calls through as quickly as possible.

So if the Long Distance operator says — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes" — that's to help everybody. It might be a service man who is waiting to get on the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LISTEN TO "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER NBC

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Saltonstall—aristocrat and man of people—leaves the State House in Boston at the end of his third term as governor.

Saltonstall of Massachusetts

BY JOHN GUNTHER

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, three times governor of Massachusetts, senator from Massachusetts since January, and one of the Republican white hopes for 1948, is a tall, swift, skinny man of fifty-four, with hard red cheeks, absolute honesty, and the gift of being popular.

Apparently nobody dislikes him—even after years of rough-and-tumble electioneering in one of the toughest political states in the country. Talk about Saltonstall in Boston or Washington and you catch yourself wondering whether any politician can have so many good traits and so few bad ones. Seemingly he has everything: wealth, industriousness, charm, Yankee shrewdness, and, above all, worth of character.

Then you discover that in 1944 he rolled up the greatest vote in the history of his state; the cliché has it that when Saltonstall is running, you don't count the votes, you simply weigh them. And finally you discover that he, a blue blood of blue bloods, gets much of that astonishing vote from the very faction you'd expect to fight him hardest—the Boston Irish.

I heard some pleasant stories about John H. Corcoran, the Democratic mayor of Cambridge who was rash enough to oppose Saltonstall for senator. They met shortly before the campaign began. Mr. Corcoran spoke up anxiously: "You don't mind if I run against you, do you, Lev?" Then—this must certainly be apocryphal—Corcoran told a friend during the campaign, "I don't know whom *you're* going to vote for, but *I'm* for Saltonstall!"

Senator Leverett Saltonstall is a politician who has everything—wealth, charm, industriousness, and the Boston Irish vote. No wonder the Republicans are keeping a watchful eye on him

How shall one explain stories of this kind? Saltonstall is anything but the popular conception of the successful American politico. How did he get that way? Let us explore.

For one thing, Saltonstall has the gift of modesty. For another, he gets on well with almost all kinds of people. When still governor he took me out to Needham, where he made a noonday speech. Afterward, I overheard two bits of dialogue. One man said, "Governor, thanks for your check." Saltonstall looked puzzled. "I'm your electrician," came the response. At the same moment another guest called out, "Any chance of playing tennis some time this week, Lev?"

A few days later I ran into him in the lobby of the Somerset Club. Nobody who has ever seen him could possibly forget him; his face is extraordinarily distinctive —his nickname at college was Horseface— and the senator himself often jokes about it. But before I could say a word he strode up and *introduced* himself! "Maybe you've forgotten me," he said with complete genuineness. "I'm Leverett Saltonstall."

His wife is as modest as he is. Someone who has known them well for years said, "I have seen Lev and Alice come into a room together about a hundred times, and I never saw either look anything but shy."

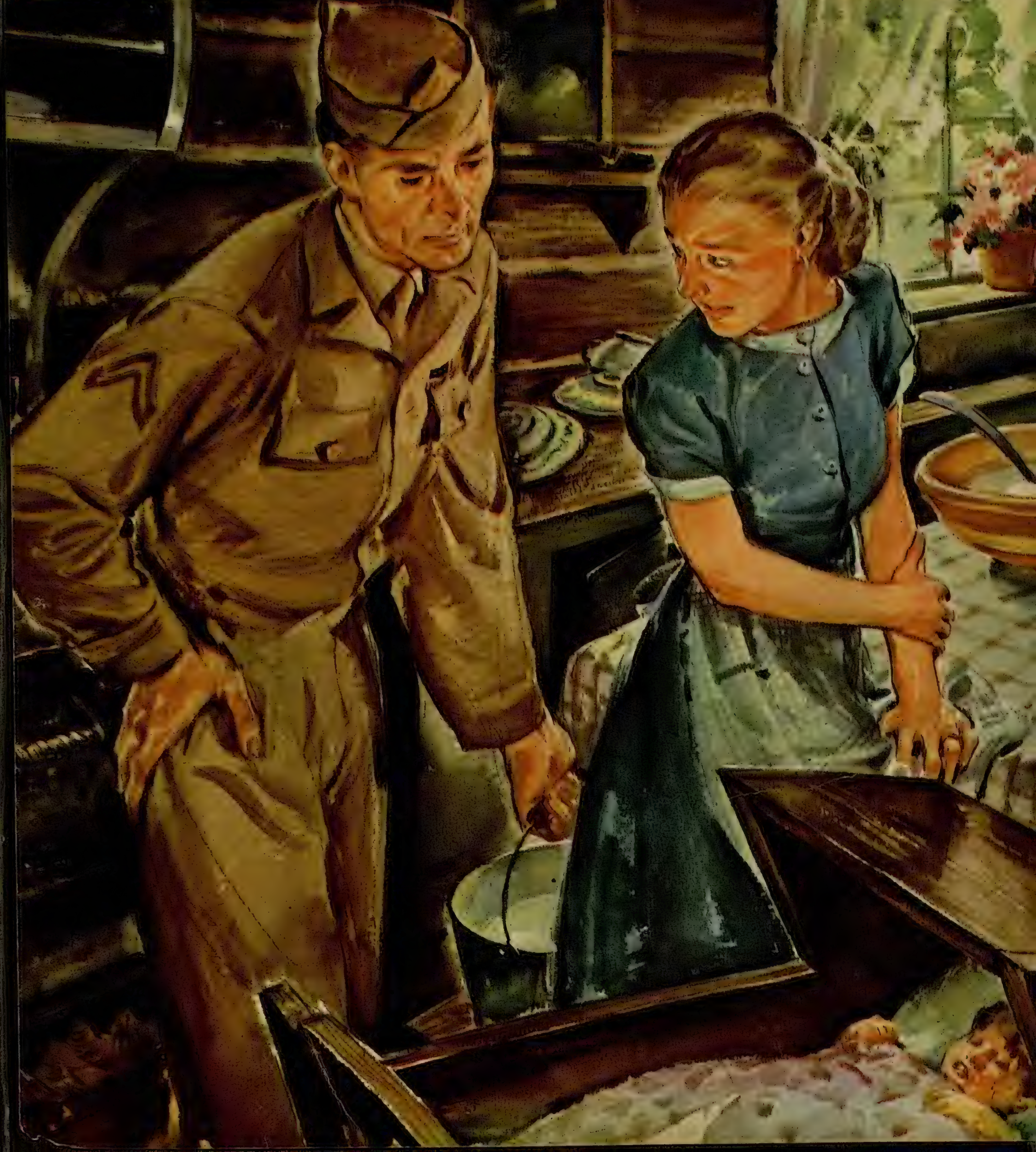
One hears much of Cabots, Lowells, Adamses, but in seniority the Saltonstalls overshadow them. As the phrase has it, the Saltonstalls are "arms bearing"; that is, they brought their coats of arms from England.

They trace descent back to 1343. Sir Richard Saltonstall founded the Boston suburb of Watertown in 1630, and on his death left his fortune to Harvard College; for ten successive generations the Saltonstalls, father and son, have gone to Harvard. Leverett's great-grandfather was president of the Massachusetts Senate and mayor of Salem; his grandfather was appointed Col-

(*Continued on page 74*)

With Milk and Honey Blest

Jason felt his fingers flex and tighten. Now was the time to lay hands on her if he meant to do it. His voice was ugly. "Whose kid is that?"



Jason's wife had known loneliness and longing; the same as he. She'd taken comfort where she found it; as he did. But in a sense, she'd been a good wife, even though the evidence was there that she hadn't been

BY NAOMI LANE BABSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

JASON BURR got stiffly off the train. He had had two nights and a day in the grimy smoking car, catching what sleep he could with his long legs spraddled half across the aisle. Thirty-six hours from Minneapolis, and that was only the last lap of a journey that had taken him a good ways round the world and back again and had used up the better part of three years. But it was finished now, gone from him like a dream. Reality was here on the sunny platform in the high valley ringed around by mountains; it was in the thin sweet air that filled his lungs. All night the train had been climbing toward the Rockies, but in the stale and smoky atmosphere of the coach he had not realized how the air was changing, turning clean and fresh and tonic even in hot summer weather like today. Pure elixir, Dossie used to call the mountain air.

The memory of her voice rang suddenly and sweetly in his mind. Jason breathed deep and knew that he was home. For him the war was over, never mind how long battles still might rage in the far peculiar corners of the world. His soldiering had ended when a bomb fragment clipped off his thumb and forefinger in an Italian village. Left hand, it was, and wouldn't hamper him greatly, but they had turned him out of the Army just the same. And here he was.

No one had come to meet him, inasmuch as nobody knew that he was on the way. He'd never been much of a hand for writing letters; even spoken words came hard enough to him, let alone having to spell them out on paper. He had sent Dossie a post card now and then, while he was still in camp on this side. And he had bought her a fine present overseas, but before he got around to sending it he had met Gemma, young, careless, pretty enough in her dark, soft way. The gift that was meant for Dossie went to her. The abrupt, unwelcome recollection cut like a whip. Velvety eyes and ripe, inviting lips; caressing, greedy hands, and the savage hunger a man's body knew. . . . All that was part of war, and done with now.

The train, with an engine fore and aft, chugged westward into the mountains, leaving twin ribbons of smoke behind it in the cut. Taxis and other cars went off toward town; a man hauling a load of boxes disappeared into the baggage room. The long platform was empty. Jason hoisted his pack and started off with the swinging easy stride of one well used to covering miles on foot.

He did not head for town, but straight away from it, across the tracks and northward toward the hills. There was a house or two along the road at first, with flowers blossoming in tidy gardens and washing hung on clotheslines.

Once he met cows being herded to pasture by a kid of ten or twelve years old on horseback.

"Hi-yah," he said.

"Hi-yah."

The boy had been eating bread and jam and his face was sticky. He had tanned solid cheeks, a cheerful smile, an air of great contentment, security, and well-being.

"You been in the war," he stated, hugging his knees against the fat sides of the horse.

"Guess that's right."

"Well—well, so long."

"So long," Jason answered, not breaking his stride. He heard behind him a sudden yell and the loud *tut-tut-tut!* of an imaginary gun, and knew the kid was making out to slaughter Japs or Nazis. Which was as close to the real thing as he would likely get, nor ever know his luck on that score either. But Jason knew. He had seen other young ones very different from this. Hollow cheeks and glazed dull eyes and hands like claws stuck out begging for a piece of bread or candy. Couldn't believe it if he hadn't seen it.

Uneasiness went with him a little while, then faded, leaving the present moment brighter and richer than before, and Jason Burr was singing as he walked. The tune welled up in him; the words came easy and familiar out of the past when he had been no bigger than the young one down the road. It was a song his mother used to sing:

" 'Jerusalem, the golden! With milk and honey blest—' "

Not meaning Jerusalem, of course; and not heaven either. It meant the farm in Iowa to her. To him it meant a cabin in the mountains with three tall pine trees standing up behind. The place he'd wanted the first time he set eyes on it, six years ago. He had run away from home when he was fourteen, and he had had ten years of racketing around. He was tired of that life. He found the cabin and he found Dossie, simultaneous so to speak, and he decided to marry and settle down. He hadn't had any thought of war in his mind at that time—why would he? But the war was over now. He was going home.

" 'I know not, oh, I know not, what joys await me there!' " Jason sang cheerfully, confident that he knew pretty exactly what they were.

The road he followed climbed up through the foothills. The sun was getting overhead and plenty hot, but the air stayed fresh with the snow sweetness and the good pine smell all mixed together in it. It was June, but snow still lingered underneath the peaks. Ranches were few and far between by now and he didn't meet a soul. One or two cars had gone by, headed for town, but none going his way. That was all right. He didn't mind the walk.

TOWARD noon he left the road and took a short cut over the Pass. It would fetch him home a good piece before dark. He had bought some sandwiches on the train and these he ate when he reached the spring under Crooknose Peak—yesterday's sandwiches, very dry and tasteless even washed down by the cold mountain water. Jason threw the final crusts at a rock chuck that had been watching him with beady curious eyes. All at once he was impatient to reach the cabin under the three pines.

Dossie was going to be some surprised when he came walking in as easy and unconcerned as if he was just back from a few weeks' trapping or the like. He hadn't heard from her for quite a spell. She had quit writing after he quit. That seemed natural enough—but there was a sudden vague anxiety in his mind. He brushed it off. His thoughts pressed forward, reaching out for the welcome he would have. With every step that brought him nearer her, Dossie took shape and substance and the warm tide of eagerness mounted in him.

He thought how it would be coming up the road, seeing Pop's little cabin off to the right, then the pasture bars and the barn, and the big place last of all, the one that the rich dude had started building for himself before he tired of the whole idea. Jason had bought the property for taxes, just about. He was going to have a paying business, a dude ranch of his own, one of these days. No matter if people laughed and said a poor man couldn't never make it. He knew better. He had his plans, only they took time.

HE got along meanwhile, ranching a little, hunting and fishing some, setting trap lines in the winter, and hiring out for guide when he needed ready money. He'd finished up the best cabin for him and Dossie when they got married, and the little one for her dad—and that was another thing folks talked about. They said a town girl wouldn't never stand that lonely life, and they said old Pop Nelson would drink himself into deleerium treemens the first winter. And they'd been wrong 100 per cent.

Pop liked his cabin better than he'd ever like the Main Street bars. Time he'd been living there a year or so, he had him a regular menagerie of pets, including a tame skunk, and you couldn't get him down to town not even for a haircut. Moreover Dossie took to the mountains like she'd been born in a bear cave. How could anybody call it lonesome, she would say, all there was to do and see every day of the year? Even the winters didn't bother her. Nor even the times when Jason was off in the woods. She had been waiting table in a café when he first knew her, and she didn't want to go back to that life ever again.

Jason remembered talk they'd had together back there before he enlisted. He didn't want to hang around waiting for a draft number to turn up, if he had to go, he'd rather go straight off.

"Go on with you," Dossie'd said. "You're crazy to go this minute, and you know it. You don't believe they can win the war without you're helping."

He wouldn't own it though. "Somebody has to do the job," was all he'd say. "And you and Pop can get along all right. Or you could go to town—"

"Town, nothing!" she broke in. "I'll manage fine. All I ask is to see you just as glad to come back again some day as you are to go."

Well, he was coming back, and he was glad. Dossie was getting her wish even though she didn't know it yet. Jason mended his pace, stepping out faster as he left the short cut for the road again, right across from Riley's homestead. Three more miles would see him at the end—Riley's was the last place before his own. Chickens and turkeys clucked in the dooryard round the small shabby house, and

(*Continued on page 60*)

PURPLE HEART JUNCTION

By VICTOR BOESEN

Marine Corporal Boone T. Harris of Jonesville, Va., wounded at Okinawa, convalesces in style at Aiea Hospital in Honolulu.

A COMMUNICATIONS corpsman relays the word to Transportation: "Two loads incoming . . . fourteen stretcher cases, nineteen ambulatory. Due Hickam Field 1307."

The hospital shifts to emergency basis. Soon five white ambulances, each with two sailor stretcher bearers in summer whites, roll down the narrow road through the canefields to the airport, three miles away. There is no rush, no frenzied haste; this happens every day, usually several times.

At the field the drivers pull up alongside a hangar. They and the stretcher men get out and, from long habit, squint searchingly into the sun-washed skies toward Guam.

The planes appear, glistening silver gnats eating up distance at well over 200 miles an hour. Presently they are down, and in a jiffy the passengers are being lowered to the ground on an elevator mounted at the front of a tractor. The flight nurse, who has managed to keep some lipstick on, watches pleasantly from one side. The interior of the plane, baked by the sun, is rising to oven temperature here on the ground, and the air is heavy with the odor of medicines and decomposition.

First come those able to walk. They are variously bandaged, unshaven, dirty and perspiring. Their faces are lined with fatigue, but they are obviously happy to be here. They climb aboard the ambulances, still wearing their heavy field shoes and combat clothes; some are smoking cigarettes.

Brig.-General Edson congratulates William A. Lynch, who received the Purple Heart.

> Honolulu's gigantic Aiea Hospital is the main stop in the chain of Navy hospitals that spans the Pacific. And, to the wounded, it's the next best place to home itself

Then the stretchers, forming three tiers along each wall of the plane, are taken from their hooks and placed aboard the lift. Their broken burdens lie silent and seemingly in utter peace. They are a cadaver yellow from the atabrine in their systems. One lad's arm is in a cast and propped aloft by a brace in the attitude of a man proposing a toast. He is a "spiker"; his arm will take up an extra space in the ambulance. Another's entire torso is cased up in plaster. From under the blankets of a third, two wooden sticks protrude where the legs should be. This boy is lucky: a mortar shell landed beside him in a foxhole. War has its own standards of good fortune.

As he is borne from the plane, his eyes seek out the nurse. He raises a limp hand and, smiling, says, "Good-by. Thanks—thanks for everything."

There is no screaming of sirens or clanging of bells as the procession heads for the hospital. Speed is moderate, and the drivers try to avoid the bumps in the road. At the crossings everyone yields the right of way, as if from long habit.

The patients ride four to each ambulance, except for the one with the spiker, which carries only three. Languidly they discuss where and how they were hurt, as they did interminably aboard the plane, and whether they had succeeded in what they had been attempting.

They talk about the immediate future. Snatches of the conversation are overheard: ". . . I told him just to put me down by the side of the road and let me die." . . . "They told us afterward that we were expected to be ninety per cent casualties. [Bitter laughter.] If I'd known that, I don't think I'd have gone." . . . "If they'll just let me have a glass of fresh milk, I'll be satisfied."

He'll get that and much more, for these boys are on their way to the biggest and finest U. S. hospital outside the States: the Naval Hospital at Aiea Heights, Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii. Here, skilled and resourceful care begins at the door. The ambulances back up to the unloading platform. The walking cases come hunching out and are guided inside the building. The stretchers are handed to waiting corpsmen and placed on gurneys, waist-high carts, as the officer of the day glances at each injury tag and specifies the proper ward. Sometimes immediate surgery is needed, and the wounded man goes directly to an operating room.

There is no confusion and little talk. Thirty minutes after their arrival at Hickam Field the new patients have passed down the cool, glistening corridors and are swallowed up in the vast interior of Aiea. They are being bathed and shaved, and interviewed by doctors. Their luggage has gone down a chute for cataloguing and safekeeping in a basement storeroom which has held as many as 26,000 pieces at one time.

By now the odds are several thousand to one against any man dying from his wounds, for the saying is, and the record shows, that if a casualty reaches Aiea, he will live. Of 3,000 patients brought in from the Marianas campaign, only three died. The Iwo Jima battle, from which casualties were evacuated by fast landplanes instead of the slower seaplanes first used, gave Aiea 7,000 patients. Not one died. Most evacués now reach the Aiea hospital in Douglas C-54s of the Army's Air Transport Command, huge, fleet, four-engined transports.

Aiea is the main stop in a system of hospitals that spans the Pacific from the Oriental battlefields to the American homeland. Usually the men brought to Aiea have had previous hospitalization, though frequently, as during the battle of Iwo, its grist comes straight from the combat scene. The Iwo patients, torn, soiled, and bloody, had been in action but sixteen hours before.

ANY patient who requires up to sixty days of hospitalization, provided he then is fit to resume duty, goes no farther than Aiea. Those needing more than sixty days, regardless of further duty, go to the States, preferably to hospitals near their respective homes. Two daily flights to the mainland each carry twenty-two men.

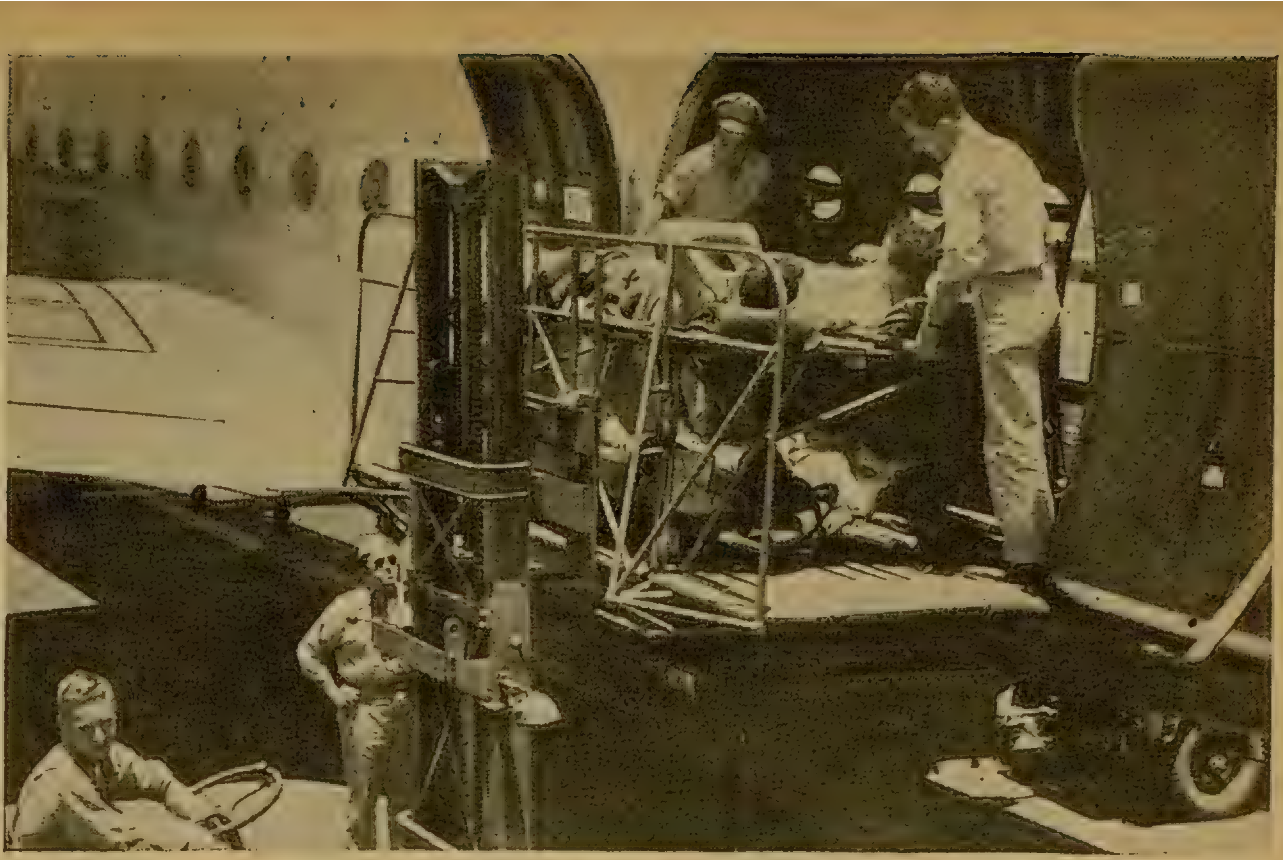
Aiea was conceived in the days of peace. It lies 1,800 feet above and three miles inland from the Pacific. Off to the left from the main building lies Diamond Head; directly below is Hickam Field, and to the right is ship-choked Pearl Harbor. The hospital contained 1,500 beds when it was commissioned on November 11, 1942. Then came the shock of Tarawa, an ominous warning of what lay ahead on the road to Japan.

Today Aiea has grown to nearly sixty buildings and 222 acres. There are 5,500 beds, and it can hold 7,000 without crowding. There have been times when all Aiea's beds were filled, and 40,000 patients have passed through its capacious wards in the last two years. The volume ebbs and flows according to what goes on out there beyond the western horizon. When a push is under way, the inflow is virtually constant, day and night. During Iwo there were 1,200 in a single day, and ambulances waiting to unload made a line two blocks long.

In due time, after such influxes, a mass award of Purple Hearts is made in a ceremony outside the main building. After Tarawa, 700 men stood there at one time to receive the nation's oldest military decoration; after Iwo, 1,600.

Handling traffic such as Iwo brought involves an incredible amount of detail. To evacuate 1,000 men from the hospital, for example, requires seventy-two hours' paper work by the transportation and personnel departments. The record of each man's life in the hospital, everything that has happened to him, must be assembled from the various departments and made ready to go out with him. Authorities must know from hour to hour how many empty beds they have, and where.

To keep this complex machinery running smoothly, as it must, requires the skill of long experience, coolness, endurance, and selflessness. The men and nurses at Aiea



Stretcher cases are taken off a hospital plane, just arrived at Hickam Field.

The wounded are quickly transferred to ambulances bound for Aiea Hospital.

Presentation ceremony. Recovered patients line up to receive the Purple Heart.

Robert Heitman paints plaques for the hospital chapel.

Benjamin Maxwell gets his hair cut in a hospital ward.

Occupational therapy. Patients work in the garden below the hospital. Aiea grows most of its own fruits and vegetables.

exhibit those qualities in abundance. The care given the wounded is the best in the compass of medical science, administered by some of the nation's greatest doctors. There are physicians and surgeons at Aiea whose services in civil life few people could afford.

The hospital is under the command of Captain R. M. Lhamon, U. S. N., prominent in naval medicine since he joined up in 1914 after a teaching career in various universities. All three of his children are in the service.

The doctors' "right arms" are the Navy corpsmen, the original jacks-of-all-trades. There's almost nothing a Navy corpsman can't do, from taking a temperature to composing light opera. To become a chief pharmacist's mate takes four years of study and requires examinations in at least fifty-two subjects. In emergencies these men have performed appendectomies and stitched up hernias. The number of corpsmen now in the Navy exceeds its entire prewar personnel.

There is a pronounced spirit of self-help and mutual support among the patients. Seldom do they voice any demands on the hospital staff. The more severe a man's injuries, the more likely he is to remain quiet and fight it out on his own lines.

In the ward for those who have been burned, one of the cruelest and most painful of injuries, they lie dumbly in their separate hells, mummified with bandages and ointments, staring blankly into space. There is no complaint.

One lad, a marine, is in the twilight. An arm rests across the covers. It is pitted and discolored and atrophied to half its normal size. There was fire inside the flesh—phosphorus, which is stubborn in its progress through the tissues, resisting extinguishment until reached with copper sulphate. The boy's other arm is the same way—and so is his back. He must endure the jolt of an anesthetic each time his bandages are changed. He is the one patient on the critical list at Aiea. The unshifting fix of his eyes stays with you.

Then, a couple of days later, he becomes a man; he is twenty-one. His wardmates surprise him with a birthday party. The commissary sends up a cake. The hospital's fourteen-piece band, all corpsmen, gathers at his bed and plays Happy Birthday. A photographer takes his picture. His face cracks into a broad grin.

In the ward for eye cases, men with one or even both eyes gone are up to assorted high jinks. One fellow, half his vision missing, filches a pair of crutches from a boy with leg injuries in addition to damaged eyes and, pretending to be sorely crippled, hobbles over to a youth who is sightless behind bandages. The visitor and a third patient, likewise missing one eye, get the blind boy up and escort him away on some prank. "This isn't going to hurt, is it?" the blind one asks with faked apprehension.

On one of the elevated walks between buildings, a young husky with a leg in a cast is being rolled out into the sun, bed and all, by buddies who have come to visit him. There is much merriment.

To a sick person, his three meals are the periods that relieve the day's monotony. Mealtime at Aiea is more than that: it amounts to reveling in abundance. There are diets to put weight on; diets to take it off; diets to favor any unusual condition of body or mind which special foods can help. Civilian hospitals are doing their best with rationing, but some of the food they serve patients in twelve-dollar-a-day rooms today would land in the Aiea garbage can.

For those able to use the dining rooms, meals are served cafeteria style, each man ladling up his own. He always has a choice. No one passes over the ice cream, which assays 14 per cent butter fat, rich enough alone to keep a man going. It is served five times a week. For this happy custom, the patients are indebted to Captain (now Admiral) J. J. A. McMullin, Aiea's first commanding officer.

Marine Pvt. James Corwin improvises a shade for his head.

Bed patients are served from electrically heated chow carts, wheeled to their bedsides.

The hospital grows much of its own greenstuffs in the rich red slope below the buildings, thanks to Pharmacist's Mate Second Class Morgan Perry of Port Royal, Kentucky, a graduate of Kentucky Agricultural College, who started the garden and has remained in charge. The garden produces some twenty crops: the usual garden products of the States and such tropical items as bananas, mangoes, avocados.

Besides combating injury and disease, the hospital wages a skillful battle against that other enemy, boredom. In this program it omits nothing within reason.

Two theaters, each with 700 seats, are open every afternoon and evening, seven days a week. Both show the same film at the same performance. To do it, one opens ahead of the other by the space of one reel. When this has been run off, a fast runner sprints it over to the second theater. Movies are easily the most popular single item of recreation throughout the Pacific, but Aiea also has tennis courts, bowling alleys, and a baseball diamond.

Most patients are avid readers, and to meet the demand two libraries offer about 10,000 volumes. These are turned over in a matter of days. Favorites are Zane Grey and adventure and mystery thrillers.

For timelier reading, Aiea has its own newspaper, the Hospital Hi-lites, edited by a former Boston newspaperman, Chief Pharmacist's Mate Edward Geoghegan. The 2,500 copies published weekly are snatched up within an hour after they reach strategic spots about the hospital.

Not all the divertive activity is purely recreational. Some is also therapeutic in purpose and includes a good deal of actual production. In fact, the patients help greatly to keep the wheels of the hospital turning. They work at nineteen different jobs about the place, helping in the laundry, the garden, and the various maintenance shops—electrical, carpenter, paint, ambulance repair—that are required to keep this huge institution going. Many who had never settled on a trade are finding the work they want to follow in peacetime.

One arresting feature of Aiea's occupational program is the art shop. This is directed by another of the ubiquitous and endlessly versatile corpsmen, Pharmacist's Mate Second Class John H. Macpherson, of Bushkill, Pennsylvania, veteran of the last war and a well-known commercial artist. "Mac," who originated his department, began with a small corner room of the shed where he holds forth, and talked his way through successive bulkheads (walls), until he had the entire building. He guides his protégés through the mysteries of water colors, oils, and block printing, and has uncovered much unsuspected talent. One Marine student, Francis Blackbear Bosin—a full-blooded Comanche—was bent on an art career when he checked out of Aiea.

One night a week the place is given over to a concert. The audience sits in a semicircle before a phonograph, and someone stands by to change recordings.

Listeners come and go on tiptoe, and the room has a quiet dignity befitting a concert hall.

Meanwhile bed patients keep their minds occupied and their fingers limber with such crafts as plane modeling, wood carving, weaving, and leatherwork.

But what does most to keep the mind and body going is the constant, all-pervading vision of home, for these boys know to the point of obsession that there is no place like the U. S. A.

Until they embark for the "state side," however, Aiea will serve as a most acceptable substitute.

THE END

Organized

ON Strike FOR A minimum 75¢ AN HOUR AMERICAN Wage!
¢ AN HOUR
PATRIOTIC

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Hardly a week goes by without some sort of strike, however small. Many seem to result from little more than U. A. W. local chapters' independence and unruliness.

THE United Automobile Workers of America (C. I. O.) is the youngest major union in the country, yet the biggest and one of the most powerful. Born nine years ago of strife and violence, it has mustered more than 1,000,000 members. And today it's in a more violent uproar than ever. It cannot run itself, and it seems nobody else can run it. It is a living example of liberty turned to license, of democracy gone hog-wild.

Probably not a week goes by without some sort of strike, however small, in the automobile industry or the aircraft industry, whose workers are also members of the union. Work stoppages are five times as numerous as before the war, and the Mead Investigating Committee heard George Romney, general manager of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, testify that "the union's activities have reduced wartime automotive production, including airplanes and munitions, more than 25 per cent." But the vital thing is that these strikes have virtually nothing to do with wages. Instead, they spring from an inherent unruliness within the most polyglot, undisciplined organization of workers in the world.

At a Chrysler plant making tanks for the Army, sixteen test drivers and thirteen inspectors quit work because the track was too dusty. The management had the track sprinkled. The men refused to go back to work because it was too muddy. When they were docked for the time lost, they decided to walk out altogether. A group of repairmen struck in sympathy with them, and no further work was done until ruffled feelings had been carefully smoothed.

At the Motor Products Company, December 19, 1944, a man was fired for threatening a foreman with a knife. Instantly 2,000 workers went home and stayed there for a week.

Unlike the United Mine Workers dictatorship, with John L. Lewis as Führer, the U. A. W. doesn't even have leadership, let alone dictatorship. Complete democracy within the ranks is its first principle. Its local chapters enjoy an independence, or autonomy, which they use nearly as often to defy its International Executive Board —"International" meaning U. S. and Canadian—as to battle management. Much of the conflict seems to stem purely from the love of fighting, the love of self-assertion.

In one plant, 300 workers beat up a little committee of Labor Relations men and plant guards and destroyed everything in their office—apparently just for the hell of it. In another, a female worker shut off her welding torch to set up a beauty parlor in the women's rest room and did a rushing business during working hours. Six girls threatened to beat up another girl if she didn't quit working so hard. The firing of a worker at Ford's River Rouge plant for selling whisky at fifty cents a drink nearly caused a wholesale walkout.

Wages do not enter into the disputes because, during the war, management has been willing to pay and pay well. In the face of the manpower shortage, management would have liked to pay more than the government would let it. It did resort to all sorts of devices to keep men on the job—it hoarded skilled men, kept on two-dollar-an-hour experts as sweepers while they awaited scarce material.

NO one reason can be ascribed for all the turmoil and meaningless confusion. Many factors have contributed to it: (1) The long list of grievances of automobile workers before the union existed; (2) the bitter mood and angry methods which attended its final recognition in 1936; (3) its insistence on sharing in management; and (4) the nature and background of the automobile worker himself, and his unbridled reaction to complete democracy within his own organization.

Considering the last item first, the surprising fact is that automobile workers are not, in the aggregate, skilled laborers. Years ago, after establishing his assembly-line technique, Henry Ford determined that 43 per cent of all the jobs in his plant could be learned in one day, 36 per cent within a week, 6 per cent in one to two weeks, and 14 per cent in two weeks to a year. More recently, Chrysler researchers determined that 75 per cent of all their workmen could be trained to the job in two days.

Yet high wages prevailed, even before the union was recognized. Perhaps it's more accurate to say they looked high. When Ford announced his five-dollar-a-day minimum, with the further observation that he would pay a man fifty dollars a day if he earned it, men flocked to Detroit from all over the country—indeed, from all over the world. Other manufacturers met Ford's wage scale. The town mushroomed out of all belief. But every year the plants shut down for two or three months while machines were retooled for new models. Men were laid off by hundreds of thousands, and few could find other jobs. The *annual* rate of pay was not as high as the daily rate would indicate.

At the outset of war, however, the lay-offs stopped, and the rush of men to Detroit became an avalanche. Since June, 1940, 700,000 new immigrants have moved into the Detroit area. It is now estimated that the population includes 500,000 Southern whites, 250,000 Negroes, 350,000 Poles, 75,000 European Jews, together with thousands of Italians, Mexicans, Germans, Hungarians, and Irish. All these people, whether they work in automobile plants or not, are absolutely dependent on automobile wages or salaries for their living.

The union has its heart in Detroit, of course, because that is easily the automotive capital of the world. But it also has nerve centers on the Pacific coast, in the Midwest, and in the East, where the immensely expanded aircraft industry lives. Unionized aircraft workers are divided

Labor's Problem Child

BY MORRIS MARKEY

The U. A. W., infant prodigy among labor unions, wants to help run the automobile industry. Management thinks it should learn to run itself first. Either way, there's a storm brewing

about equally between U. A. W. and A. F. of L. unions—though some plants, notably Grumman, are nonunion.

One can't quarrel with U. A. W. founders or their motives. The industry had become almost psychopathically antiunion, even as immense personal fortunes were being gained from the labor of men who made 90 per cent of all the cars in the world. Anything went in the war to prevent unionism from gaining a beachhead. One illustration will suffice:

Richard Frankensteen graduated from a small college and went to work in an automobile plant. He had brains and he was popular among his fellow workers, and he finally became chairman of the company union. His experience there convinced him that company unions would not work, so he founded an independent one, remaining on his job the while.

At the next bench was a man named John Andrews, whom Frankensteen came to know and like. Andrews apparently shared his views on trade-unionism, his eagerness to give workingmen a bigger share of corporation profits. The two families met and congenially shared long evenings of free discussion, picnics, and even whole vacations. Yet every day Andrews was delivering a full report on Frankensteen's activities to his real employers, a detective agency for which he was an industrial spy.

Pinkerton men, snoops, and stooges were scattered everywhere through the plants, and every possible device was employed to break the union before it could get started.

Against such a background it was inevitable that the U. A. W., which grew out of Frankensteen's original effort, should be angry and resentful at the outset. The technique for gaining new members was to wage a continuous assault upon management, to make workingmen hate and despise their bosses, and seek to thwart them at every turn. This technique was pursued, not by the International officers themselves to any serious degree, but by the organizers and district leaders whom they sent into the field.

Important as these individuals were, they had to be picked up almost overnight as the union rapidly expanded. Many of them were frustrated, chip-on-the-shoulder products of the depression. Some of them were Communists. Some of them had moral backgrounds which were unsavory, to say the least.

On the other hand, many plant managers were die-hard conservatives who refused to believe the world should ever change. In an atmosphere of mutual animosity and distrust, contracts were drawn up — ill-considered or tricky contracts, quite unworkable should either side raise a dispute. And there are still management men in the automobile industry who hate and fear the union, and would go to almost any lengths to discredit it. Equally, there are local and district leaders of the union who would rather wreck a corporation than yield a point of argument.

THE influence of Philip Murray and the C. I. O. upon U. A. W. is all but negligible. The influence of International Executive Board headquarters at Detroit upon districts and locals is hardly more important. The International officers sternly order wildcat strikers to behave and return to work while orderly arbitration procedure is followed—and the strikers pay not the slightest attention.

As John Bugas, Ford's industrial relations man, puts the case: "A couple of hundred men have just stopped work at the Rouge plant because we fired a guy for hitting a foreman. The union has a good grievance procedure, and it would be easy and simple to iron the whole thing out to everybody's satisfaction. But the workers don't pay any attention to anything as orderly as that. Whenever they feel like it, they just go out. There's nothing anybody can do—either the management or the union officials—because if a crowd feels like striking, they'll strike."

Many of the original, hastily hired organizers and local leaders have been weeded out by International headquarters. But there are still enough left to cause trouble by dishonesty and irresponsibility. In some cases these men feel that if they can stir up enough hatred of management, they have done their job and deserve whatever pelf they can win for it. Not long ago the International board had to fire a score of its own men out of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation plant at Paterson, New Jersey. Their practice had been to inform the foreman that they must be absent on union business. The business happened to be the race track, but they billed the union for time anyway. In the course of a year they bilked their own headquarters out of nearly $100,000.

The four chief figures in U. A. W. are the president, R. J. Thomas; two vice-presidents, Frankensteen and Walter Reuther; and the secretary-treasurer, George F. Addes. The unpleasant term "labor boss" cannot honestly be applied to any of these men. They are far above that level, and two of them in particular, Frankensteen and Reuther, have displayed genuine, progressive labor statesmanship in the American industrial scene. Both have made wise and sometimes brilliant suggestions to management toward the most efficient wartime use of plant and men. Both have displayed a personal unselfishness toward both money and power. All four men are conscientious American citizens, and certainly none of them has become rich in U. A. W.

The officers are named to their posts in completely honest elections. Each year locals elect their delegates to the national convention *by secret ballot.* These delegates are not union ward heelers or political tools of some labor czar. They are honest workmen. At the convention they elect the four principal officers after free discussion and by orderly procedure. There are no high-pressure methods. The basic principles of full democracy are followed admirably.

Likewise there are few secrets in the affairs of the International headquarters, whose transactions are refreshingly open and aboveboard. Its annual report of convention proceedings, its semiannual financial report are models of frankness and candor and are fully open to the public. The books of every local chapter are audited once a year.

(*Continued on page 92*)

None of the U. A. W.'s four head men—l. to r., Richard Frankensteen, W. P. Reuther, President R. J. Thomas, and G. F. Addes—is a "labor boss" of the obnoxious kind.

AH KIM'S WATER CURSE

Ah Kim, the coolie, had come to deliver a curse on the captured American fliers — their iron eggs had destroyed his family and his village. But the curse had a different effect than the Japs expected

BY WALTER C. BROWN

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

FROM a sky of burnished blue porcelain the hot China sun burned down upon the five grimy, unshaven American fliers who glared in stoic silence through strands of barbed wire at their Japanese guards under the command of squat, broken-nosed Sergeant Kuraki.

"Banzai!" Sergeant Kuraki had exclaimed gleefully upon receiving strict orders that the captured airmen were to be held without water until they disclosed the location of the newly built base from which their disabled bomber had taken off.

And the squat sergeant's sadistic brain had added some personal touches to the plan. He had built the barbed-wire prison pen out in the center of the yamen courtyard, in the brazen sun, and gave the prisoners only salted fish for their hunger, so that their craving for water would be increased.

Now it was late afternoon of the fourth day of their ordeal, and a score or so of conquered Ho-Shan's slant-eyed citizens had gathered to stare in with stolid sympathy from the wide gateway of the yamen.

Sergeant Kuraki enjoyed the presence of these silent, hostile spectators—the more the better. Let the Chinese behold for themselves their *Mei-kuo* friends in the process of breaking down hour by hour. The spectacle would be a devastating blow at the superman reputation American skymen enjoyed among the Sons of Han.

And looking upon the silent, grim-faced Americans, Sergeant Kuraki was delighted. A few more days of salt fish and thirst, and these stubborn devils would come to their knees, groveling for water.

The sergeant's contemplation of this picture was interrupted as a newcomer shouldered his way roughly through the crowd of silent Chinese gathered around the open gate. This stranger was a common porter-coolie, half naked in his canvas shorts, straw slippers, and round sun hat.

"Make way! Make way!" the coolie commanded, opening a path with his bamboo carrying pole. "Stand aside so that I may feast my eyes upon these *Mei-kuo* sky devils!" And forcing his way to the front, he advanced boldly into the courtyard.

"Chan-choh!" Sergeant Kuraki barked at him in badly accented Chinese. "Don't you know it is forbidden to enter here?"

"Your pardon, honorable sir." The coolie bowed humbly. "My name is Ah Kim. I am a carry coolie from the village of Tai-wan-ssu. I have walked a full day's journey to speak a curse upon these foreign sky devils who are your prisoners."

"Speak a curse?" Sergeant Kuraki's squint eyes opened in astonishment. "Wherefore, coolie?"

"Ai-yee, I have a heavy score to settle with the treacherous *Mei-kuo* devils," Ah Kim said harshly. "They claim to be friends of my people, come to fight for China. Why, then, do they drop iron eggs from the heavens upon our village, bringing fire and death upon us?

"Aye!" Ah Kim shouted, his face twisted with rage. "Their thrice-accursed sky eggs fell upon my own village—destroying my humble house—killing my old and honorable father, my three small sons, and my wife! Five lives—snuffed out like so many candles! Is it strange, then, that I come to speak a curse upon them?"

"Proceed," Sergeant Kuraki grinned. "Speak your curse. It is a matter of simple justice."

Ah Kim advanced upon the prisoners' cage, glaring in with hate upon the five captive Americans. Then he flung down his pole, and raising his clenched hands to the skies, Ah Kim began his curse.

The wording was a masterpiece of invective, a detailed litany of hate pouring out in a high-pitched torrent of snarling words. He cursed all *Mei-kuo* sky devils collectively, then he singled out the five captive airmen individually, making the finger-curse at each, spitting venomously at them between epithets.

As he watched, Sergeant Kuraki's ugly grin widened. His sketchy knowledge of Chinese did not permit him to catch all the fine points of the coolie's tirade, but he knew enough to recognize it as a Number One job of cursing. That much was evident, too, from the angry murmurs that came from Ah Kim's fellow citizens who thronged the yamen gateway.

NOR were the bitter, biting words lost entirely upon the American fliers, for one of them—the slim, towering, blond-haired *Mei-kuo* known as the Tall One—had some knowledge of Chinese, and coming closer to the barbed wire, he stared out contemptuously at the screaming coolie.

Quietly the Tall One waited until Ah Kim stopped for sheer lack of breath, then he snapped out one word—*"Han-gien!"*—and turned back to his companions.

Stung to fresh fury by that bitter word "Traitor!" Ah Kim darted to and fro like an enraged monkey, baiting and goading the Tall One with redoubled invective, but the skyman ignored him.

"You waste breath, coolie," Sergeant Kuraki called out, grinning. "Do not try to make the foreign devils talk. The sun is hot and their tongues are thick and dry with thirst."

"Wah!" the coolie mocked. "If they thirst, let them pray for rain. There is always water in the sky."

Sergeant Kuraki laughed. "You have a sharp wit, coolie."

"Aye," Ah Kim growled. "Sharp enough to tell friend from foe. Since these foreign sky devils claim to be friends of the Sons of Han, I should repay their friendship. They suffer now from thirst, so let me bring them water from the well—"

"Hai!" Sergeant Kuraki exploded angrily; but as Ah Kim leaned toward him, whispering slily, the sergeant broke into squealing guffaws. "Proceed, coolie, proceed!" Kuraki urged.

Ah Kim quickly crossed the courtyard to the ancient stone well and drew two brimming buckets of water. Carrying them balanced on his bamboo pole, he carefully set them down just outside the barbed-wire fence, then, lifting one of the buckets shoulder-high, he shouted, "Look, *Mei-kuo*—water! Water! Would the thirsty foreign devils like some nice cool water to drink?"

In the prisoners' cage five taut faces swung toward him in unison—five pairs of haggard, red-rimmed eyes fastened greedily on the clean, sparkling water dripping from the brimming bucket.

"Look, *Mei-kuo*—" Ah Kim taunted, and slowly tilting the bucket, he let the liquid cascade to the ground in a cool-splashing torrent.

SHOUTING with rage, the five skymen crowded against the barbed fence, thrusting out their hands in futile fury as Ah Kim began to tilt the second bucket. And Sergeant Kuraki and his squint-eyed men howled in glee as the cascading water seeped into the dry and dusty earth.

Ah Kim waved the empty bucket mockingly before Tall One's face. But the coolie had ventured a little too near that cage of furious men—Tall One's long arm shot out, jerked him forward against the wires, and with lightning speed caught him by the throat.

Ah Kim struggled to free himself, his bitter tongue still going, even though he could only speak in gasping whispers. Then the squat sergeant sprang to his rescue, clubbing the American's arm until his hold was broken.

As Ah Kim staggered backward, a storm of angry cries came from the Chinese in the gateway, and several stones whizzed past the cursing coolie's head.

"Clear this rabble from the gates!" Sergeant Kuraki snapped to the guards.

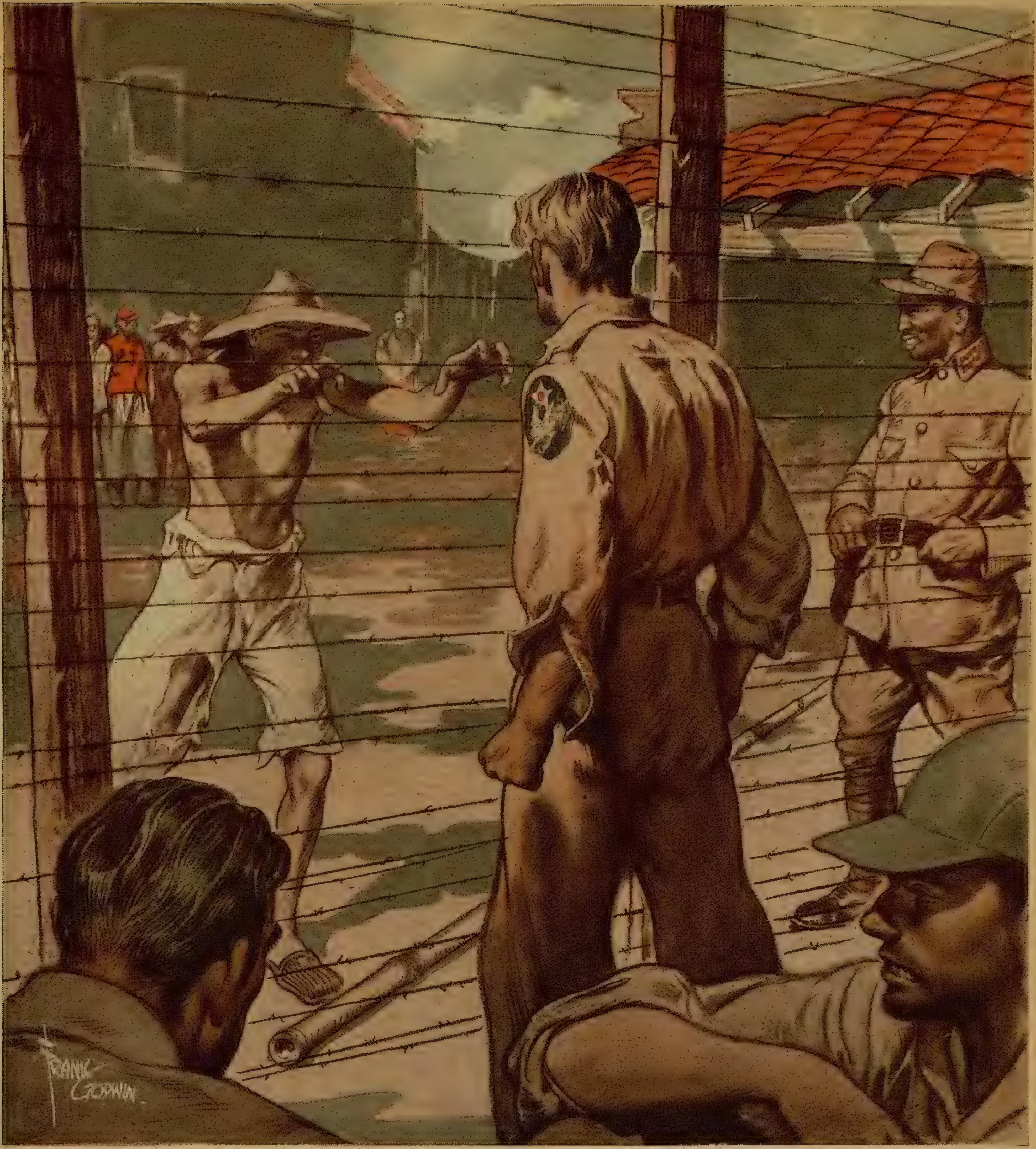
Dispersed by the menacing thrust of fixed bayonets, the Chinese audience slowly backed away and the yamen gates swung shut with a dull boom.

"Honorable sergeant," Ah Kim said, "I fear it may not be safe for me upon the streets. I humbly ask your permission to delay my departure until darkness."

"Wah!" Sergeant Kuraki agreed amiably, and Ah Kim sat down comfortably against the ancient tiled wall.

Twilight was deepening over the courtyard, and Sergeant Kuraki supervised the changing of the guard and the lighting of night lanterns, still chuckling to himself as he recalled the stricken look on the foreign devils' faces as the vengeful coolie was slowly emptying the water buckets. *Banzai!*

Across the darkening compound the shadows thickened upon the prison cage. Unnoticed, the American known as Tall One lay flat on the ground inside the wire fence, his long arm reaching out inch by



Stung to fresh fury by that bitter word "Traitor!" Ah Kim darted to and fro, baiting and goading the Tall One with redoubled invective.

inch between the barbed strands—reaching out toward Ah Kim's bamboo carrying pole lying beside the two empty water buckets.

Slowly, slowly, with infinite caution, Tall One drew the pole inside the cage—

Only Ah Kim the coolie was aware of the slow disappearance of the bamboo pole. But he said nothing, sitting tense as a coiled spring, scarce daring to breathe through the long, interminable minutes that dragged past before the bamboo pole was inched out again, slipping back into its former place like a pale, shadowy snake.

Only then did Ah Kim let his clenched fingers relax, and his breath come in a deep sigh of relief. Truly, everything was going well—the flat-nosed sergeant had swallowed without the least suspicion Ah Kim's tale of hate, and clearly the Tall One had understood the swift message Ah Kim had gasped out while the American's hands were on his throat:

"Listen, *Mei-kuo*—I am friend!" Ah Kim had whispered. "Water—inside my hollow bamboo pole!"

Ah Kim rose lazily and sauntered over to Sergeant Kuraki. "It is full darkness now, honorable sergeant," he said. "I would take my departure."

Sergeant Kuraki nodded, calling out to the gate sentry, "Let the coolie pass!"

So, with a humble bow to Sergeant Kuraki, and another to the squint-eyed sentry at the gate, Ah Kim the coolie started for the gate.

Sergeant Kuraki looked down and saw Ah Kim's carrying pole.

"The coolie has forgotten his bamboo pole," Kuraki fumed. "Call him back to get it."

THE END

U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

Flanked by Army Captain Warren McAllister and a sleepy sanitation commissioner, Mayor Yi adddresses the city council.

Hizzoner, the Mayor of Okinawa

BY SERGEANT HERMAN KOGAN

The problems of local government under American occupation are just about the same as those of Chicago—with a few highly colorful differences. Sit in on this lively city council meeting and you'll see

Taira, Okinawa (Delayed).

IN some ways Taira's city council, the first in the Ryukyus under American Military Government, is not unlike the city council in Chicago or New York.

The local aldermen are called *hanchos,* unlike the "paunchos" of America. But, like them, they often snap sarcastically at one another. They demand that the chief of police clear the streets of bums, children, and stragglers, suggest that the commissioner of sanitation haul away the garbage, and, in traditional aldermanic fashion, occasionally doze off when a statistical report is being read.

The *hanchos* had little or no legislative experience before they were picked by the town's military administrator, Army Captain Warren McAllister, an insurance adjuster from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Four were farmers, three were bank clerks, three were salesmen, one owned a grocery in Naha. Despite these varied backgrounds, they have helped immeasurably to establish a rudimentary communal organization among some 10,000 frightened and bewildered Okinawans here and in neighboring Nakaoshi.

In the first days at Taira, practically the only effective link between the military officials and natives was sly little Yi Ikimeyga, who had learned English in 1937 at the Shanghai Y. M. C. A., but whose favorite expletive was "Goddam!" When I recently sat in on a council session, I found that Yi was now Mayor of Taira, bubblier than ever over his new authority. "Ev'body say to me, 'Hi, Misser Mayor.' Ev'body know me. Goddam! I feel like king," he snickered.

Mayor Yi and his *hanchos* held their meeting in the upstairs room of a former brokerage house. Along one wall was

Village leaders portion out American rice to strung a row of picture post cards of Japanese statues and landmarks. A torn paper lantern hung by a string from the half-open ceiling and a battered funeral urn lay in a corner. Up front was an Okinawan poster reading, EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE A STRAIGHT HEART. "This mean," Mayor Yi explained, "we no want no crook heart heah. On'y straight-heart men—'es, 'es."

When the session started, only nine of the fifteen *hanchos* were present.

"That's our biggest problem," said Captain McAllister. "We tell them to be here at one o'clock, so they decide that two will do just as well. Must be the Oriental mind. Hey, mayor, where are the other *hanchos?*"

"Aah, goddam!" snapped Mayor Yi. "They late again. No un'estan' Amewican speet. Amewican too fast do thing, fast like hell." He grinned at Captain McAllister. Then he motioned for the councilmen to be seated.

Yi, Captain McAllister, City Clerk Yosuke Gushumi, a Mr. Koshi, the sleepy-eyed commissioner of sanitation; K. Makayima, a baldish schoolteacher; Y. Nobolu, commissioner of agriculture; and S. Tuma, a local lawyer, ranged themselves in a row facing the aldermen. All sat on very low wooden chairs salvaged from the wreckage of the local kindergarten. The tiny Okinawans seemed comfortable enough, but Captain McAllister, a big handsome guy built along the lines of a football tackle, kept shifting uneasily on his little stool.

After Captain McAllister distributed cigarettes, the men lit up and Mayor Yi cleared his throat. But before he could speak, Captain McAllister looked around the room. "Hey," he called, "where the hell's the chief of police?"

Everyone shrugged when Mayor Yi repeated the question in the native tongue. "Maybe he out on bisness," he said. "I go start now?"

Captain McAllister sighed. "Gosh, the chief oughta be here. There's a lot that concerns him. But I guess we'd better begin. Well, mayor, the first thing is about these wives and girls and kids hanging around the labor compound where the men are standing by to go to work. We can't have it. They get in the way, the men want to talk all day, and we get all fouled up, see? Now, let's tell them we'll have regular visiting hours, from six in the evening till dark. See how that suits."

During the captain's speech, Mayor Yi had listened intently, interrupting once or twice with a softly hissed "'es, 'es." When the captain finished, Mayor Yi turned to the aldermen and talked rapidly for five minutes. "Listen to him go," Captain McAllister said admiringly.

A *hancho* in a tattered silk robe, Jap soldier leggings, and a marine's undershirt raised his hand. Mayor Yi listened impatiently. "He wants know," he translated, "can womens bring package, box, clothes?"

"Yes, but only during visiting hours," Captain McAllister replied. "Tell them the other night one of the men escaped and got into the hills and there are Japanese soldiers in those hills. Understand what that means, if they take those clothes and stuff to the Jap soldiers? It'll be rough if they do that, see?"

Mayor Yi nodded briskly and explained. The men mumbled, *"Hei! Hei!"*—Japanese for "Yes." They nodded, too. "O. K. now," said Mayor Yi, with a languid wave of his hand.

"All right," said Captain McAllister. "Now, anyone here know a lady called Jino Sun? She's supposed to live in Nakaoshi. They want her down at headquarters. I don't know why, but they said to ask whether anyone knows her."

EACH *hancho* bent his head in thought. Jino Sun? One knew a Jino Sunawa, but she had lived in Ona and was much older than the good captain's Jino Sun. No, no one knew this Jino Sun, so Mayor Yi suggested taking up other matters.

"O. K.," said Captain McAllister, referring to his notebook. "Here's something they'll like. We got a spot picked out for some playgrounds for the kids. The schoolteacher here and the city clerk will take a detail out and start getting wood for teeter-totters and stuff like that. How's that?"

Mayor Yi relayed the information. Smiles broke out on the drawn faces of the *hanchos* and there was agitated jabbering. "They like. They say iss good, good," the mayor grinned. "Keep kid, little bebby off street, no get hit by ummmm—oh, oh—auto'bile." Several children, he told me sadly, had run in front of jeeps and trucks on the road cutting through the town.

A lank fellow with the inevitable black-rimmed spectacles arose and spoke quite passionately for about three minutes. Some of the others stared at the floor. It developed he was criticizing the chief of police for not keeping the streets clear.

"Well, the chief isn't here," said Captain McAllister, "but we can take that up again when he comes. Anyway, we're going to have playgrounds."

At this point there was a clattering below and a little man with a round face and scrubby beard ran up the stairs. He stood at the head of the steps and bowed to the assembled *hanchos*. They bowed back. He wore a long white linen coat at least three sizes too large for him, green trousers, and a marine's helmet with CHIEF in black letters against a white background. This was Sadeo Futumai, once a construction engineer, now chief of police of Taira.

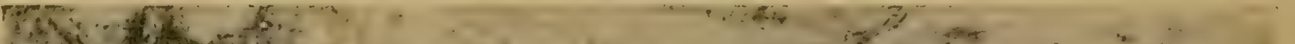
"Where's he been? Ask him!" said Captain McAllister. "He's an hour late."

Chief Futumai, with head cocked and a smile on his lips, listened to Mayor Yi's nervous tirade. Then he slowly removed his helmet, laid it on the floor, and replied. First there had been the inept traffic policemen he had appointed. "Country bumpkins!" he snorted. "They sat down and didn't know what to do. They had never done this sort of work before, so they had to be told again. You see, I am a conscientious police boss. I don't do things in little spurts." Then there was that dead horse outside Nakaoshi. "Whether someone shot it or it fell dead from exhaustion, I do not know. But I wanted to make inquiry. It was smelling up the village. I was on my way there when they said I was needed here. So I ran all the way."

The explanation seemed satisfactory to the mayor and council, except that one *hancho* wanted to know if the horse had been dead a long time. "How can I tell, when I was called away from my duty?" snorted the chief. "We can go later and see." All agreed this was a good idea.

While he had the floor, Chief Futumai, in a rasping voice, also quieted those critics who had complained about the streets littered with vagabonds. "I take care of the main street here, for I am chief of police. You each take care of your streets as well as I do mine and we will have no stragglers in them."

(*Continued on page 93*)



Okinawans, evacuated to a tent city by the AMG.

Natives supplement the rice diet. Local fishermen display their catch—an eel and a baby octopus.

THE BIG BALLOONS ARE BACK

By Burnet Hershey

Navy blimps have done a unique job in the war—and after the war, the experts predict, the dirigible will give the giant planes a good run for their money

WHEN the German dirigible Hindenburg burned at Lakehurst, New Jersey, in May, 1937, most observers shook their heads and remarked, "Well, that means curtains for lighter-than-air craft." They seemed to be right. Designers concentrated on bigger, better, and faster planes, and while miracle followed upon miracle, lighter-than-air was apparently gathering dust in the hangar.

But a little group of hardheaded experts refused to desert the lighter-than-air ship. Quietly they went on working, and what they have uncovered is today making some of the aviation leaders burn a little midnight oil—in lamps, not airplane motors.

Now the hulking outline of the dirigible is beginning to loom large on the horizon of the postwar "Air Age." Jinx-ridden in peacetime, assigned to what appeared to be a relatively minor naval role in the war, the "big cigars" nonetheless are coming in for a lot of serious attention. Many Navy officers, airship manufacturers, and lighter-than-air enthusiasts insist that the United States must and soon will lead the world in lighter-than-air operation. We have the material to build such ships, the natural mineral gas to lift them, and a vast know-how for management and operation. All we need is a national airship policy, implemented by such a program as the Civil Aeronautics Board has evolved for the airplane.

One explanation for this revival of interest in the airship is the realization that in the commercial future, when aircraft will have to pay its own way, such items as pay load per pound of air frame, fuel cost, and cruising range will count heavily. On all these counts the airship boys assert that their craft will be hard to beat for economical transoceanic operation.

A glimpse at the blueprints of several postwar dirigible planners justifies the prediction that the lighter-than-air spokesmen—and there are quite a few—will soon pit their claims for commercial usefulness, airworthiness, and safety against those of the heavier-than-air enthusiasts. The ensuing controversy should be lively.

Hitherto, censorship has blanketed most of the new developments in dirigibles. Now the determined work of the Navy's sky scouts in ridding Atlantic coastal waters of U-boats is being revealed. Of all agencies of the armed forces, the Navy blimp has done most to whip this skulking menace to coastal shipping. If the U-boat feared anything, it was the hovering threat of the blimp and the deadly precision of its depth bombing.

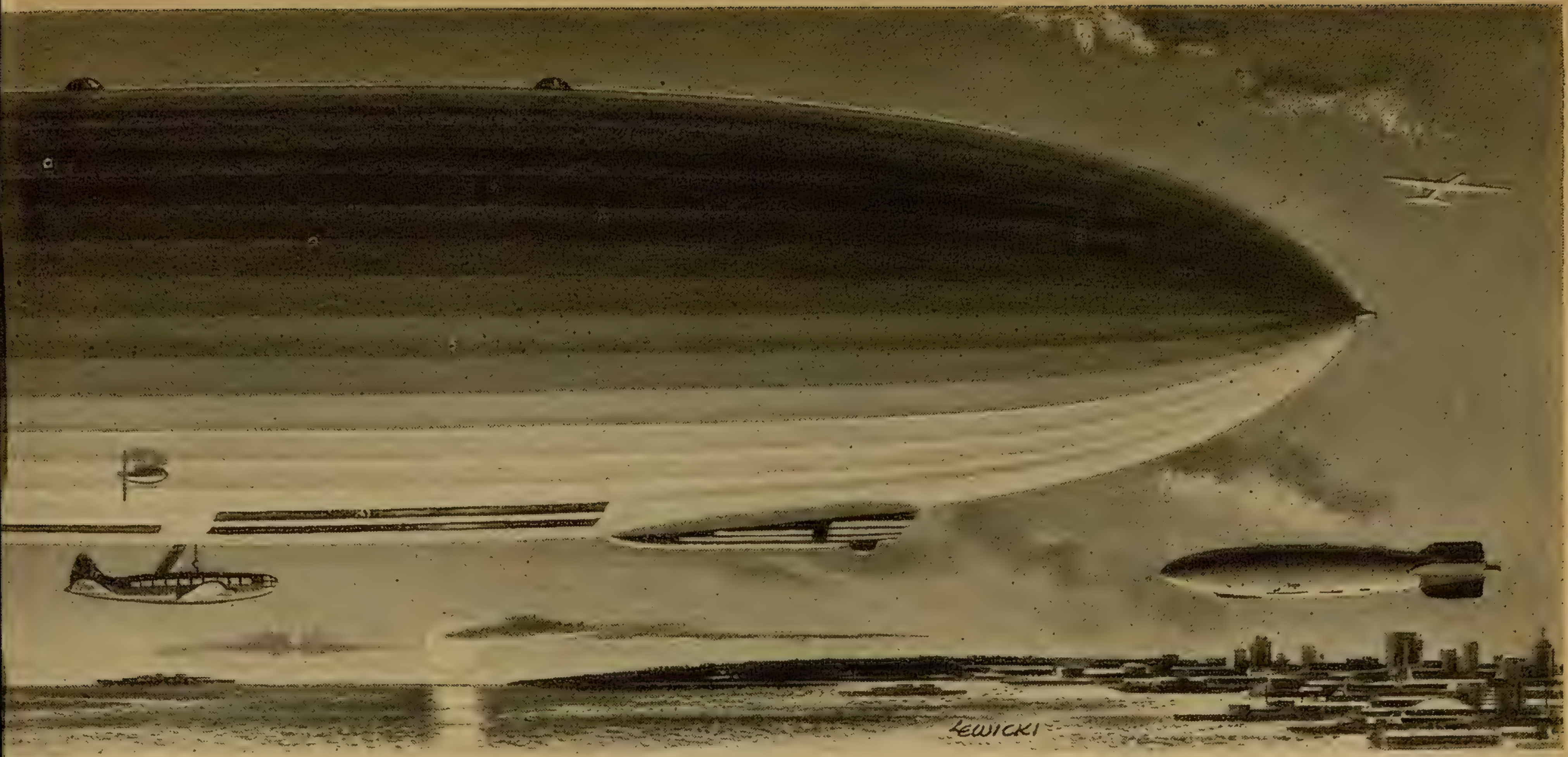
The most startling disclosure, however, is that for the first time in aeronautical history, U. S. blimps crossed the Atlantic on their own power, carrying crews, supplies, and ammunition. The 1,900-mile journey made in June, 1944, was the longest nonstop flight ever made by a *nonrigid* airship.

Ever since the North African campaign, these smaller airships have been on submarine patrol in the Mediterranean, and they had a big share in hounding the Nazi and Italian subs out of that area.

Starting from their U. S. bases on the Atlantic coast, these 1944 blimps flew to Newfoundland to start the trans-Atlantic journey. From there they went on to Port Lyautey on the coast of French Morocco, refueling at the Azores. These trips were without incident. A few simple mooring-mast bases were added along the African coast, and the airships continued to convoy, escort, and patrol as they had been doing in our own coastal and other waters. Among their important tasks, they ran an antisubmarine patrol across the Strait of Gibraltar, after which no enemy submarine even attempted to run the strait in either direction.

Immediately following the Allied invasion of southern France, this blimp squadron established a base at Cuers, France, and began rendering valuable service in mine-sweeping operations in that part of the Mediterranean. Happily, the U. S. Navy

Rear Admiral C. E. Rosendahl, naval expert on dirigibles, boards one at Lakehurst.



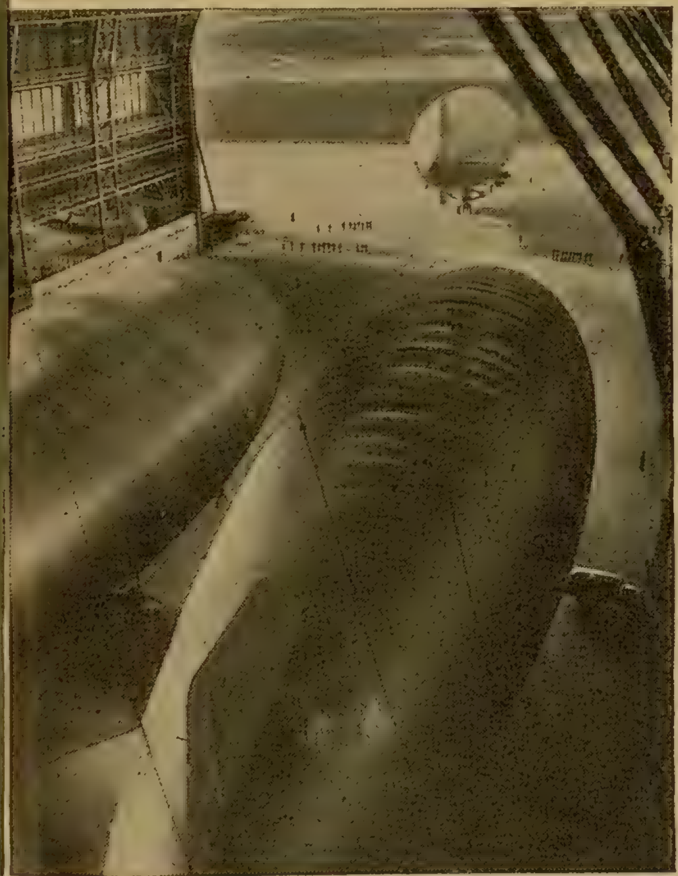
DRAWING BY JIM LEWICKI

blimp base at Cuers was centered around two Zeppelin hangars which the French had set up there after World War I. The Germans, in their mad haste to quit southern France, obligingly left these hangars, which have sheltered our blimps in Europe. Also providentially, German prisoners of war in that portion of France included experienced blimp ground crews who were promptly put to work.

New ground handling and mooring techniques, developed in the last few years, have increased the usefulness of today's much improved blimp.

A squadron of M- and K-type airships is still in Europe, teamed up in mine-detection work with Royal Navy and U. S. Navy mine sweepers.

The nonrigid airships have given a good account of themselves in this war. They have flown twenty-four-hour vigils over ports which poured supplies to the armies. In zero-zero weather, when planes were grounded, the blimps hovered protectingly over the endless convoys which moved out to sea from our harbors.


OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOS

Navy Patrol K-type blimps like these have been giving valuable service in this war.

Also, the Navy blimps have a brilliant record of rescues along our coasts. Ever since the day when a patrol blimp spotted a torpedoed tanker off the Massachusetts shore, lowered coffee and cigarettes, and hovered as a beacon until a Coast Guard cutter arrived, the rescue service has featured the Navy's airship operations.

From this first impromptu rescue was developed the special survivor's kit and the hoist equipment which has saved hundreds of lives. Because we are still at war with Japan, many other functions of the airship must remain secret.

But for all their importance in military operations, airships seem destined to play their chief role as peacetime carriers, supplementing if not competing with the airplane.

Actually, the Hindenburg disaster shattered a perfect record for passenger safety in commercial airships. Its sister ship, the Graf Zeppelin, started a regular schedule in 1928 and made more than fifty round trips between Germany and South America. It carried more than 13,000 passengers for a total of 17,000 hours in the air without accident or discomfort of any kind.

Today, it is generally known that the Germans, while selling a luxurious passenger service, were using the Graf Zeppelin as a military observatory. But even today few people realize how badly the Hindenburg disaster interfered with German military plans. It focused both public and official attention on the fact that while Germany had the more experienced dirigible designers and operators, the United States had almost the only known source of noninflammable gas which could be used in airships. That gas is helium.

Germany counted on buying it from the United States and, indeed, negotiations were under way to fill the Hindenburg with it instead of the dangerous hydrogen. At the time of the disaster the German Zeppelin company started building several larger airships specifically designed for the use of helium. Had Germany got the gas from the United States, many cities along the eastern seaboard of America—from Halifax to Charleston—might have been blitzed like the British cities, for the real cause of the Hindenburg holocaust may have been the German General Staff's attempts to use these dirigibles as huge plane carriers.

This story has not been published, although it has been known, or surmised, by several aeronautical experts in the armed services. In 1937, just three weeks before the Luftschiff Hindenburg made her fatal voyage, the German General Staff made the experiment of landing fighter planes on a temporary platform atop the big cigar-shaped balloon.

The weight of the Hindenburg's temporary platform, of course, was borne by the metal framework. When plane after plane smacked down on the platform, the frame may have bent, allowing the inner gas-bags to be punctured. A spark of static electricity may have done the rest.

THIS could not have happened had the Hindenburg been gassed with helium instead of hydrogen. The Zeppelin company was ready to convert to helium, but Secretary of the Interior Ickes refused to release it for export, and without it the German plans for aerial plane carriers were useless. A single incendiary bullet from an attacking plane would turn a hydrogen bag into a good imitation of hell.

Today the United States Navy, working jointly with the British Admiralty on the job of "denavalizing" a defeated Germany, is especially interested in discovering what has become of the old Graf Zeppelin and another sister ship of the ill-fated Hindenburg.

The latter had just been completed at the outbreak of the war, but Germany refused to send her into the air until helium could be obtained for her.

Thus far, all we have is the rubble of Ludwigshafen, the airship port blitzed frequently by the R. A. F. Some of our experts believe that the two dirigibles were dismantled for their metal structures, and the blueprints for the third 10,000,000-cubic-foot airship destroyed.

Dr. Hugo Eckener, seventy-seven-year-old designer of the Graf Zeppelin, Hinden-

(*Continued on page 86*)

Pianist plays some newly composed background music for the director's criticism.

Stop-Watch Composers

The unsung scribblers who write background music for the movies are just about the most harried people in Hollywood. And their wooing of the muse involves some pretty strange shenanigans

BY CY FEUER

EVERY motion picture uses music—to heighten dramatic effects, inspire tenderness, deepen sorrow, suggest happiness, or perform any other emotional odd job in the book. But few people understand who does what, how, and why to make the appropriate music bob up at the proper time.

To do it, the music boys deliver more output than any other artistic group in the picture business. They grind out good, bad, and indifferent picture music in voluminous quantity—more in a month than the rest of the country's music conceivers do in a year.

Each of the eight major studios produces about fifty-five feature pictures annually, aside from short subjects, animated cartoons, and trailers. Add about 150 features produced by independent companies and estimate that each picture averages thirty minutes of music. Statistically, this breaks down to 17,700 minutes, or 295 hours of music—enough to keep an orchestra going nonstop more than twelve days and nights.

The Hollywood composer responsible for all this background music is the helpless victim of precedent—a precedent set by the first composer, whoever he was, who let a producer talk him into writing a full score for a dramatic picture in one week. Ever since that black day most of Hollywood's composers have been obliged to do the same thing. They all cry out against the injustice, but they all continue to turn out music like so many Supermen. If you would write music for Hollywood you must be talented in a hurry.

The competent composer must start with a thorough knowledge of music and a complete understanding of the picture business in general. Then he must appreciate the dramatic impact of the script and sense exactly what the director is striving for; he shares in complex production problems and works closely with the film editor as the picture is being assembled in proper continuity; he should have a technical understanding of sound recording and, of course, he must write like the wind.

The music department of each studio is constantly alerted to meet the following situation whenever there's a picture to be scored, which is always:

The cameras have stopped rolling, the actors have been closed out, and the production crew sent to another job. The writers, of course, have been off the payroll for weeks, and the picture is in final cut; special effects have been made, dissolves, fade-ins and fade-outs from scene to scene are in place, and the producer, director, and film editor agree that the picture moves along as fast and as well as can be expected. The front office has notified the New York sales organization that the picture has finished shooting. On the strength of this, the sales people have committed the picture to an opening date at a first-run New York theater. Back at the studio the publicity boys are busy trying to plant advance stuff in the newspapers, and the entire lot, from the studio big boss on down, is anxious to get a preview audience's reaction.

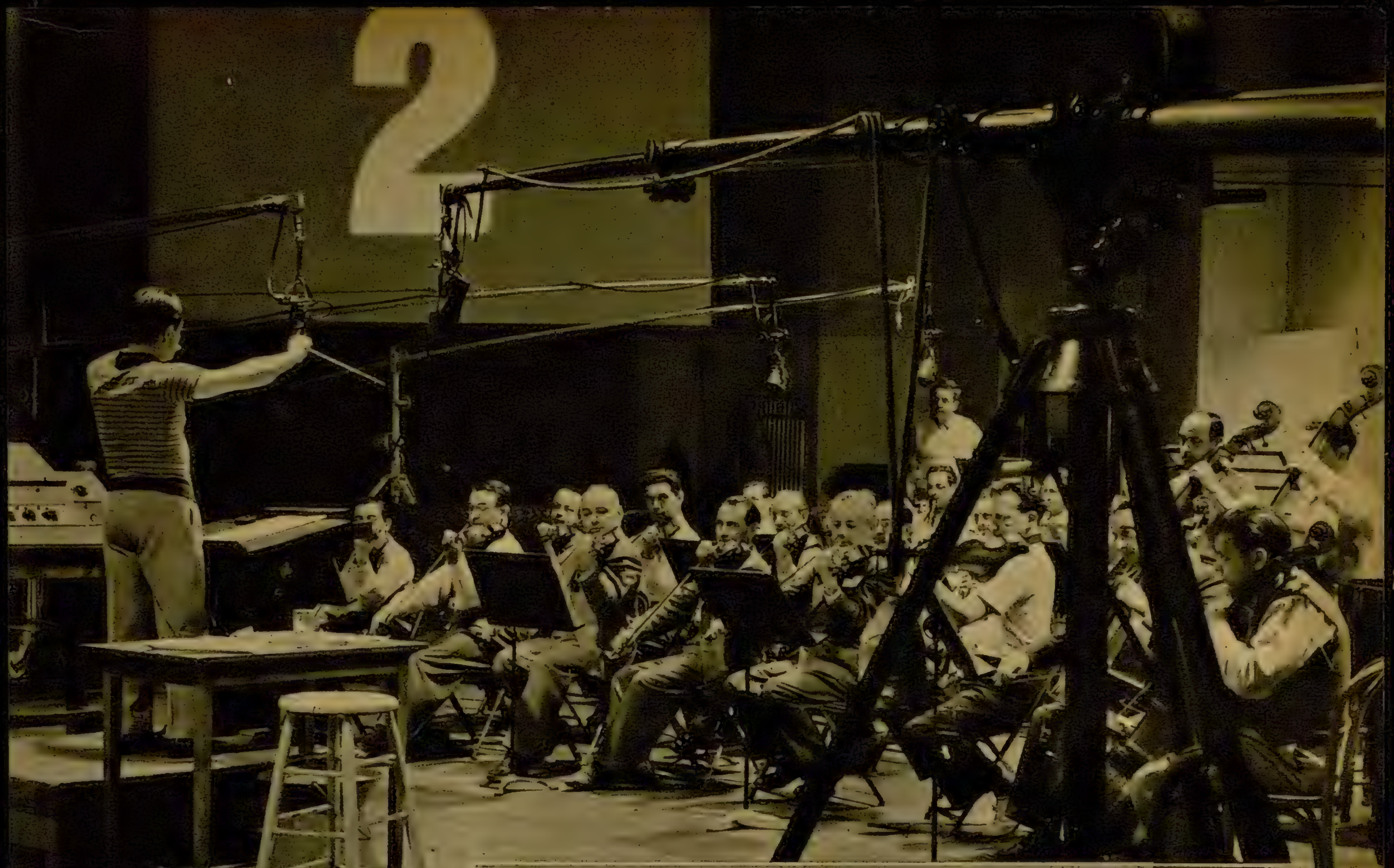
And so the massive machine arrives with an ominous thump at the music department.

Anticipating this dire moment, the music department has taken certain defensive measures. Warming up in the bullpen it has one or two composers, two or three orchestrators, three or four copyists, and one each of the following: A music supervisor, sort of a general aide to the composer, who times sequences and does other things technical so the composer may stay home and write; a music cutter, the man who actually handles the film; a contractor, the orchestra manager, who hires the musicians and pays them off; and a conductor. This man is optional, because either the composer or the head of the music department usually does the conducting.

After watching the picture run off several times, the composer discusses the score with the producer and director and finally decides which sequences to underscore, or support with music.

By now the composer has reached the point where he must have timings. Timing a sequence is really a simple operation which gives the composer his cues to the split second. Consider this sample sequence which runs one minute and forty seconds:

It starts as Lester, the villain, lets himself into a newspaper office late at night (ominous music). He has a flashlight, which he plays nervously about the room, and in his other hand a gun. At eighteen seconds he locates the paper he's looking for and sits at the desk to read it by the light of his flash. Suddenly there's a noise. Lester puts his light out at forty-eight seconds and sits tensely in the darkness. A moonbeam at fifty-two seconds reveals the noisemaker to be a cat. We catch the cat with a gag in the wood winds and the audience titters nervously, and Lester goes on with his snooping. He finishes reading, reacts either with satisfaction or dismay, pockets the document, and stealthily starts for the door.



The orchestra rehearses background music which has been tailored to fit the picture. It's timed with cues on the screen.

At right, "mixers" operate sound channels, synchronizing the music and other background noises with the sound track.

PHOTOS FROM PIX

After a few steps, at one minute he stumbles and falls, and we catch this with a little flurry in the strings. He then plays the light on the floor to see what tripped him and we follow the light slowly until, at one minute and twenty-eight seconds, it falls on the face of his dead brother (a heavy low chord in the trombones). Again he reacts either with satisfaction or dismay and immediately begins to frisk the body. All at once, at one minute and forty seconds, the lights go on, and there stands Malcolm, the leading man, and Gertrude, the girl, who have been there all the time. The music ends abruptly as the lights go on, just before the dialogue: "Well, well, what have we here—Dr. Livingstone?" Malcolm presumes. "'At's telling him, Malc," says Gertrude.

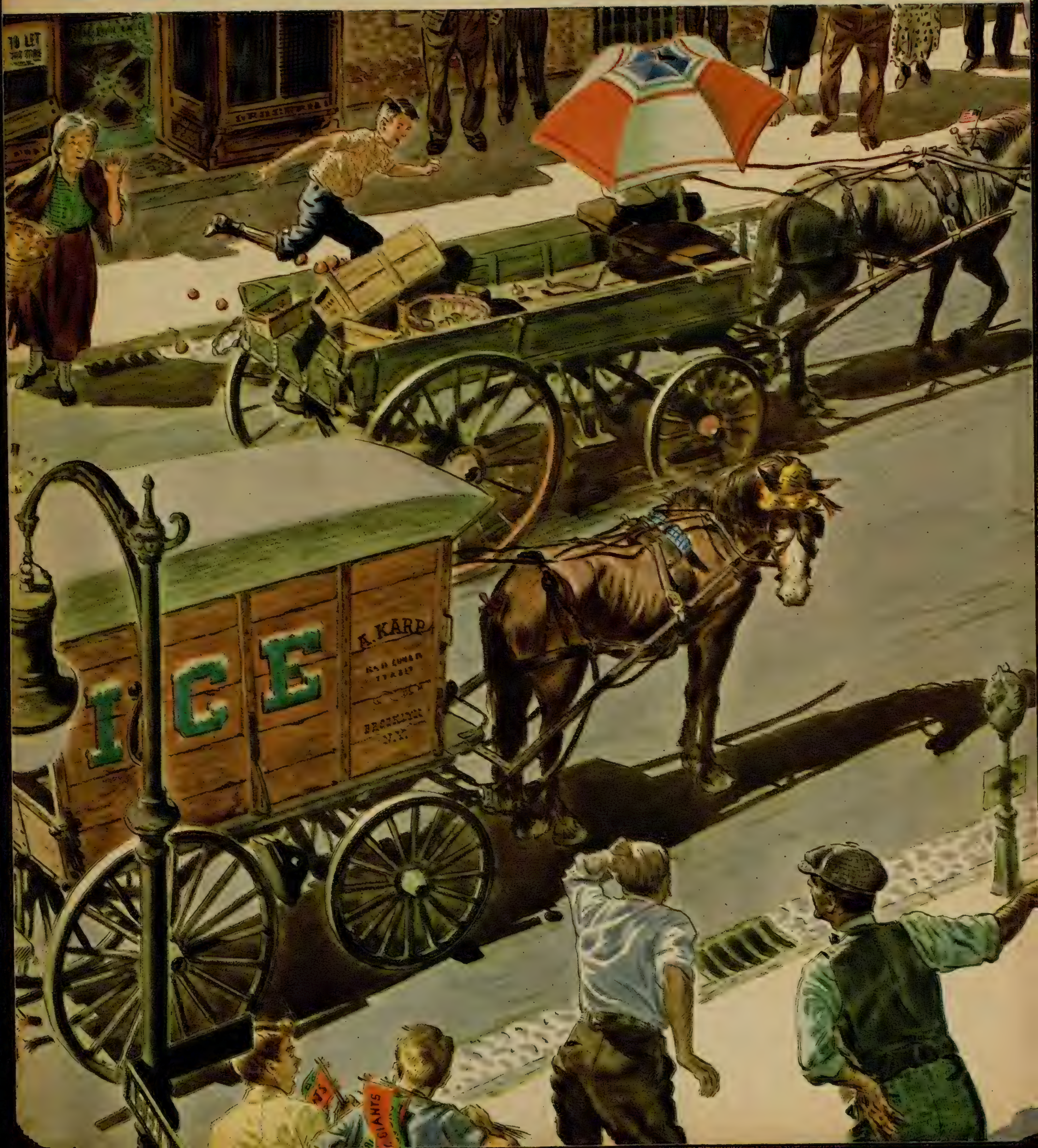
Each sequence is timed and broken down the same way, and the composer, in the throes of creation, need only refer to his sheets to recall the action and the timing. Of course he has repeatedly watched the sequences to be scored, and at this point knows the action well enough to be heartily sick of it.

He has nothing to do now but simply write one minute and forty seconds of music that will match the mood of the

(*Continued on page 80*)

Who that has ever owned a mangy dog or a spavined horse will not understand the pride that betrayed the iceman into thinking his Solly had once been a race horse? And who could forget the momentous day when Solly ran again, in

Uncle Phil had a novel idea for the getaway. He set a cannon cracker under each wagon, and two deputies exploded them simultaneously.



THE BROWNSVILLE Handicap

BY ELICK MOLL

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

OUR iceman, Mr. Karp, was a rectangular little man about five feet high and two wide with bright blue eyes, red hair, and an honest ruddy face all in one plane. He wore to business a blackish suit which in its original state had been a gray cardigan sweater and a pair of corduroys, but had attained, over a period of years, the texture and appearance of very old cracked leather. It had also attained a distinctive aroma of damp straw, horse, and honest toil which would hardly do, I suppose, for a tray of ice cubes, but which seemed agreeable and friendly enough trailing Mr. Karp down our hall with a fifty-pound cake of ice on his shoulder.

He always arrived at our house at the precise moment that our maid, Bella, finished her downstairs cleaning. No one would have dreamed of asking Mr. Karp to use the back entrance. He was our friend. Bella would sometimes try to outwit him by switching her cleaning routine from afternoon to morning and back to morning again. But Mr. Karp had a sixth sense. No sooner would Bella give the sofa cushions a last angry plump and start for the stairs than Mr. Karp and his horse, Solly, would appear, as if by magic, and Bella would stand on the steps with her mop and her nostrils akimbo while the little man came running through the hall with that hoppy little stride of his, always in a hurry, always sweating, cheerfully trailing ice water over the rug and the floors and calling out briskly, inimitably, "Haryado, haryado. Very clean day today. Very clean vetter oussite."

Sometimes, of course, the vetter wasn't so clean. We got some fairly maculate days out there at the tip of Brooklyn. At such times Mr. Karp would confine himself simply to "Haryado." If someone complained, conversationally, that it was a foul day, he would shake his head sympathetically and say "Ach" or "Tsk," but that was as far as he would go. I like to think that he was fundamentally so kindhearted that he couldn't bear to bring himself to speak harshly even about our Brooklyn climate, which is probably the most villainous in the world, outside of the Aleutians. But perhaps it was only that his command of English was precarious and talk about bad weather tended to get complicated. It rained or misted, the sky would be overcast, with a hint of snow in the air, it might be muggy or cloudy or blowy or damp.... Fine weather entailed no such complications. When the sun shone, it was simply a clean day and Mr. Karp's heart was glad.

I am sometimes saddened at the thought that my son will grow up with an ice cube as the paltry symbol of summer's slow-burning magic. Never to hook a ride on an ice wagon, never to flirt with typhoid, reaching into dank straw for slivers of delicious ammoniated crystal, never to pluck greasy black strands from Solly's tail to make horsehair rings—I cannot imagine what my youth would have been like under those circumstances, what manner of man I should have grown to be with only the discreet and soulless hum of a mechanical refrigerator substituting for Mr. Karp's cheery greeting and Solly's velvet nose.

Solly was the apple of Mr. Karp's eye. If the expression, "working like a horse," means anything, it was Mr. Karp who worked like a horse and Solly who lived like a gentleman. I say gentleman only out of deference to the memory of Mr. Karp. An inspection of the kind children are always making had early established the fact that Solly was no gentleman at all. She was a run-of-the-mine bay mare—somewhat more run-of-the-mine than most, I'm afraid. She was past the first flush of her youth, her back had a dip in it the size of a small roller coaster, her ears were suspiciously long, and the skin over her joints looked a little moth-eaten. But she was a lovable beast all the same, and it is said that one who truly loves cherishes his beloved's faults along with her excellences.

SOLLY was pampered and cherished, if ever a horse was that had to work for a living too. She was always dressed in the height of fashion: in summer she wore a dashing straw hat with a red tassel hooked over her floppy ears; in winter she sported a heavy woolen blanket, very nobby. She was regularly curried and combed and manicured. She ate mighty well (in betweenwhiles she would nibble the bark off the trees that lined our street). She got more apples and sugar than were good for her and in general lived pretty much the life of Riley.

We children shared Mr. Karp's enthusiasm for Solly, but my Uncle Phil, who kept a stable of bookies in those days and regarded himself, in consequence, as something of a judge of horseflesh, was more critical. He would sit on the porch, balanced between a toothpick and a nail file, and observe Mr. Karp and his steed approach with the permanent agnostic gleam in his eye of one who has spent some of the best years of his life watching the Daily Double daily vanish like swamp fire. The results from Jamaica didn't come in until about two. So Uncle Phil found time to figure out why he'd miscalculated on the last race, to weigh the probabilities of a clear track on the morrow, to discuss philosophy and parlays and similar abstruse matters with the local characters, and to think up uncomplimentary remarks about Solly.

"That's a horse?" he would say. "I've seen bottles of LePage's glue that looked more like a horse than that." Or, "Listen. When are you going to get the old girl a girdle? She's scraping bottom already."

There was nothing malicious about it. It was just the bored, kidding talk of one horseman to another. The trouble was that it was all one-sided. Mr. Karp was no hand at repartee in any language and he certainly wouldn't venture out onto the thin ice of racing parlance where my uncle, a Yankee of ten years' standing, skated with the greatest of ease. So he endured these slurs in pained silence. But one day Uncle Phil went too far. "You know, Karp," he said, "you're taking chances with a valuable animal. That's not a swayback any more. That horse is coming apart at the seams. Why don't you tie something around her from front to back so you shouldn't find her walking away from herself one of these days?"

Mr. Karp put down his wooden pail and his ice tongs and in colorful Biblical prose came to Solly's defense. It was probably the longest speech he'd ever made. He said, with justice, that sitting by a telephone and saying "Damn it," does not make one a connoisseur of horses. He said that if my uncle really knew one end of a horse from another he would have realized that Solly was a "thoroughfare."

"A thoroughfare," my uncle echoed raucously. "You mean an alley, don't you?"

Yes, a thoroughfare, Mr. Karp insisted. He had the papers to prove it. Solly, in her day, had romped around a track with the best of them.

Poor Mr. Karp. It was sheer unbridled fantasy. Even his simple heart could not have believed for a moment that Solly was ever a race horse—even in a previous incarnation. But who that has ever owned a mangy dog or a spavined horse or a sweetheart with a big nose will not understand the grief and pride that betrayed Mr. Karp into his extravagance?

FOR a moment my Uncle Phil was speechless. There are some things that are so funny they can only be taken seriously. He demanded to see proof of Solly's fleet-footed youth. Mr. Karp faltered, and then said, with dignity, that he felt under no obligation to prove anything to my uncle. It was enough that he, Mr. Karp, and Solly knew the truth. And with this he picked up his bucket and tongs and retired behind a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound cake of ice.

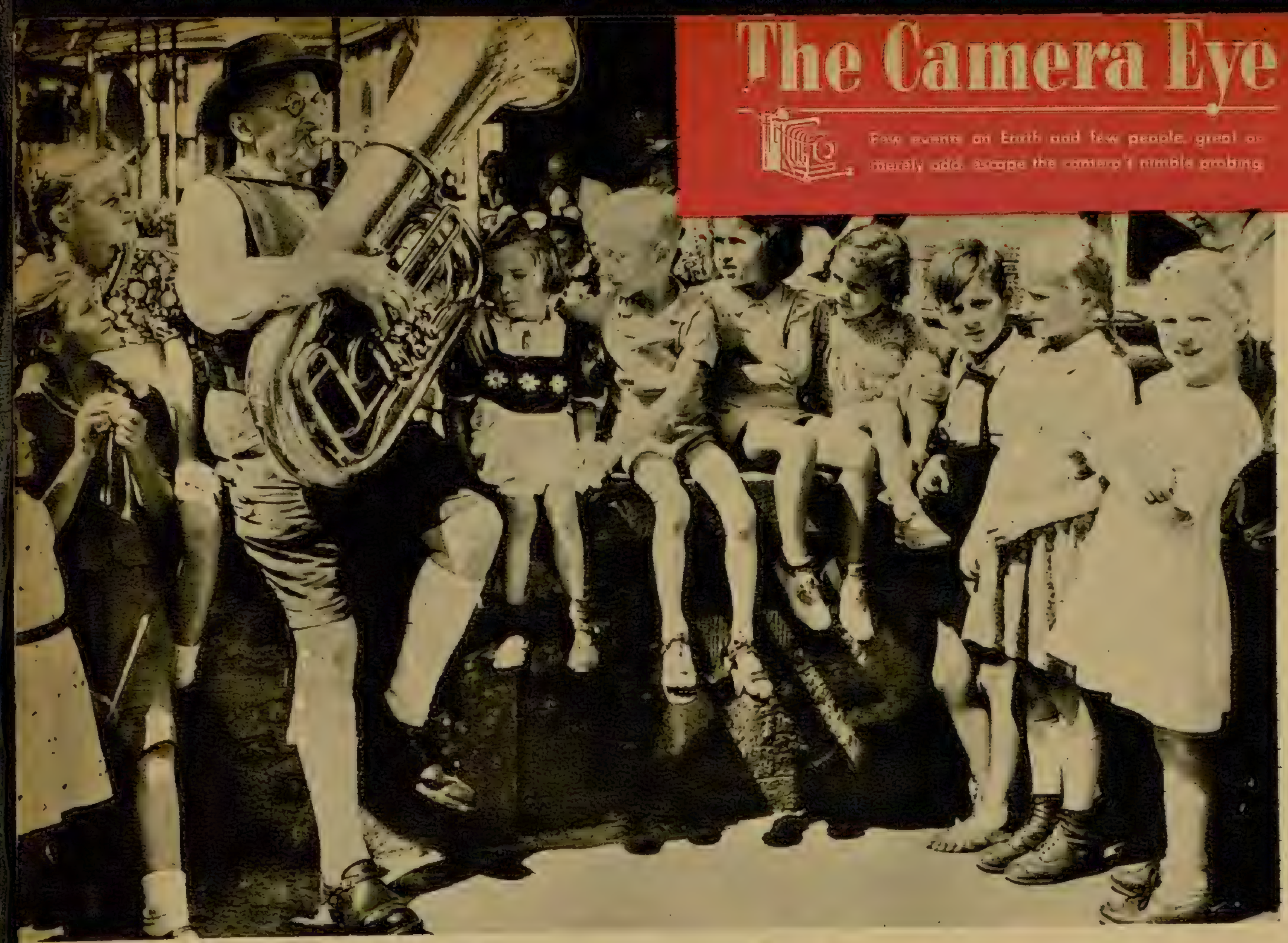
The matter did not end there. My uncle was not one to let an opportunity like this get away from him. It happened that there was a certain Mr. Kaplowitz who toured our neighborhood with a fruit wagon drawn by a rawboned gelding of uncertain vintage named Mike. Solly and Mike roomed at the same livery stable, and there was, I surmise, some tension already existing between their owners concerning the relative merits of geldings and she-horses, and possibly fruit wagons and ice wagons too.

At any rate, my Uncle Phil took a hand and before long had whipped the thing up into the proportions of a feud. The air of Brooklyn is somehow conducive to rival-

(*Continued on page 95*)

The Camera Eye

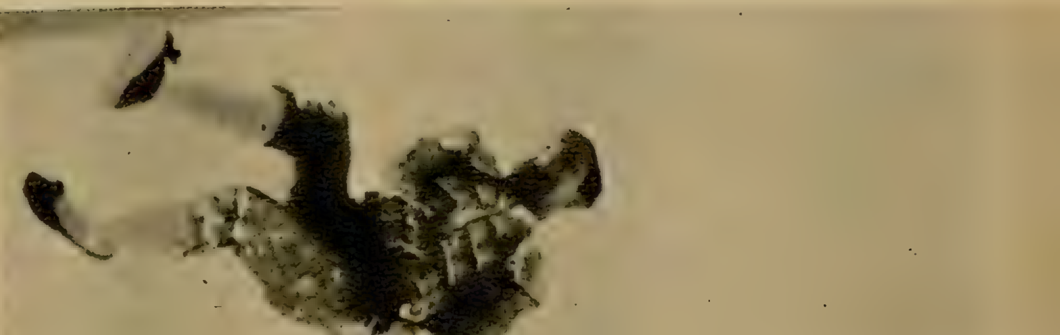
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing.



ANOTHER BIG BLOW STRIKES BERLIN—Allied officials are encouraging Germany's return to the simple folk entertainment of old. This merchant of oompah has the kraut kids in raptures.

GRIM MOMENT—Veiled for his own protection, this secret informer is hunting for Gestapo men among a line of Germans. The stunt is trapping many.

NONAGENARIAN ALMOST—On his eighty-ninth birthday, George Bernard Shaw dons his "Tolstoy outfit" in his garden at Hertfordshire.



IT'S A TOSS-UP—But the Mexican matador Canitas, who made this ebullient flight in a Madrid ring, landed unhurt and vanquished his opponent.

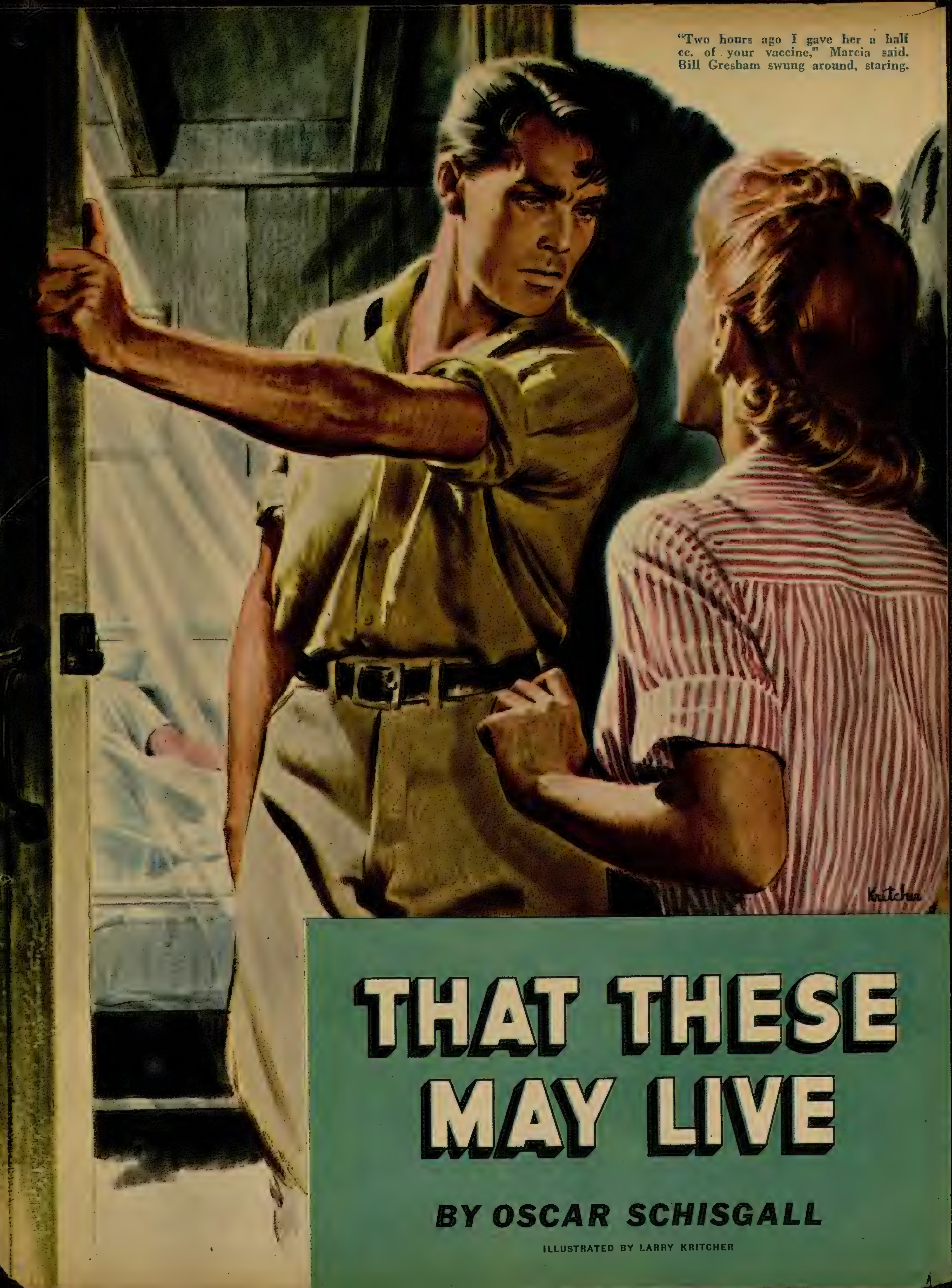
CUTTING WHAT ADOLF USED TO CHEW—A uniformed Russian maid learns about jive from Pvt. Edmund Kosek of Buffalo at the first "fraternity" dance for Yanks in Berlin.

PORT LAST WARSHIPS
SMASHED IN HIDEOUT
5¢
Journal American
LATEST NEWS

SOCIETY OWES HIM PLENTY—After forty months in prison for a crime he didn't commit, Bertram Campbell enjoys reunion at his home on Long Island. Confession by the real criminal, a forger, did the trick.

STRIKING!—Batting for M-G-M is Linda Christian, redhead. Modeling at a fashion show in Hollywood led to a part in Holiday in Mexico. But that's fair—it's where she was born.

HOPELESS CRIPPLE?—That's what the docs feared for Marine Pfc. John C. Kyle, Jr., of McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania. Badly shot up at Tarawa, he wasted away to ninety-eight pounds, then made his come-back by pure grit.



"Two hours ago I gave her a half cc. of your vaccine," Marcia said. Bill Gresham swung around, staring.

THAT THESE MAY LIVE

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

Marcia knew the doctor's untried serum might kill the girl he loved – or save her. It was a long chance, but Marcia took it. You see, she loved the doctor, too

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

MARCIA LAND had been in love with Dr. Ralph Worden for years, ever since she had studied medicine under his direction; but he was married, fifteen years older, and unaware of her worship, so she stifled her feelings. After she heard of his divorce Marcia jumped at a chance to join Worden in the Brazilian jungle and work as a bacteriologist. But when Dr. Bill Gresham, instead of Ralph, met her at the Pirapora dock and escorted her, on mule-back, to Arana, her romantic dreams began to fade a little. At the medical base there, Marcia found feminine competition—and companionship—in Roxanna Paradeso, a beautiful nurse. The first night at dinner Marcia sensed that there was friction between the two doctors. Bill had been experimenting with a serum for yellow fever, which had been successfully used on animals, but Ralph had refused to allow him to try it on human beings. Later that night Marcia came upon Bill and Roxanna embracing and, illogically, it struck her like a blow. Next morning she decided to take a swim, following a trail through the tropical forest to the river. As she floated contentedly, the quiet was suddenly shattered by Bill's voice. "Get out of that water!" he yelled. He was throwing stones at a long brown shape, with alligator eyes, that was gliding toward Marcia.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

MARCIA choked back a cry of panic. She thrashed out for shore with all the strength she could put into the strokes. When she touched bottom and stumbled out of the river, she had, on top of the fear, no sense of her nakedness. Yet she plunged into the bushes. Brambles tore at her skin and thorns stung deep. She didn't pause until she had run twenty feet up the bank.

When she stood almost to her neck in brush, she turned, breathless, to stare back at the river.

The thing in the water was gliding away from the spot where Bill Gresham's stones had splashed.

Bill stood forty feet away, furious, his sun helmet shading a colorless face.

"What the devil made you go in there?" he demanded. "That river's full of jacares!"

"I—I didn't know about jacares!" she answered. "Nobody told me!" Her voice was confused. She crouched among the bushes, for the first time aware of her nakedness, wondering how much of it the brush really hid. She giggled to herself. "At least I'm not forty!"

Bill Gresham didn't seem to care what her age or beauty was. Despite the seriousness of the situation, or perhaps because of it, comedy had crept in—she suppressed a giggle.

"If you'd gone another fifty yards down the trail," he said, "you'd have seen the cove we've got fenced off for bathing. Around the bend you'd have seen the bathhouse we built."

"Margharita never said a word—"

"Margharita must have thought you knew." He pushed back the helmet. "You're probably all scratched up."

Marcia looked down at her body through a screen of brush. Silly tears rushed into her eyes—not of pain but of humiliation.

"Yes," she said, "I'm pretty badly ripped—"

"Come out of there. I'll get iodine. We've got some over at the bathhouse."

He went up the slope. When he was gone, she came out of the bushes, still studying her bruises. They not only hurt; they made her feel like a fool. She got the towel and began to dry her body—gently, not daring to rub, half watching for Bill.

Then he came back. He looked stern as he started down the slope carrying a first-aid kit.

"Just—just put it down somewhere!" Marcia cried, crouching again.

"Don't be a fool!"

She held the towel against herself in desperation, covering her nakedness. *"Please,* Bill—"

"How're you going to treat those cuts in your back?"

He pushed on through the bushes. His face was determined. More than that, it was impersonal, and she remembered suddenly that he was Dr. Gresham. He was a physician ready to treat a patient.

She bit her lip. There wasn't anything she could do. She didn't want to be childish and make matters worse by being silly about this. So she stood still, fighting back little gasps of pain whenever iodine stung deep in the lacerations.

He worked quickly, with experienced fingers. His eyes were intent, perhaps harder than they needed to be. He seemed never to see the whole slim loveliness of her body; only the cuts in it; only an inch of it at a time.

When he finished, he stepped back and repacked the kit.

"Now get dressed," he said. "I'll meet you up on the trail."

She watched him climb a few steps before she said in a low voice, "Thanks, Bill." It was a feeble thing to say. How *did* you thank somebody for snatching you out of a jacare's jaws?"

He glanced down at her face, still moist, and at her wet chestnut hair full of red glints. "What you need," he told her, "is somebody to look after you these next few weeks, somebody to tell you what you can do in the jungle and what you can't do."

"You could tell me yourself."

"I won't be here."

SOMETHING strange happened. Marcia saw a look almost of torment come into his eyes. And Bill Gresham asked harshly:

"Why the devil did you come to Arana, anyhow?"

He didn't expect an answer. It was a question uttered in fury. He turned and went away, and Marcia stared after him, too astonished to speak. She couldn't define what she felt. Had anybody else talked to her like that—say Ralph—she'd have thought, He resents my coming because somehow I've disturbed the normal flow of his life. In the case of Ralph it might have excited her; it would have meant that he'd at last become conscious of her. But it was hard to associate such ideas with Bill—when she remembered how he had kissed Roxanna last night.

When she came up to the trail, he was smoking a cigarette.

"How's the pain?" he asked.

"Easier." Then she added, "Bill, what you said about my coming to Arana—"

"Forget it, will you?"

He was so brusque that she didn't press the point. Yet he puzzled her more than ever.

When he spoke again he was professional. "I suppose you had all your shots before coming—tetanus, typhoid, yellow fever?"

"Oh, yes. I'll be all right."

They climbed the trail to the village in silence. Near the infirmary they found Ralph Worden and Roxanna studying some sort of chart. Ralph looked up with a smile.

"Morning!" he called. "Have a good swim?"

"Well, it was a swim," Marcia conceded.

He glanced over her slight figure in its slacks and loose blouse. "We'll never make these people believe you're old enough to work in a lab."

"Give me a week. I'll grow haggard." As she spoke she watched Roxanna Paradeso with increasing surprise. The nurse's brows had drawn together in perplexity while she looked at the bathing suit. The suit was dry.

And questions came into Roxanna's eyes; she directed a wondering glance at Bill.

MARCIA spoke with quick candor. Roxanna was too obvious to be ignored. "No, I didn't wear the suit," she said. "I picked a private beach where I wouldn't need a suit, and I almost killed myself doing it. Bill came along just in time to scare away a jacare."

"Good Lord, Marcia!" Ralph Worden was shocked. "You—you can't swim in this creek just anywhere you choose! It's—"

"So I've learned." To erase the queer look in Roxanna's eyes, Marcia decided to give them the whole story, including the details of the bandaging of the cuts. It was better to be matter-of-fact about the thing, to rob it of mystery.

She didn't quite succeed. When she finished, Roxanna gazed away, saying nothing. Ralph cleared his throat and gave Bill a thoughtful glance.

"Lucky," he said, "you happened to be passing the creek at that particular time."

"It wasn't by accident," Bill answered.

"Oh?"

"Margharita told me Marcia had gone for a swim. Thought it would be nice to have one myself. I happened to spot the jacare. Picked up a few stones to drive him off—and then I saw Marcia down there."

"Lucky," Ralph repeated. "Very lucky indeed."

"Uh-huh. Now, how about some breakfast?"

While they ate, Ralph—and Roxanna, too, after a time—brightened. They talked more cheerfully of commonplace things, especially of the way the children of Arana were learning to talk English.

And after breakfast Ralph took Marcia off to the edge of the mine where she could watch some eighty *mineiros* at work. Maybe he wanted to be alone with her. But his talk was of his job.

"There were only a half dozen men here when we first set up shop," he said. "Most of the time they were sick with malaria. Now we've got hardly any malaria at all, and we're producing more mica than anybody thought possible."

He was proud of his achievement. He stood in the sun with his hands on his hips, watching the men below swing their picks.

"Sometimes they find jewels down there, too," Ralph Worden went on. "If they get to like you—and I'm sure they will—they'll bring you a gem now and then as a gift. A beryl or garnet, a tourmaline or aquamarine, or even a bit of moonstone."

Marcia glanced at him. The sun helmet that shaded his tired face couldn't hide the fact that he was a handsome man. She

(*Continued on page 66*)

THESE MEN
Are Getting Ready Now to take Over

How these babies can eat—and grow! And no wonder. Not just three times a day, but every four hours, a lusty wail announces that a husky appetite is all sharpened up again. Eleven pounds at two months, 16½ pounds four months later. The most scientific diets ever to be set before an infant are today building sturdy bodies and alert minds to take over tomorrow's more complicated national affairs.

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ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

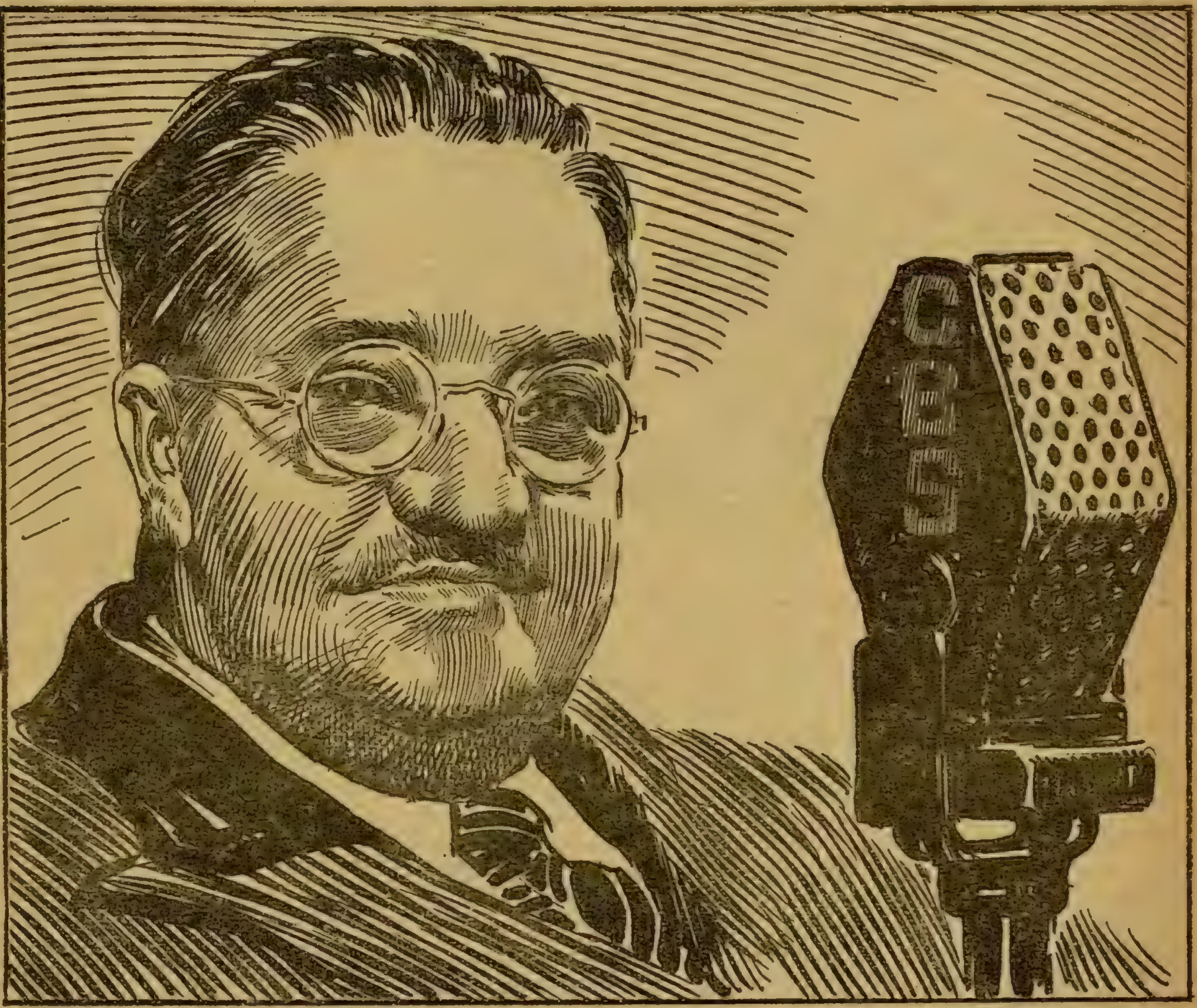
His Life and His World

The swashbuckling personality of Alexander Woollcott, professional celebrity and maker of celebrities, played an important part in shaping the literary life of a whole era. This is the amusing and at times amazing, story of the literary eccentric and his private glamor factory.

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



Growing Pains

Midway of the nineteenth century, America was inspired to save the world. The young republic, having settled its own problems to its satisfaction, yearned to expand its blessings to less advanced nations. Religious and social cults flourished. Emerson wrote to Carlyle:

"We are all a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform; not a reading man but has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket."

A group of about one hundred and fifty people bought seven hundred acres of farm land in a peaceful vale five miles from Red Bank, N. J., where they established a farm and canning factory. They lived under one roof in an eighty-five room house which they called the Phalanx. Because their products were of the finest quality, the project was an industrial success for twelve years, 1843-55. The business and executive leaders of the community were the Bucklin family, of sound New England stock.

Frances Bucklin, daughter of John S., the President of the group, was born in the heyday of Phalansterism in 1847. "Bam," as she was called, grew up to a placid, skeptical, and unambitious girlhood. Where and how she met London-born Walter Woollcott is lost to record.

Meet him she did and marry him, to the covert disapproval of the Bucklin clan. Five children were born to the couple, Harry, Julia, William, Philip, and Alexander. Frances Woollcott led a rootless life, at times following her migratory husband from job to job; more often taking refuge in the Phalanx for her childbearing.

In that environment and with the tradition of its sociopolitical ideals still strongly impregnating the tribal atmosphere, Alexander Woollcott was born in 1887.

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Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. Price $3.50.

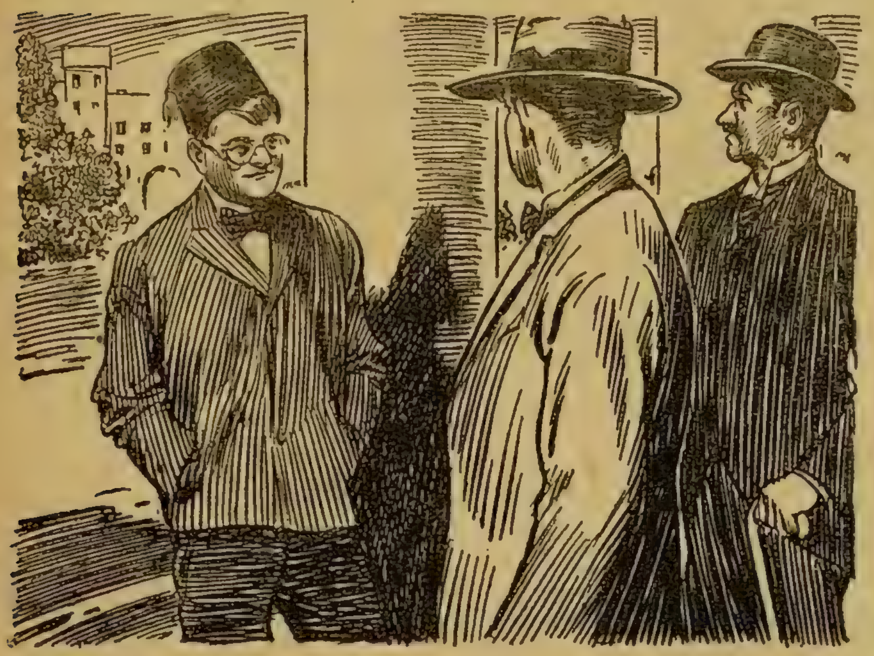
The Woollcott family fortunes flowed and ebbed as they moved from the Phalanx to Kansas City and back to the Phalanx. In 1905 Alexander was ready to enter college.

The Woollcott income was practically nil. Appeal was made to Alexander Humphreys, husband of Mrs. Woollcott's best friend and President of Stevens Institute of Hoboken. Mr. Humphreys arranged a loan of $3,000. To his namesake he said curtly:

"If I never get this back, that's my loss. You can return it if you like and if you're able, or you can pass it along to someone else."

Aleck paid every cent. When his benefactor refused to accept any interest, the debtor applied the Humphreys principle and, after his rise to success and affluence, made vicarious repayment time and again. Just how many young people he aided educationally will never be known. He was more than secretive; he was touchy on the subject of his private charities.

Alexander Woollcott was eighteen years old when, clad in a cut-down suit and proud in the prospect of being the first Phalanxer of his generation to go to college, he set out for Hamilton College at Clinton, N. Y.



To the impressionable freshman of the class of 1909, the forested campus, with its grave and ancient dignity of weathered-stone architecture, struck home with an enduring sense of splendor. A quarter of a century after graduation he was vaunting himself in print as "an old grad of the most virulent type."

The college's impression of Woollcott was less favorable than his impression of the college. Of the fifty-five entrants in his class, he was easily the queerest.

Knowing himself a misfit in the collegiate pattern, he devised a personality for public display. He presented to his fellows the picture most likely, in his belief, to enlist their admiration, edifying his classmates with high-colored tales of precocious vice. His nickname of "Putt" (for "putrid") flattered him. He was correspondingly depressed when a rebuking upperclassman stigmatized him as "a naughty little Rollo." Under the sting he did go down to the village and succeed in getting drunk, a condition which he vaingloriously advertised. Incredible though it may seem, he maintained this dubious pride, and, at the age of fifty, supplied this note on his undergraduate days for a biographical sketch:

> "I was a good deal of a drunkard, being stinko through three of the four years, and particularly in Sophomore year addicted morosely to the use of absinthe which was available everywhere. . . . It would be accurate to describe me in my undergraduate days as a ubiquitous, depraved, and unpopular Ishmaelite."

It would be more accurate to describe him as a naive and ineffectual self-dramatizer. After that first splurge, for advertising purposes only, his dissipations were mildly and conventionally beerish. It is doubtful whether he ever saw an absinthe bottle: certainly not within a ten-mile radius of the Hill. He was, in fact, a natural scholar, as mentally mature as he was psychologically callow.

Soon the precarious eminence won by his pretensions became untenable. He strove pathetically to restore it by affecting slovenly dress and bizarre mannerisms. The sophomores made him the special quarry of their hazing; tossing Woollcott into the fountain became a popular form of exercise. There is a legend involving him and a familiar campus pest of the day, an octogenarian alumnus who was wont to revisit the scene and wander about, buttonholing students and catechizing them upon their aims in life. According to report, he held up the freshman, trotting cozily back to change after an involuntary bath at the hands of his persecutors, with the stock query:

"And what, my young friend, is our Alma Mater training you to become when you go out into the world?"

"A fish, you darn old fool!" said Woollcott bitterly.

From his freshman vacation Woollcott brought back an old .45-caliber revolver, picked up in a pawnshop, and exhibited it to his friends.

"Some morning," he said hollowly, "they'll knock at the door of Carnegie Eleven and there'll be no answer."

Failing to impress his circle by these dark hints, he turned tough. He ruffled around the campus, picking fights, preferably with the huskiest athletes.

"He never shirked a fight and never won one," Alex Osborn recalls.

After a football defeat, he would swagger up to some two-hundred-pound tackle and blithely accost him:

"Why, you big cheesebrain! You don't know enough to recognize your own signals."

One of his victims, thick of brain as he was of muscle, became so weary of beating up his tormentor that he took to scuttling around corners when the slight figure appeared, and eventually burst into helpless tears under the goad. Aleck was abashed.

"Why, I didn't know I was hurting his feelings," he confided to a friend.

Though the adventures in pugilism did little to toughen the flabby body, they did endow the Woollcott spirit with hardihood and fortitude. The college began to have a sort of puzzled respect for the dogged and inglorious scrapper. It did not yet amount to popularity; Aleck never attained that; but it did constitute a reluctant recognition of character. He capitalized on it by organizing Hamilton's first successful dramatic club, The Charlatans.

In junior year he attained to the hitherto uncoveted editorship of the Lit (Hamilton Literary Monthly, by formal title).

In the spring of 1909 I was talking with some fellow trustees on the library steps when an odd figure came into view, crossing the campus with an undulant prance. The youth was clad in excessively wrinkled and bagged trousers, a misshapen corduroy coat, grimy sneakers, and a red fez with gilt tassel.

Introducing himself as Alexander H. Woollcott, he asked diffidently enough, whether I did not think that he might make a reporter. I was glad to give him a qualified affirmative. At least, he could write, as I knew by his editorials in the Lit.

So I wrote, on his behalf, to one of my old bosses of the Sun, Carr Van Anda, who, as managing editor, was then raising the Times to the position of being the most important and influential newspaper in New York. I guaranteed nothing, but gave my opinion, for what it was worth, that the young man had possibilities.

Fifteen a Week

On the morning after his investment with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, Alexander Woollcott turned up at the Times office to apply for a job. Managing Editor Van Anda read my letter of introduction, received the bearer affably, talked with him, encouraged him to hope that there would be a chance in the fall: he might keep in touch with the City Desk.

Distant prospects did not meet the emergency. A job—any job that would support him—was an immediate necessity. Through Mr. Humphreys' influence he was taken on at the Chemical National Bank as a messenger.

Sister Julie, now employed by a Jersey City public utility, had found for herself cheap lodgings at 34 West

Twelfth Street. There she was joined by Aleck and the "idol of his college days," Phil Welch, now a "leg man" on the Sun. They lived by a system of communal finance, managed by Julie. Fifteen dollars a week, Aleck's wage, would sustain life in those days, but hardly on the level of luxury. Phil Welch was making little more; Julie, less, if anything. Their pooled resources barely sufficed for essentials. Mrs. Ned Root, dropping in upon the impecunious menage one day, took cognizance of their budget and expressed concern.

"I don't see how you manage to live."

"Simple enough," said Aleck airily. "We borrow."

"But of whom?"

"Each other," he replied.

Every Saturday afternoon Aleck trotted up to the Times office and patiently renewed his application. Persistence is a valuable quality in a reporter; Aleck's was accounted to him for virtue, and in September he had his reward. A fifteen-dollar-a-week job was offered him. Joyously he resigned from the bank.

Meantime disaster had befallen him. On a midsummer morning he awoke with a temperature and a swelling behind the ears. He fled to the refuge of the Phalanx. Mrs. Woollcott put her patient to bed, diagnosing mumps. It was a severe case. In great pain he dosed himself with morphine for a fortnight, when the swelling began to subside. But the damage was done. A sequel was his unhealthy fat.

He could not have found a better training school than the Times. It had sloughed off its burden of stodgy conventionalism, but it was still the organ of the "classes," enjoying a repute which is mirrored in the contemporary legend of the old family butler who entered a drawing room with the announcement:

"Five reporters, Madam, and a gentleman from the Times."

HOLLYWOOD'S roseate and alcoholic picturizations to the contrary notwithstanding, reporting always has been a sober and laborious business. Young Woollcott had his share of the drudgery, on deathwatches, or the longwait trick (3 A. M.), on routine and colorless assignments. He took it all as it came, without complaint, until finally he was given an important assignment. Walter Davenport, then a cub reporter on the Philadelphia Public Ledger, tells the story. He was sent to Coatesville, Pa., where a feeble-minded Negro had shot and killed a policeman. Five hundred steel workers stormed the hospital where the Negro lay with a police bullet in his body, took him out, and roasted him to death over a slow fire while two thousand onlookers cheered. Young Davenport was interviewing the burgess of the town, a frightened and sullen old party named Shallcross. He set down his memory of the scene twenty years later:

> "At that moment when I was about to stamp futilely out, a cherubic stranger entered with a minuet step. Blandly, without rancor, and in neatly chosen words, this one calm soul in all Coatesville said, "Mr. Shallcross, I represent The New York Times, which must insist that you take immediate measures to fetch the perpetrators of this wholly unnecessary outrage to book or justice or whatever your quaint custom may be here in Coatesville."

Mr. Shallcross, who was no mental giant, attempted feebly to wave away this disturber of his peace. He got the second barrel.

"My personal feelings and opinions aside," said the visitor in measured accents, "it becomes again necessary for me to warn you that The New York Times will not overlook reticence on your part."

The unhappy and bewildered official moaned.

The Times report was a sizzler. On the day of its printing the City Room got a telephone call.

"Can you tell me who wrote that Coatesville lynching story?"

"A young man named Woollcott. Who is this?"

"Richard Harding Davis. They don't do newspaper writing any better than that."

Front-page news was presently turned over to Woollcott. He was sent to Halifax to handle the Titanic disaster. With practically no aid he covered the Rosenthal murder, to which other papers assigned half a dozen staff men.

The strain was too much for Woollcott's nervous system, which broke under it. He got a six weeks' leave to recuperate. When he returned, he applied for the rewrite job, which involved office night work. At this, too, he was successful. It gave him opportunity to develop his expanding style.

Enchanted Aisles

Standing, one winter evening of 1914, at the Knickerbocker Bar, I was accosted by a rotund young man who said with an air of reproach verging upon accusation:

"You don't remember me. I'm Woollcott."

"I do," said I. "How are you?"

"You told Mr. Van Anda that I would make a good reporter."

"Are you a good reporter?"

"I was," said he with empressement.

"Have you left the Times?"

"No. I've just been made dramatic critic."

To prepare Woollcott for his new duties, the Times had sent him abroad. Eight weeks of theater in London and Paris were prescribed.

In Paris the neophyte met Burns Mantle, who gave him fatherly advice. No writer, he counseled, should consort with stage folk. They were lovable and fascinating creatures (else they would not be on the stage): so alluring, indeed, that if a critic fell into perilous habitude of association with them he would inevitably become entangled in friendships and prejudices to such an extent that he would lose prestige and his value to his paper would be undermined.

The young man listened with outer respect and inner dissent. Mantle's views controverted all the dearest desires of his heart. What had he become a dramatic critic for if not to enter into and share the charmed life of these luminous beings! Not for Alexander Woollcott to languish on the outside, looking in.

Writes Mr. Mantle in humorous-rueful retrospect:

"Next winter Aleck, as the new and already colorful critic of the Times, did seek the friendship and comradeship of actors; did do a lot of partying, and shortly became the most talked-of and the widest-read dramatic critic in town. So much for Mantle as teacher, and prophet."

The new critic's task was to furnish matter that would hold the interest of a Rialto bristling with tribal traditions, taboos, and catchwords, and at the same time reach out for the largely untouched lay public who, if it read theatrical matter at all, did so merely as a solution of the burning question, "Where'll we go tonight?" He made a tentative start with a Sunday feature of his invention: "Second Thoughts on First Nights." Before it had run a month Van Anda "knew that I had made no mistake in putting him in."

Therein Woollcott set forth reflectively his opinions of plays and players against a background of broad dramatic knowledge, spicing the seriousness of his treatment with lively anecdotal matter. No one else had done the same thing as well. Although it was unsigned, Alexander Woollcott became a familiar name on Broadway.

Woollcott's daily critiques were not noteworthy in those early days. They brimmed over with sweetness and light. So enthralled was he by the allurements of this brave, new world that he could not bear to be harsh with the idyllic creatures who peopled it. Never was there a happier inspiration than that of Deems Taylor in suggesting for the title of a Woollcott book Enchanted Aisles. For the young commentator of twenty-eight, every aisle that sloped downward to an orchestra seat was, indeed, enchanted.

People were reading Woollcott, more people than had ever before read a theatrical column. His office was well satisfied.

Dramatic criticism, in the second decade of the twentieth century, was on no lofty level. Writing on theatrical topics was diluted by the fear of the advertiser. Some of the lesser metropolitan reviewers combined their function with that of advertising solicitor, a system which did not make for impartial reviewing. Reduced to its baldest terms, it amounted to this, "Give me an ad and I'll give you a boost."

Such was the situation when the Shubert Brothers became the leading New York producers. In their attitude toward the press, the Shuberts were no different from other managements. Adverse treatment of a Shubert show brought forth protests.

On the other hand, the Times had been growing quietly but steadily more independent. Sooner or later it was inevitable that the Shuberts and the Times should clash.

The provocation was a play called Taking Chances, an adaptation of a French farce. Woollcott found it "not vastly amusing . . . the resulting product" (of pruning to avoid offending American sensibilities) "is quite absurd . . . other moments when a puzzled audience wonders what it is all about."

That will hardly seem severe to a modern reader. But coming from the usually kindly Woollcott it was the more disappointing. Of the other critics, one was favorable, six, following the custom of the day, were noncommittal, and seven besides the Times were more or less adverse.

Why the resentful brothers should have selected Woollcott as scapegoat is not clear. But they requested that some staff member other than Mr. Woollcott be assigned to their next opening at the Maxine Elliott Theater. The Times replied with equal suavity that a first-string show deserved and would get their first-string critic. Following instructions from his chief, Woollcott purchased tickets at the box office for the Maxine Elliott Theater opening. Upon presenting them, he was turned away by Jake Shubert and the doorman.

Van Anda elected to fight. He went direct to his principal, Adolph Ochs.

"What do you think we should do?" Ochs asked.

"Get an injunction against the Shuberts."

"I'll call up our lawyers. Anything else?"

"Throw out the Shubert advertising."

"Do so."

Broadway goggled over the news, to which the Times gave nearly a page of its space, that an injunction against the Shuberts had been granted, restraining them from excluding Alexander Woollcott from their theaters upon his presentation of a ticket regularly bought and paid for. But this was nothing compared to the sensation produced by the paper's second-line offense. For a theater manager to withdraw or threaten withdrawal of advertising patronage was a familiar form of discipline. For a newspaper to throw out on its own motion the most prized and highest-paying species of advertising was revolutionary.

The next review of a Shubert production (from which the brothers were unable to bar the critic), on the whole favorable, was signed, for the first time, Alexander Woollcott. It was the Times's method of serving notice upon the Shuberts, Broadway, the profession, and the world at large that it would back its man to the limit.

Through its news column the paper made the controversy a *cause célèbre* by reporting the court proceedings to the extent of nearly a page.

THE Shuberts fought. They carried their case to the Appellate Division and got a reversal. The decision holds in substance that no person may properly be denied admittance to a theater on the grounds of race (as a Negro), creed (as a Mohammedan) or class (as, perhaps, race-track tout); but that if a theater owner objects to an individual on account of his opinions, freckles, or taste in spats, that person may legally be turned away at the door. It has long ceased to be law.

Again Critic Woollcott was banned. The immediate effect was to make him the most conspicuous figure in his own line. His space allotment for the "Second Thoughts" was increased to as much as four columns on some Sundays. His salary was jumped to $100 a week. His by-line appeared regularly. No critic was more frequently quoted on the billboards in display advertising. Producers courted him. Stars welcomed him to their friendship. New Yorkers pointed him out to country cousins in theater lobbies. He loved it. "Yes," he said to a condoling friend, "they threw me out, and now I'm basking in the fierce white light that beats upon the thrown."

It took the Shuberts a year to arrive at the painful conclusion that they had made a mistake.

Again an emissary went to the newspaper. Would the Shubert advertising be accepted? That depended. Would tickets for first nights be received in the spirit in which they were tendered? Yes; on the understanding that they would be honored when presented by any person designated by the editor. This was agreed to without demur. Woollcott resumed his attendance. The brothers rushed into print with large advertisements welcoming themselves back into the fold. The Times made no comment. The Shuberts, the Times, and Woollcott were equally and scrupulously fair.

A friend who had been out of touch with Broadway met Aleck after it was all over.

"How did that scrap with the Shuberts come out?" he asked.

"Oh," said the critic, "that all went up in smoke."

"How do you mean, smoke?"

Aleck grinned. "Jake Shubert sent me a box of cigars for Christmas."

The Glories of War

At twenty-seven years of age, Woollcott had achieved his life's ambition. He was the youngest dramatic critic in the United States. Every circumstance of his life made for satisfaction. The World War changed it all.

From the first he was "rarin' to go." Only his physique stood between him and military glory. He was fat, flabby, and myopic. But beneath that inauspicious exterior burned a crusading flame. Some way or another he could be of service: some way or another he was bound to get in. No combat unit would look at him twice. He turned his attention to the medical service, and by a combination of guile and persistence "blinked his way into the war," as Heywood Broun put it.

With practically no training, he found himself on Governor's Island, one of some hundred and fifty enlisted men; then on the ocean, on the *Finland*. At the initial boat drill Private Woollcott made his first impression. As he waddled to his station in the inflated life preserver, a startled officer inquired with insufficiently controlled amazement:

"For God's sake! Who's the pregnant mermaid?"

At base hospital No. 8 in Savenay, France, Private Woollcott was promoted to sergeant. It was as high as he ever got in the war. It was as high as he wanted to get. The modest recognition proved to him that he could make his way: that he was "regular."

The unit was rank with favoritism. The new sergeant watched, without envy, notoriously unfit companions get commissions and "cushy" jobs, through influential kinships or social pull. After he had become a metropolitan celebrity, he was called upon to speak at a Savenay Post reunion, where the presiding officer, after having introduced with eulogistic references several of the outfit's petted darlings, all of them officers, came to Sergeant Woollcott, of whom he patronizingly stated that he had twice declined a commission. Up rose the ex-sergeant, twitching perceptibly at the nostrils.

"It's news to me," said he blandly, "that I was ever offered a commission. If I had"—he paused and stared about him—"I couldn't have afforded to pay big money for it."

"If you feel as sore as that," protested one of his neighbors when he sat down, "I don't see why you came here at all."

"Oh," said Aleck, "I wanted to see Bill Spencer."

Bill Spencer was the company cook.

IN the spring of 1918, Stars and Stripes, a weekly newspaper by enlisted men for enlisted men, was getting under way. Alexander Woollcott was drafted to join it.

At first he was suspicious. He did not believe that the new duty would bring him any nearer than the old to the action his soul craved. But it was a change and therefore welcome. He gave a farewell dinner and terminated as grinding an apprenticeship as ever was served by an enlisted man. He was hopefully exchanging, as he told his buddies, "the bedpan for the typewriter."

Stars and Stripes was a unique publication. There were at first some officers on the staff: Franklin P. Adams, for whom Aleck conceived, on better acquaintance, a vast admiration ("the great F. P. A., whom I like no end"), and Grantland Rice, the top-notch sports writer, among them.

The officers were but ephemeral. The staff soon sloughed them off and got down to its basis of enlisted men only. The staff held an organization meeting and chose Harold T. Ross as chief.

"All right," said he. "I'll take it. But get this, you fellows. What I say goes. We'll hold weekly meetings and you can fire me if you don't like my way of running the paper. But while I'm in, I'm boss."

It worked. Ross was never superseded. He got out the kind of paper the men at the front wanted, and Woollcott became officially "our correspondent at the front."

Correspondent Woollcott had won the post of honor—and no little danger—by his ability to deliver the sort of journalistic goods for which the market was waiting.

He seems to have been indifferent to, or perhaps not keenly perceptive of, peril. Legend clustered about him. Heywood Broun, in one of his columnar contributions to the World-Telegram, quotes William Slavens McNutt to this effect:

"All hell had broken loose in a valley just below us and I was taking cover in a ditch as Aleck and Arthur Ruhl (war correspondent) ambled briskly past me on their way into action. Aleck had a frying pan strapped around his waist, and an old gray shawl across his shoulders. Whenever it was necessary to duck from a burst of shellfire, Aleck would place the shawl carefully in the middle of the road and sit on it. In another quarter of a mile we would be in the thick of it. I saw that Ruhl and Aleck were having a terrific argument, and so I managed to catch up to find out what men would quarrel about at such a moment. Suddenly we all had to fall flat, but while still reclining on his belly Woollcott turned and said, 'I never heard anything so preposterous. To me Maude Adams as Peter Pan was gay and spirited and altogether charming as the silver star on top of the tree on Christmas morning.' "

Out of these daily experiences he wove the high-colored fabric of his Stars and Stripes reports, afterward gathering them into a book. The Command Is Forward is one long whoop of glory. Everything he saw is presented and illuminated in the glory of his exaggerated emotions. He lavished his heroics impartially upon the doughboy in the trenches, the nurse in her ward, the telephone man rigging his wires under shellfire, the curé sticking to his shattered hamlet, a cook, a teamster, a general, a village mayor, and Father Duffy.

Alexander Woollcott saw the war, as through an opera glass, brightly. It was a show, a big show, *the* big show, a superb production on the grand scale.

Walter Winchell recounts a conversation between two of Woollcott's associates after the Armistice was announced.

"Where was Aleck while we were celebrating?" asked one.

"Probably in a corner, crying his eyes out," said the other.

Back to Broadway

The soldier came home from the wars, uncertain of his status. He need not have been. Broadway forgets quickly, but astute managing editors do not drop valuable staff members.

Woollcott went back to the Times. The daily critiques improved their position, frequently appearing in the place of honor "opposite editorial." These marks of recognition could hardly have failed to confirm his confidence in himself. One result was that he began to get tough. He injected some acid into his ink. Examples of his hardening temper abounded in these days, of which the following may serve as choice examples.

Of an actor or actress:

". . . . scrupulously artificial and ever glacial."

". . . . a palpably imitation rough diamond." (This one earned him a clout on the jaw from the infuriated actor.)

". . . should have been gently but firmly shot at sunrise."

Of a play:

"The suffering of the audience was beyond words."

". . . a rampageous piece of vulgarity."

". . . left a taste of lukewarm parsnip juice."

By this time he was the most courted and best hated critic in the business. Somewhere in this phase of his career, the critic was rash enough to offer himself as target for the enemy. Unable to refuse any request from the prime object of his heroine-worship, Minnie Maddern Fiske, he accepted an invitation to act in her all-star benefit for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. His part was Henry VIII, playing opposite Madge Kennedy as Anne Boleyn. The audience was largely theatrical. It was primed for him. His first appearance stopped the show. For five minutes the house hissed and booed joyously. Exiting, the amateur actor was heard to murmur wonderingly: "I can't understand why Madge should be so unpopular."

Hamilton College having later conferred a degree upon Woollcott, '09, the following colloquy was reported from the Lambs Club, where actors most foregather:

FIRST ACTOR: I see Hamilton has given Woollcott an L. H. D.

SECOND ACTOR: What does that stand for?

FIRST ACTOR: Doctor of Humane Letters.

SECOND ACTOR: (outraged) When did that louse ever write anybody a humane letter?

Hitherto Woollcott's companionships and interests had been almost exclusively theatrical-journalistic. Now, through Frank Adams, he began to meet important figures of the literary world. Three of them, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, and Edna Ferber, became close friends. His reputation began now to spread beyond the confines of Newspaper Row and the Rialto, to which it had been limited.

The immediate commercial reaction took the form of an offer from Hollywood. Hector Turnbull, formerly of the Evening Sun, was back from the Golconda with tales of easy money. To borrow a Hollywood idiom, he "contacted" Aleck.

"Why don't you come out?"

Aleck was unreceptive.

"How much is the Times paying you?" persisted the other.

"One hundred dollars a week."

"Chicken-feed! Anyone can get five hundred out there."

In coldly measured accents, Aleck replied: "When I take up street-walking, the street will be Broadway, not Hollywood Boulevard."

IN 1922 Aleck moved. Hawley Truax had bought two old houses far over on West Forty-seventh Street and, in partnership with Harold Ross and his wife, Jane Grant, set about throwing them together and modernizing the result.

Aleck invited himself into the partnership, which was conducted on co-operative principles. The mistress of the establishment writes of it in retrospect:

"It was a mad, amusing menage, made up of Aleck, Hawley Truax, Ross and myself as owners. It soon became the hangout for all the literary and musical crowd, and I well remember that on one Sunday evening I had twenty-eight unexpected guests for supper. Another detail that comes to my mind was the matter of diets for the group. Aleck liked only hearty fare; Ross and Hawley both had bad stomachs, so when there was light soup especially prescribed for the latter, Aleck would refuse firmly to come to the table until the 'disgusting stuff' was cleared away."

Life in the Gash House, as Aleck called it, was a fitful guerrilla warfare between truces until the combination dissolved and dispersed.

Two Thousand a Month

In the summer of 1922, Woollcott found himself like a babe on a churchstep, "exposed to that cold, damp wind called Frank A. Munsey."

Munsey had made a fortune in cheap, chain-store magazines, and moved in on the profession of journalism through the purchase of the Press, a third-rate morning newspaper. Next he acquired the New York Herald. Third to come under his control was the far more influential Sun, which inspired Bert Leston Taylor to lament in his column that "all good newspapers, when they die, go to Frank Munsey."

Never was intruder less welcome than Munsey in Newspaper Row. He possessed none of the qualities and professed none of the principles which good newspapermen respect.

But, whatever his professional shortcomings, Frank Munsey had the acumen and the ready cash to buy first-class brains. His personal representative and general factotum in 1922 was Charles M. Lincoln, an outstanding figure in daily journalism. One day Munsey summoned Lincoln.

"Do you think this man Woollcott would be useful to the Herald?"

"Yes."

"Get him."

Lincoln approached Woollcott. "Would you consider coming to the Herald?"

"I don't want to be a newspaperman all my life. I want to do other writing."

"That might be arranged. How much time do you want for it?"

"Four months out of the year."

As nearly a third of every theatrical year is sterile of important productions, this was not exorbitant.

"What salary do you want?" asked the emissary.

"Two thousand a month," answered Woollcott.

No critic in America commanded such a salary. Lincoln smiled.

"Is that the word that you want me to take back to Mr. Munsey?" he inquired.

"I wish you would," said Woollcott politely.

Woollcott returned to his desk, not wholly happy. The jump from one hundred dollars a week to two thousand a month (if he got it, which he did not really expect) would have been beyond the wildest dreams of a few years before. But working for Frank A. Munsey would be, he suspected, very different from working for Adolph Ochs and Carr Van Anda.

There was plenty of basis for doubt. It was Mr. Munsey's amiable habit to call his dramatic critic on the telephone as the paper was about going to press, with some such message as this:

"We are reviewing Winsome Winnie in tomorrow's paper, I believe, Mr. Owens. I am now having supper with the ingenue. I hope you are giving the play a good review."

Whereupon the hapless and infuriated critic must call back his copy from the composing room, tear it to pieces, and sweeten it with honeyed words for the partner of his principal's midnight meal.

Woollcott informed some of his fellows on the Times that if Munsey sprang any of his sacred cows on him, he'd sour their milk for 'em. There was an impression that he secretly hoped for the collapse of the negotiations. If so, he was promptly disillusioned. To Lincoln's report on the $2000 demand, Munsey said simply: "All right."

Whether the new employee received some assurance of noninterference, Lincoln, after this lapse of time, is unable to state with certainty, but he thinks that there was something of the kind. He does recall giving a strong hint to his chief that Woollcott was a prickly customer who was used to a free hand and might not take kindly to suggestions. No complaint of being hampered was heard from the critic.

As the Times had pre-empted his titular "Second Thoughts on First Nights," he called his Sunday Herald department "In the Wake of the Plays," which inspired a producer to snarl that Woollcott could always be depended on to furnish the corpse for the wake. If he found the new environment less congenial than the old, he did not let it affect his work. He gave faithful service to Munsey and, though he had no professional respect for his boss, was surprised upon further acquaintance to find himself unaffected by any active dislike.

The Sophisticates

In his days as a general reporter Alexander Woollcott was assigned to write a "Sunday special" on an obscure West Forty-fourth Street hostelry, the Algonquin. Its genesis as an intellectual oasis in the arid Philistinism of Broadway dates from a telephone call, Woollcott to Adams to Broun, for a luncheon. Where? There was a place next door, said Woollcott, then staying at the City Club, where they had good apple pie. The trio formed a weekly luncheon habit, F. P. A. coming up from his downtown office every Saturday.

Thus began the famous Round Table, which was to burgeon in an atmosphere of intellectual stimulus, wisecracks, and no-limit poker and to endure through more than a decade as a landmark for high-brow rubberneckery. Gertrude Atherton, in Black Oxen, the best-selling novel of 1923, pictured the group of "Sophisticates," as she was the first to dub them, made up of "authors, playwrights, editors, and young editors, columnists, dramatic critics, young publishers, the fashionable illustrators and cartoonists, a few actors, artists, sculptors."

Leadership in the group went, by tacit consent, to F. P. A., due to his reputation, already national, and his wit. He was (and is) a lean, sinewy man, faintly demoniac of expression, with a passion for Horatian odes and baseline tennis; fast as a boxer on his mental feet, and endowed with an intolerant manner masking a tolerant mind.

Woollcott's healthy and, at times, almost humble respect for both Adams and Heywood Broun undoubtedly acted as a corrective to an egotism already manifesting itself.

Most conspicuous intellectually of the feminine annex, at least to Woollcott's mind, were Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, and Beatrice Kaufman. He called Dorothy Parker "a combination of Little Eva and Lady Macbeth" and placed her, both for prose and poetry, in the first contemporary rank. His feeling for "Bea" Kaufman was more complicated; but her hard common sense, shrewd literary judgment, and sometimes ruthless wit commended her to his approval.

Chiefly because of these five people, the Algonquin association counted heavily in his life.

IT is no injustice to state that the Sophisticates were pleasurably aware of their sophistication. They were not immune from a human vanity in being a charmed and closed circle. Libelous and presumptively jealous outsiders accused the association of group posing. There may have been some foundation for the charge that their more pungent epigrams were likely to be delivered in accents sufficiently penetrating to reach the ears of the outer populace. It is certainly true that the regulars hoarded their "smarties," watchfully awaiting or, if necessary, maneuvering for opportunity to slip them in to the best advantage. Subsequently these scintillations would appear in one or another of the newspaper columns, which prompted an outsider to suggest that the members lived by taking in each other's joshing. Half the wisecracks of the next ten years were attributed to the Algonquin.

Broadway chuckled over an Algonquin encounter in which "Woollcott got his come-uppance." He was discussing in pontifical tones the feasibility of reviving Macbeth with an all-star company, when Peggy Wood came in. Turning to her, he said disparagingly:

"We're discussing the cast. I don't think you'd make a very good Lady Macbeth, do you, Peggy?"

"No, Aleck. But you would," she sweetly replied.

Although partly responsible for its dissolution, Aleck always recalled the sodality with a wistful nostalgia. He wrote to John Peter Toohey less than a year before his death that he would like to see just once more "even those old chums that I still dislike with a waning intensity."

Upstairs the literati played poker. Anywhere from five to a dozen of the regulars would sit down after dinner on Saturday night and stick to it until Sunday afternoon. Thanks chiefly to F. P. A.'s paragraphings, the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club became as fabulous a feature of contemporary life as the Round Table.

A popular after-theater sport of the favored was to drop in and "kibitz," and many stars of the stage of both sexes were to be found among the onlookers. Only two women were ever admitted to the game, Neysa McMein and Mrs. Raoul Fleischmann. After being the recipients of much well-meant advice, they sat in for a night and retired, each with a tidy pile, remarking that the stakes were too high and, while they had greatly enjoyed it, they did not think they would care to play again.

Reports of winnings and losings circulated on Broadway, gaining luster at the expense of accuracy as they flew. It was said that Aleck lost four thousand dollars in an evening, and protested pathetically, "My doctor says it's bad for my nerves to lose so much."

The general opinion of Aleck as a player was that he was cool of judgment, a deadpan bluffer, and possessed that prime virtue of the gambler, the fortitude to drop a losing hand. A run of bad luck turned him melancholy, but not ill-tempered. Always the social and not the financial side of the game appealed to him. When the dollar chase predominated, he discovered that "poker is a preposterous waste of time," and withdrew.

The Thanatopsis died of the dollar. What caused the slower dissolution of the Round Table is not so clear. There was some inevitable scattering of the people who made up the circle. Aleck, himself, quit New York for the country. Others lost interest. The Round Table, as such, ceased to function in 1932.

AT the supposedly discreet age of thirty-six, Alexander Woollcott underwent an emotional upheaval—object matrimony—from which he never wholly recovered.

Neysa McMein was a reigning toast of the Algonquin Sophisticates and the object of unrequited passion to several.

The Rosses, returning home one evening in early June, 1923, heard a seismic tumult in the Woollcott apartment, and entered. There was their lodger, in a fine frenzy, rolling about the room and hurling his impedimenta in all directions while uttering hoarse, despairing cries, the recurrent burden of which was "Lost!"

"What's gone now?" the visitors asked.

"My passport! My passport!"

"And this?" said Ross, lifting a document from the cluttered desk.

Aleck thrust it into his pocket and began to pack. "I'm sailing for Europe tomorrow."

"What's your hurry?" asked his friend, surprised.

"Neysa's going to be on the boat. I've just found it out. I'm going aboard tonight." He disposed a neatly wrapped oblong in a suitcase. "A new parchesi board," he explained, this being the temporary fad of the set. "Won't Neysa be surprised when she comes to her deck chair to find me next to her with the board all laid out!"

Ross thought it probable. He inquired how long Aleck expected to be gone. Aleck did not know. It depended upon Neysa. Everything depended upon Neysa. Aleck's purpose was to ask her to marry him. Everything worked out as planned, in the first stage. The lady did come up on deck to find her admirer in the adjoining chair, with his parchesi board in readiness. She did express surprise at seeing him. With her surprise was mingled an element which he failed to understand. Before landing, his inamorata made it clear to him: a month earlier she had secretly married John G. Baragwanath, a mining engineer.

In the twenty years following, Aleck had several other emotional attachments, greater or less in intensity. Of Neysa McMein he was never quite cured. At best he was sporadically convalescent.

It cannot truthfully be said that the rejected lover pined. On the contrary, he went on the town. He frequented the most expensive restaurants, often accompanied by some equally expensive lady of the stage, the literary world, or the society pages.

He became a gourmand, then a glutton. His usual dinner was steak, a variety of vegetables, a rich dessert, an expertly chosen white wine or burgundy, and always vast quantities of coffee.

Their house partner's nocturnal loquacities wore upon the Rosses' nerves. Harold was working hard on plans for The New Yorker, as yet an embryo. He needed the sleep. Regretfully they suggested to Aleck a termination of the compact, a hint which he accepted without hard feelings at the time.

Financial settlements were left hanging, wherefrom developed a letter, Woollcott to Ross:

"Dear Ross,

"I agree with you that the fewer dealings one has with you and the fewer debts one permits you to incur, the less chance there is to be subjected to your discourtesy....

"I think your slogan 'Liberty or Death' is splendid and whichever one you finally decide upon will be all right with me.

"A. W."

Did these splenetics ruin an old friendship? Far from it. Upon the traveler's return, the association was renewed with unabated warmth.

The Effective Booster

For several years now Aleck had relaxed his outside industry. Few magazine articles came from his pen in 1922, '23, and '24. The three books of his authorship in this period, Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play, Shouts and Murmurs, and Enchanted Aisles, were, for the most part, compilations of earlier work. He did not, however, shirk his regular duties.

Mr. Munsey wearied of the Herald as a losing investment. The paper passed into the hands of Ogden Reid, to be merged with the Tribune.

It did not contribute Alexander Woollcott, who was transferred to the Sun, much to his distaste. The only notable achievement connected with Woollcott's brief tenure of a desk there was his exploitation of the Four Marx Brothers.

Woollcott was proud of his judgment of individual merit ("I claim to be clairvoyant about people," he once said), and with good reason. He is credited with having been influential in prodding two successful playwrights, George Kaufman and Charles MacArthur, out of journalism and onto the stage. Before the war he had dropped in upon an obscure vaudeville show one evening, and observed with approval the dancing of a graceful and nonchalant youth whose name on the playbill meant nothing to him. He told his associates, and two or three skeptical managers: "There's a kid hoofer around at the So-and-so that you ought to look over."

The "kid hoofer" was Fred Astaire.

Later he was charmed with the performance of a lariat juggler who talked to himself and through himself to the audience, while weaving his intricate patterns.

Will Rogers became a headline monologuist, with his rope act relegated to the background, a mere accompaniment to his dry reflections on topics of the day. Broadway saw in him only an amusing humorist. Woollcott's perceptions probed deeper. He went to Harold Ross, then editing Judge, and urged him to take on the lasso operator as a regular contributor. The suggestion amazed Rogers; he had never thought of such a thing; doubted whether he would be any good in that line.

His modesty was misplaced. The writer in Woollcott had recognized a fellow talent. After a promising magazine start, Rogers and his cracker-barrel philosophies were taken over by Life until a newspaper syndicate appropriated and made him a unique and phenomenally successful feature of contemporary journalism.

The Free-Lance

Public men of the period were inured to hearing a voice, staccato and peremptory, address them in telephonic quickfire:

"This is Swope. Swope-o'-The-World. Is it true that you—" and so on.

Herbert Bayard Swope had been the best reporter in New York, the best city editor in New York, and was now the only Executive Editor in New York, a title which he had capitalized for his own use. When Alexander Woollcott, bound by a Munsey contract, was turned over to the Sun, Swope went after him.

He was an easy captive. He signed a three-year contract with The World at $15,000 a year, with a thirteen-week vacation. His new job began in August, 1925.

Woollcott found The World congenial. F. P. A. had preceded him, transferring his "Conning Tower" and the "Diary" from the New York Tribune. Broun initiated his column "It Seems to Me," which at once became a leading voice of liberal thought. Any newspaperman might well be proud of an invitation to join such a community. Woollcott was.

THROUGH 1927 Woollcott's value to his paper increased.

His contract terminated in May, 1928. Swope offered a two-year renewal at an advance of $1,000 a year, and suggested a syndicated article to bring in more money. Liberal though the proposal was, it was coldly received.

Once more the restless soul found itself "incurably disposed" to a change. All ambition had been fulfilled. He quit the newspaper business, trailing clouds of sentiment for it which never dissipated.

Free-lancing always involves a risk. Woollcott's adventurousness justified itself at once. Abandonment of the pay envelope, instead of involving a temporary lapse of income, proved immediately profitable.

High living was never permitted to interfere with hard work. In the latter half of the twenties, besides his editorial commitments to The New Yorker and Vanity Fair, he was contributing copiously to Collier's and occasionally to Cosmopolitan, The Saturday Evening Post, and Pictorial Review, and had inaugurated a long-lasting series of book reviews for McCall's Magazine, which he supplemented with frequent articles.

Hard times followed the crash of 1929 for the writing trade in general, but not for Alexander Woollcott. Not only did he maintain his output, but he raised his prices. Again, as in the early days of his dramatic criticism, he had initiated pioneer methods, and thus enlisted the interest of a new public. He got people to reading books who had never read before, by introducing the chatty, familiar, human-interest note. He liked to inform or remind his readers that Alfred Housman made his debut over the *nom de plume* of Terence Hearsay; that Sarah Bernhardt played Ophelia one hundred times before she knew how the play ended, her interest dying with the death of the hapless maiden whom she depicted; and that the "unknown" line of "poetry" cut into the stone of the Yale Library is neither unknown nor poetry, being, in fact, the opening sentence of the best-selling novel, Scaramouche: "He was born with the gift of laughter, and a sense that the world is mad."

The McCall's series began under the caption "Reading and Writing," but, after the reviewer got his L. H. D. from Hamilton, changed to "Dr. Woollcott Prescribes," the bearer's only professional use, so far as I know, of that academic emolument. What Dr. Woollcott prescribed, the public was generally ready to take. In the publishing trade he was regarded as a literary supersalesman. Evidence is not lacking to indicate that he saw himself in the same light.

"I intervened," he writes in lordly style about James Hilton's Lost Horizon, which was dying unnoticed. Woollcott's drumbeatings not only resuscitated it, but lifted it into the best-selling list. He had previously done a like service for the same author's Goodbye, Mr. Chips.

Radio was now broadening its field and becoming a potent fulcrum for the leverage of ideas and causes. It dawned upon Woollcott that perhaps this new medium might be made to order for him. Primarily he was a raconteur, a teller of stories; was not the *viva voce* approach a more appropriate method for him than the printed page?

He made his debut with the Mutual Broadcasting System, on station WOR, Newark, in September, 1929. WOR was a pioneering outfit, willing to take chances in exploration of the developing entertainment field. They believed that Woollcott, with his folksy approach and his fund of interesting personal reminiscences of the great and near-great, was a good prospect.

ANNUAL vacations in Europe had become a habit of the dramatic critic which he did not care to break, though he no longer enjoyed the privilege of the expense account and must travel at his own cost. With Alice Duer Miller, Harpo Marx, and Beatrice Kaufman, he took a villa at Antibes, staffed by a dignified butler, a slightly insane cook, and a retinue of casual servants. "A stream of incredible people," so Aleck deemed them, came to the elaborate luncheons, though from the list which he appends to the statement it would be a touchy business to select those to whom the adjective is applicable. The roster includes George Bernard Shaw, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Elsa Maxwell, Otis and Cornelia Skinner, Mary Garden, Grace Moore, Somerset Maugham, Irene Castle, and Lady Mendl.

On his return to this country he bought an apartment in the Campanile, a co-operative building at 450 East Fifty-second Street. It was one more step upward in luxury. Various names were suggested for the new habitat, at the solicitation of the owner. Dorothy Parker's nomination was adopted: Wit's End. Thither came, in the next five years, the widening whirl in which Alexander Woollcott had the knack of making himself a focus.

Literary markets were waiting for him. Out of all the opportunities he chose the connection which was the least rewarding in dollars but the most in satisfaction.

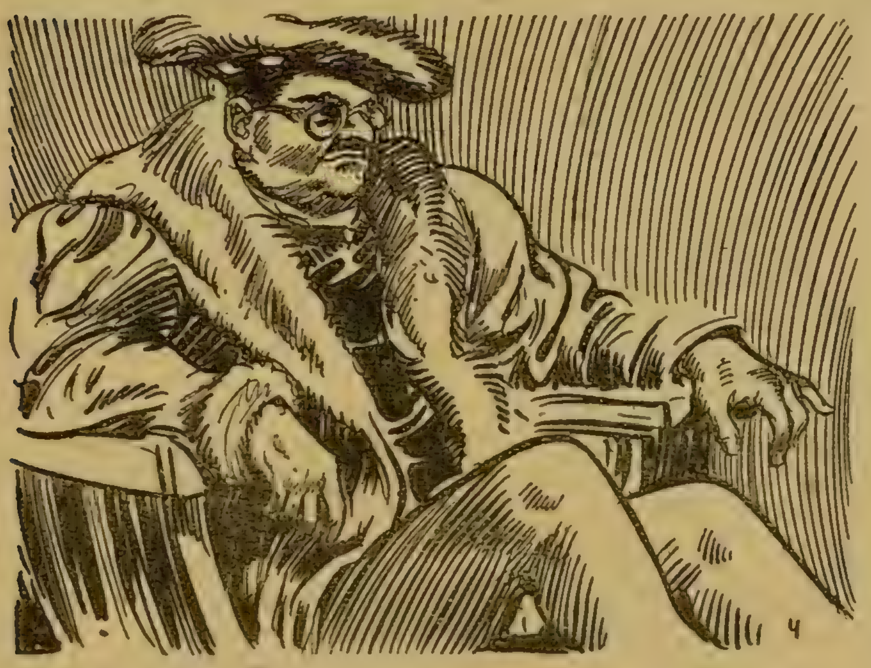
In the glorious days of war, having put Stars and Stripes to bed, the office "soviet" would repair to some contiguous bistro and there discuss what kind of magazine they would run when the show was over. Upon one point all agreed: Harold Ross was the man to edit it.

Ross went to the American Legion Weekly and thence to Judge.

Ross thought that he was a better editor than he had been able to prove himself on either of the weeklies. The only kind of magazine on which he could work with entire satisfaction would be one of his own making and control. He had a little money; his wife had a little money; his friend Hawley Truax had more than a little; and his acquaintance Raoul Fleischmann, of the baking family, had a great deal. These four, with Lloyd Paul Stryker, financed The New Yorker through its birth pangs.

At the date of its birth, 1925, Harold W. Ross was thirty-three years old. With no more than an incomplete high-school course in Salt Lake City as preparation, he had become a reporter on one of the local papers, wandered about for a time, journeyman-wise, and had gone to the war with a railroad unit before joining Stars and Stripes. He had the Westerner's distrustful dislike for New York and would never have settled there but for his determination to marry Jane Grant and her determination to live nowhere else. It is even doubtful whether the general plan of The New Yorker was particularly to his taste; he used to say that he had three or four better ideas before he ever thought up The New Yorker and he wished he'd followed any one of them.

As an editor, Harold Ross was an impassioned individualist. His salient characteristic was a passion for facts. The slightest doubt on any point, however unimportant, roused him to marginal inquiry, often profane.



On one three-part series, his final notation was numbered 147. This was approximately a question to every three sentences.

Under such a barrage-producing dynamo, the staff changed swiftly, and usually for the better. Of the early product, Dale Kramer and George R. Clark, writing in Harper's, said: "In one way or another everyone connected with it was slightly mad. . . . For years The New Yorker office had a touch of the loony bin about it."

It was a successful form of lunacy. For two years Aleck watched the progress of the magazine without supporting it other than by random contributions. Then in 1929 he joined The New Yorker staff as a regular weekly contributor with "Shouts and Murmurs" (he had taken over the title from his quickly obsolete book), to which were added contributions to another stock department, the Profiles.

BETWEEN Ross, with his sleuth-hound nose for facts, and Woollcott, with his airy insensibility to such minor considerations, friction was bound to arise. One article brought eighteen factual queries from the editor. At first, Woollcott was amenable to minor suggestions and would reply agreeably and affirmatively to a "may-we-change-this?" query. Hardly a year passed before he began to resign, a practice which he continued at frequent intervals. It became an office cliché to inquire, when a telephone buzzed with special virulence, "Woollcott resigning again?"

Woollcott was growing negligent. At the last moment he would wire "no page this week." Again, he would turn in something closely paralleling his work in other magazines. One week The New Yorker and McCall's Magazine appeared on the newsstands carrying Woollcott articles which, except for a slight structural difference, were identical. Called to account for this, the errant author blandly explained that he was making a scientific experiment to determine the extent of duplication in readership!

It was no specific quarrel that drew Woollcott away eventually (several years after Ross was reconciled to giving him up), but the engrossing demands of the radio.

On one of his excited visits to the office—rare because he preferred to conduct his warfare by letter, wire, or telephone, or all three—he was observed by Rea Irvin, the art editor, in his act of "flouncing around."

"Ah!" said Mr. Irvin. "A butterfly in heat."

Spotlight

"You know, I was born in Macy's show window."
—Woollcott to Mrs. Edward W. Root

The door of the drawing room is thrown open with a flourish. Heads turn. Cocktails are lowered. Conversation lapses. There stands Alexander Woollcott, beamingly conscious of the attention he has attracted; beside him a pretty, teen-aged girl, less happy in the public gaze.

"This," says he, "is a young kinswoman of mine. We are raising her to be a harlot."

An office-building elevator stops to take on Alexander Woollcott. The half-dozen passengers already aboard are edified at seeing him approach an elderly gentleman at the rear of the car and fall upon his knees in the attitude of adoration. It is his way of paying tribute to one whom he addresses as *maitre,* a manifestation which embarrasses more than it flatters the British novelist, W. Somerset Maugham, who lacks the Woollcott taste for personal publicity.

INSPIRATION of the moment? On the contrary, a sedulously pursued policy, all of those. Within a few hours the New York which he frequents will be buzzing with "Woollcott's latest"; his name will be upon everybody's lips, which is the sole object of the "stunt." He is engaged in the facture of a product for public consumption, the simulacrum of Alexander Woollcott, the presentment of a fabulous personage.

The Broadway fellowship accepted such eccentricities with the tolerance of amusement or indifference. To his older friends it was a matter of concern. Alice Root Nichols took him sharply to task for some of the more flagrant outbreaks.

Aleck offered his defense. "Mrs. Nichols, if you're to do any good in New York, you've got to be noticed. You don't know the game here." He got up and paced the floor, setting forth his credo. "Look at So-and-so and So-and-so. They're as good as I am, or better. Who ever hears of them? What paper ever mentions their names? They've soft-pedaled themselves into obscurity. That sort of thing isn't going to happen to me."

He electrified a dinner table by telling his companion, who had differed with him on a point of politics, that she had the mentality of a four months' foetus.

He would go late to a party, stand in the doorway, waiting for a lull, and, when it came, say loudly and affably: "I see all the riffraff of New York is here tonight."

Sometimes he asserted that these *tours de force* "just chanced to pop into my mind," which would have been more credible to his friends had not the occasion of his most sensational adventures in the unsavory been so carefully chosen. Furthermore, he loved to be represented as a social *enfant terrible.* He told Charles Brackett, the novelist, who was a friend of his, that he wanted to be in the next book, then in process of writing. Warned that "the buttons will be off the foils," Aleck grinned. The story, American Colony, depicted him in unmistakable outline as a grossly obese dramatic critic whose style "is a mixture of black bile and treacle." In one scene this Leviathan, attempting to pass to his theater seat in front of a female acquaintance, loudly adjures her to "Suck up your guts." Aleck was delighted. It was exactly the sort of thing that he would say if he had thought of it first.

He assured a Canadian interviewer, "I love to be libeled," and was taken at his word with a detailed description of "the moonpuss, Woollcott . . . his jowls would shame a bulldog with the mumps . . . his head is as wide as a broodmare's rump." The celebrity wrote a note of congratulation to the reporter.

It is curious to find him with a penchant for practical jokes, which, however, never quite became a habit.

Asking his aid in an enterprise involved a risk. The daughter of Charles MacArthur and Helen Hayes, his own godchild, was not immune from his prankish humor. When she was of school age, the parents proposed to enter her in a fashionable academy and requested a letter from Aleck. He obliged by addressing the principal to this effect:

"I implore you to accept this unfortunate child and remove her from her shocking environment."

The Alan Campbells incautiously cited him as a sponsor for their financial reliability to a New York department store. They regretted it upon receiving a copy of his endorsement:

"Mr. Alan Campbell, the present husband of Dorothy Parker, has given my name as a reference in his attempt to open an account at your store. We all hope that you will extend this credit to him. Surely Dorothy Parker's position in American letters is such as to make shameful the petty refusals which she and Alan have encountered at many hotels, restaurants and department stores. What if you never get paid? Why shouldn't you stand your share of the expense?"

As soon as he could afford to patronize expensive outfitters, he began to embellish the scene in a dazzling afternoon investiture of cutaway coat, trousers of the latest cut, spats, top hat, and tender-hued waistcoat. His small and shapely feet, of which he was excusably vain, were encased in custom-made shoes costing him forty-five dollars a pair. Yet, the better to be noticed, he would attend a first night in huge galoshes, and pass, flip-flopping down the aisle, with the maximum of frou-frou.

Dress up as he might, he still lacked something. The genius for it was not in him. There were a hundred denizens of Broadway, actors and men about town, who could outstrip him in taste and sartorial distinction. This would not do. He must be first. He abandoned that special field and exchanged the elegant for the eccentric. His neckties were selected on a basis of publicity value rather than private taste. His hats, preferably of some unusual shade of green, were larger and floppier of brim than the normal. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt II presented him with a red waistcoat, which she had embroidered in striking designs of decapitated torsos, amputated heads, and other distressing forms, addressed to his notorious penchant for the macabre. It was intended for home wear.

She should have known him better. That flagrant garment became a beacon light of theater and hotel lobbies, of Broadway and Fifth Avenue sidewalks, and its proud wearer caught a severe cold on the chest because he could not bear to shut it away from public view even in the harshest weather.

Aleck's satisfaction attained its zenith in an adaptation of his own. On one of his Oriental trips he had bought a garment admirably suited to his steadily increasing corpulence. Not even an Alexander Woollcott can wear a flaming, flowing kimono on American thoroughfares. The pattern was perfect; how to adjust it to his wider needs? He took it to his tailor. Could it not be used as a model for an all-weather topcoat, in some sound fabric of a dark, rich green? Knowing his customer, the tailor did not attempt to argue. Upon the Jap model he constructed such a garment as the trade, in its most licentious moments, had never dreamed of. The body flared voluminously, front and back, but it was the grotesquely billowing sleeves that most pleased Aleck. That was a moment of profound satisfaction when, wrapped in it for the first time, he strolled along the Great White Way, caught the astonished glances and heard the murmured or explosive comments of the wayfarers.

The Thwarted Actor

In his synopsis of the dramatis personae of his comedy Brief Moment, S. N. Behrman wrote, "Sigrist is very fat, about thirty years old, and lies down whenever possible. He somewhat resembles Alexander Woollcott, who conceivably might play him."

"Why not?" said Guthrie McClintic, the producer.

"Certainly," said Woollcott when approached.

Brief Moment opened on November 9, 1931. The ex-amateur stole the show. He loved the part, which was, of course, himself (he never played anything but himself professionally; perhaps never could have), and the public loved him in it.

Now that he was, indeed, a professional actor, he conceived a solemn sense of responsibility to his art. He studied its other and older exponents with passionate attention in search of the clue to its mysteries. Finally he had it! He had gone to see the Lunts and called up Sam Behrman in a sort of ecstasy to tell him that the secret of acting had been revealed in their performance, and his own shortcomings as well. It was all in one thing; he had been overstressing his lines. Repression was the word. Wonderful actors didn't strive and strain as he had been doing to get his speeches over to the audience. No; they "threw it away." (This is stage parlance for the subtle trick of seeming to lay no emphasis upon an important passage, but delivering it with what has the effect of casualness.)

"Anyway," writes Behrman, "on the Monday night's performance Aleck came to the theater aflame with his new revelation. After the second act Louis Calhern, between whom and Aleck there was a strong liking, called the manager to his dressing room in a panic. 'My God!' he said. 'I don't know what's happened to Aleck tonight. I simply can't hear one of my cues and I don't know how to tell him to speak up.' "

He could not know that the new professional had been sitting at the feet of the Lunts and, under that inspiration, had been "throwing it away" with such artistic effect that not even the front row of the orchestra knew what he was talking about. The manager took charge and persuaded Aleck that he was not ready for ventures in the higher realms of stage technique.

Brief Moment held the boards for 129 performances in New York and then went on the road.

Isle of Unrest

Metropolitan life could never satisfy Phalanx-bred Woollcott.

Five and a half hours' motor ride from New York lies Lake Bomoseen, green-studded with mountain islets. One of these, Neshobe, had been acquired by Enos Booth, a young lawyer. Sally Farnham, the sculptress, took the crowd up to see the Booths. They fell in love with the spot, formed a club, and bought the property.

Without the others quite knowing how it was accomplished, and with no objections on the part of anyone, Aleck unofficially took over the establishment as his private playground. He established the social tone of the place, and exercised a censorship over the guest list.

The atmosphere of the island was a strange blend of Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass vagaries, the prankishness of Kipling's schooldays, and the intellectual gymnastics of Information Please, with a touch of Mr. Canfield's gambling hell thrown in. Athletics were represented by croquet.

Sport for sport's sake was the motto; ten dollars per mallet per game, the limit. Rivalry was none the less keen. Boating parties in adjacent waters would pause, alarmed at the stridency of argument, and bring back reports to the mainland of riot and prospective murder. Bea Kaufman, wandering down from the club, discovered Harpo Marx weeping behind a gnarled oak. His ball had been "booted" for the fifth time into the outlying forest, and his fighting spirit had been broken.

WITHIN those precincts Woollcott exercised despotism. Having lunched at Sardi's one very warm spring noon, Dorothy Parker and Charles Lederer conceived an irresistible yearning for the blue waters and green woods of Bomoseen. They packed their belongings and met on the train, where they figured up finances and found that they had twenty dollars between them and no return tickets. That was all right; as Aleck's guests they would have few expenses to meet; only some tips to the servants. So it might have turned out but for two circumstances: the first, that they dozed through their stop and had to disburse their twenty dollars for a car to take them back; the second, that Aleck had recently read and been deeply impressed with a novel by Evelyn Waugh wherein an explorer, rescued from the jungle by a remote planter, is held and compelled to read Dickens aloud to his savior for the rest of his life.

Unhappily for the two New Yorkers who had planned on a week-end visit, Aleck was companionless on his island (a condition that he hated) when they arrived and explained their penniless state. He delivered his ukase:

"Here you are: here you stay."

As neither of them cared to swim the icy waters to the mainland, there was nothing to do but accede. For three weeks they ministered to their captor's whims, played croquet by day and brain-teasers in the evening, and listened to the tideless flow of Woollcott conversation. It was not a bad life, but it palled.

One morning their host said mildly, "Isn't it about time you left?"

"What on?" they asked.

"I will arrange that."

He took them to Castleton, bought their tickets, gave them two dollars and a half apiece spending money, and bade them good-by. That there was no break or diminution in their tripartite friendship reflects credit upon somebody, though I am not quite sure whom.

Autocrat though he was, Aleck did not have everything his own way. His fellow members at least once ganged up on him with memorable effect. He had been regaling them with his sensational, if unsubstantiated, discovery that an ancient silver design, displayed at the Chicago Exposition, was the veritable container of the Holy Grail, a theory which he had expounded with romantic fervor in an article for Cosmopolitan, then in proof. The "two Charleys," MacArthur and Lederer, concocted a telegram. It read:

CHALICE OF ANTIOCH DISCOVERED TO BE FAKE. STOP COPY.
HUTCHINS.

The signature was assumed by the recipient to be from his friend, President Robert Maynard Hutchins of Chicago University.

The second day's bombshell was a double-header. Aleck had three pet hates at this period, Charles Hanson Towne, Michael Strange (John Barrymore's ex-wife), and Elsa Maxwell. When the day's croquet match was at a crucial point, Beatrice Kaufman addressed Aleck, who was about to make a closed shot:

"I forgot to tell you my news."

The player looked up. "What is it?"

"Brooks Atkinson has resigned from the Times and Charley Towne is taking over."

"I don't believe it!" shouted Aleck. He "flinched" his shot, banged himself on the side of his foot, and lost the game.

At the dinner table Tanis Dietz said casually: "Maybe Charley Towne will review the play about you, Aleck."

"What play about me?" he demanded.

"Hadn't you heard?" said Mrs. Dietz innocently. "Michael Strange has used you as central figure in her new play."

This so preyed on his mind that he lost forty dollars at anagrams, passed a restless night, and arose in a flurry of nerves. When the red flag went up on the mainland he was expectant of the worst. Bea Kaufman volunteered to take the boat over for the message. She came back, looking dubious.

"I'm afraid you won't like this, Aleck."

"Well, what is it?"

"Elsa Maxwell will be here in time to lunch with us."

"Not me!" cried Aleck wildly. "I'm leaving."

He was packed for departure before they relented and relieved his spirit.

An occasional visitor to Neshobe was Charles Brackett, whose earlier fictional presentation of Woollcott had so delighted its subject. Now the novelist must write another book, this time about the island and its habitués. As far as Woollcott was concerned, Brackett was assured of carte blanche.

Thus absolved, he really let himself go. The result, Entirely Surrounded, is a slight and witty picture of an island summer home where the New York intelligentsia gather about Thaddeus Hulbert, the host. He is pictured as "dwarfing the girth of a great leather chair. . . He seemed one gigantic drop of human flesh. . . In the center of his large face was a regulation collection of small features, almost lost. As though to safeguard them against such disaster, thick spectacles emphasized the eyes."

Again Woollcott was charmed. Reviewing the novel appreciatively in McCall's Magazine, he admits to having read three times "the malignly clever piece of cartooning."

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

The radio saved Alexander Woollcott. High grade though his literary wares were, they were becoming shopworn. He had rung the interminable changes upon his stock subjects; his friends, his dogs, his mysteries, his favorite murders, his war experiences.

Columbia sold Woollcott for three broadcasts per week, at $500 per broadcast. He set about devoting himself to his new occupation with the fervor and assiduity which a violin virtuoso accords his scales. He studied it from every angle.

One definite asset he possessed, the device of the Town Crier with his bell. Paul Davis, an advertising man, had thought this up and sold it to him for a lump sum. That introductory "Ding-ding-dong! Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" was to become a distinctive slogan of the air waves.

The Crier became a stylist, perhaps the first stylist of the art of radiolocution. His quietly introductory "This is Woollcott speaking" was an exudation of friendliness. He produced the effect of laying his hand on your shoulder and addressing you like an old and confidential comrade.

His fan mail was vast, intimate, often emotional. He could command both laughter and tears. When he appealed for a charity, "You can make a dollar twitch in my pocket," Otto B. Kahn once told him.

In the course of time he wearied of the studio grind. He complained of "the chronic panic of the radio station where, if a broadcaster be not on hand a full quarter hour ahead of schedule, the men in charge collapse under a neurotic conviction that he has been run over by a truck." His industry flagged: his labor-saving propensities asserted themselves. Not content with re-using his material, he had recourse to padding, trusting to his elocutionary appeal to carry it off. The radio public, by his theory, would swallow "the multiplication table if broadcast with sufficient emotion."

By the convenient device of incorporating a poem, a historical pronouncement, or even a contemporary address, he saved himself hours of laborious writing. Thus he thrilled his listeners with President Wilson's war message, King Edward's touching radio speech of abdication, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and William Allen White's editorial on the death of his daughter Mary. His sponsors were less thrilled than the public. A tobacco company executive, after clocking the last-listed performance, which consumed more than three fourths of the allotted period, complained, "If we want to pay thirty-five hundred a week for readings, why not get Clark Gable?"

"I Have Had Playmates, I Have Had Companions"

"Brackett once abashed me," wrote Woollcott, "by saying I never really liked anyone whose life story would not make a good Profile for The New Yorker. There is enough truth in this to make me uncomfortable."

That he did habitually use his friends as "copy" is undeniable. There is a creditable explanation. He found them so interesting that he could not forbear making his world of print and radio participants in the charm of their acquaintanceship.

Friendship with Woollcott was a fluctuant and parlous business. Now you were and now you weren't. He quarreled with Marc Connelly and Howard Dietz, neither of whom held it against him. His association with Harold Ross partook of the nature of guerrilla warfare.

For mingled poison and tragedy the breach between Aleck and Edna Ferber must be reckoned the most serious of his catastrophes in this field. There had been the inevitable bickerings which are bound to occur between two highly sensitized temperaments, but their mutual liking survived at least one severe test when the critic, writing of the production of Minnick, the dramatization of the Ferber novelette, "loosed vials of vitriol out of all proportion to the gentle little play's importance."

As to the original offense, there are several versions, all unpleasant. Whatever it was, it need not have been irremediable. Though Miss Ferber coined her epigram, "This New Jersey Hero who mistakes his pinafore for a toga," all might still have been composed between the former friends (for the wide, word-of-mouth circulation gained by the phrase tickled Aleck's vanity) had not she, through no fault of her own, come an hour late to his play, The Dark Tower. Explanations were unavailing. Aleck's pride of artistry, ultra-touchy in all that concerned stage matters, was rasped.

Nothing could be more typical of the fitful and precarious quality of the Woollcott associations than his friendship with Noel Coward. He had first met the actor, not yet a playwright, outside a Broadway theater with Bea Kaufman. Woollcott perfunctorily asked the slender, pale youth his opinion of the play they had just seen.

"Teejus," languidly murmured the unknown.

Aleck was amused. It struck him as a happy characterization. Further acquaintance increased his liking for Coward. Then for no apparent reason, Aleck decided that the friendship was one-sided; that "I know everything about Noel; he knows nothing about me. He is not even interested."

No quarrel befell. It was no more than a parting of the ways by tacit and mutual consent. On the last of Coward's many visits to Bomoseen, both men were bored.

"I hope he never comes back," said Aleck to another house guest. "He talks me to death."

"Do you think perhaps he's failing?" asked Coward in the boat going back to the mainland. "He wants to talk all the time."

"AFTER forty we lose friends and make only acquaintances," Mark Twain once said. Aleck was an exception. In middle age he acquired three comrades who, in different ways but all for the better, influenced the rest of his life. Of these George Backer was closest to him. Backer was not of the type which Aleck habitually found most congenial. He had no taste for the boisterous literacy of the Sophisticates. He was philosophical and reflective of temperament, addicted neither to games nor to wisecracks.

Of a very different type was Thornton Wilder, whose novel The Bridge of San Luis Rey had made a sensational and wholly unexpected success, some little time before he and Aleck met. "Strange mixture of poet, prophet, humming-bird, and gadfly" is Aleck's characterization of him. If not precisely his friend's literary conscience, the novelist was at least his literary spur, without whose incitement While Rome Burns might never have been put together.

Edward Sheldon's indomitable spirit was what drew Woollcott to him, even more than the brilliant and outgiving mind in the helpless body.

Graduating from Harvard at twenty-one, Sheldon had already half finished a play, Salvation Nell, which, in the following year, scored a brilliant success on Broadway. He followed it up with other notable achievements—The Nigger, Romance, and Lulu Belle, the latter in collaboration with Charles MacArthur. Everything in life was his; he was rich; he was popular; he had position, both intellectual and social. At the height of his popularity he was stricken. Within a short time he had become the mere husk of a man, completely paralyzed and totally blind. This death-in-life he still maintains not with resignation, but with an incredible, quiet gaiety and felicity of spirit.

Heaven only knows what torture of self-denial Aleck must have suffered in refraining from making a New Yorker Profile of his friend. He feared that Ned might not like it. Probably he would not have.

The one really affecting experience of my own, in the gathering of data for this biography, was hearing Ned Sheldon's voice quaver and seeing his effort at self-control when he tried to tell what Aleck's devotion had meant to him.

Chip on His Shoulder

One proof of Woollcott's innate vigor is that he never abated his zeal for a fight.

That he attacked with peculiar vivacity and made enemies with singular facility is explicable, if not excusable, on the ground of his inability to measure the virulence of his own poison. I have known him to express honest surprise when a grossly offensive letter was resented.

"What did I say to stir *him* up?" he asked wonderingly.

I pointed out that he had merely accused the recipient of bad faith, favor-currying, and abandonment of principle.

"That's your own lack of intelligence," said he witheringly. "I didn't mean it that way at all."

Business considerations never inhibited Aleck's rancor. Book reviewers are supposed to treat all publishers alike. Aleck took Random House sharply to task for what he declared an inept and unscholarly translation of Marcel Proust. In rebuttal, Frederick A. Blossom, the translator, published a letter in The New Yorker, pointing out that the critic's difficulties were not with his, Blossom's, English but with Proust's French. Incensed, Woollcott indicated that, to him, Random House was as good as dead thenceforth.

Instead of remaining obligingly inert, the concern brought out a novel which Woollcott liked. He wrote to Bennett Cerf, head of the firm:

"Dear Cerf:

"By some miracle you have published a book which is not second rate.

"Please send me twelve copies at once.

"Yours sincerely,
"A. Woollcott."

The reply was in the same spirit.

"Dear Woollcott:

"By some miracle you can buy those twelve copies at Brentano's.

"Yours very truly,
"Bennett Cerf."

Though a Woollcott editorial liaison typically began in close harmony and ended in Billingsgate, only once did open warfare result, and then with the one magazine toward which he felt a personified loyalty and affection, The New Yorker.

His success in its pages had been built largely upon brief biographies of his friends. When, after the close of the "Shouts and Murmurs" series, The New Yorker proposed to do a Profile series on him, he was more than ready to collaborate by supplying all the data at his command. Wolcott Gibbs was assigned to the job: produced a three-part character sketch and turned it over to its subject for correction and suggestions. Aleck okayed it.

"With certain reservations," he telegraphed Gibbs, "you have made me very happy."

There is some reason for believing that these reservations applied to an old and close friend of Aleck's whose identity was cloaked under the pseudonym of Sergeant Quirk. This odd character in real life had graduated from a career of temporarily successful low finance into a Federal penitentiary, as duly set forth in The New Yorker article; from there into Chicago journalism. Aleck pointed out the unfairness of imperiling "Quirk's" efforts to go straight, through publication of the article.

There is still current in Chicago newspaperdom a legend about it to the effect that The New Yorker wired the managing editor of the Chicago paper, asking whether knowledge of the fact that one of their reporters was an ex-convict would result in his discharge. The reply came back, "No: but which of the five do you mean?"

"Sergeant Quirk" remained in the sketch. A second letter to Gibbs resolved any misgivings:

"Your qualms about my reception of what you describe as the unamiable part of it were baseless. . . I beg of you to believe that you can print this Profile just as it stands without making me feel bitter toward The New Yorker or any less tender toward Ross than I already feel."

For what followed I attempt no explanation, since the magazine staff differ over the cause of wrath; I simply record the fact that Aleck was hurt and angered as never before in his life. Indignant protests from his friends may well have contributed to his abrupt change of attitude. He wrote to Harold Ross:

"To me you are no longer a faithless friend. To me you are dead. Hoping and believing I will soon be the same, I remain

"Your quondam crony,
"A. Woollcott."

There is a faintly ludicrous corollary to the split. Loyalty to their friend impelled Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynn Fontanne, to cancel their subscription to the weekly and ban it from their home. What was their shock, upon a visit to Bomoseen, to find the current issue on the table! Aleck grinned.

"Why not?" he said airily. "I've never stopped having it sent. I'm making some suggestions now about articles."

"I Am Sir Oracle"

No volume appeared over Woollcott's name between 1929 and 1934. The dreary conviction had forced itself upon him that "I might as well face the fact that I never have written anything and never will write anything that will live after me."

Thornton Wilder, whose work and personality Aleck admired equally, entered a heated dissent. He must do another book.

"He came up to Bomoseen and sat on my fat neck until I gave in," Aleck complained.

The result was a collection so various that its compiler could find no title for it and publicly invited suggestions. Ellen Scully, a New York City woman unknown in literary circles, hit upon the felicitous While Rome Burns.

The volume got off to a quick start, ran through the nation, spread to Canada, Australia, England, and the Continent and sold in all 450,000 copies.

WOOLLCOTT would have been no true child of the Phalanx had he not secreted in his blood a strong ichor of altruism.

The charity nearest to his heart was the Seeing Eye. This was an organization which trained and supplied dogs to guide the blind. Aleck's own eyesight was subnormal from childhood, and though he was never actually threatened with blindness, I think that an unconquered fear must have lurked in his heart.

At a banquet in New York, Woollcott was sustaining the minor throes of boredom when he saw a man being expertly piloted through the cocktail crowd by a beautiful and vigilant shepherd dog, and became so interested that, a few days later, he was on his way to the Seeing Eye Training School at Whippany, New Jersey. On that first visit, Austin Strong, also a devotee of the movement, has written in his article "I Go to the Dogs":

". . . he was led into the dining room where all the sixteen blind students were seated. Woollcott entertained them with stories and set the table in a roar. Suddenly he stopped and looked about questioningly.

" 'Where do you keep your dogs while you are at meals?'

" 'They are all here, Mr. Woollcott, enjoying your stories.'

" 'Good gracious!' exclaimed the astonished Town Crier, as he peered down over his glasses, catching sight of the tip of a dog's tail sticking out from under the table. He pushed back his chair and, for all his weight, got down on his hands and knees and looked into the friendly eyes of sixteen dogs who pricked their thirty-two ears politely at him, smiling as they thumped their sixteen tails.

"A trifle pixilated, Woollcott struggled heavily to his feet and, taking off his glasses, wiped them. For once he was at a loss for a word, but from that moment on he became a champion for The Seeing Eye, giving his voice and strength to help free many a man and woman from the bondage of darkness."

Woollcott's first "boost" was an article on Jack Humphrey, the founder of the movement. Later he published privately for the good of the cause a more tempered and effective presentation in booklet form, The Good Companions. His most productive effort was over the radio, a broadcast which brought in $3,700 to add to the $1,500 Cream of Wheat payment already contributed by him. Still another gift was the emolument for a lecture in Indianapolis: a thousand dollars which he divided between The Seeing Eye and a local school.

His efforts for the sufferers from eye afflictions were not confined to The Seeing Eye. At his own expense of time plus an outlay of money he compiled a selection of favorite essays and stories, "The Woollcott Listener," for distribution in phonograph records through the American Foundation for the Blind.

Nobody will ever know how many students owed their Hamilton training, in whole or in part, to him; the operations cover too long a period to be comprised in the secretarial records.

Such disbursements were his form of "gambling on humanity." He deemed "few privileges as valuable as the occasional privilege of being of service" in this way.

The gamble on humanity, which, in his considered opinion, paid him the most satisfactory return, was his financing of an impecunious medical student. While Aleck was undergoing a hospital course of heroic treatment for the reduction of fat, young Frode Jensen, who had graduated from Hamilton the year before in the class of '33, called to see him.

At the age of thirteen, Jensen had run away from a brutal stepfather in Denmark, found a job as cabin boy on a liner, and after several trips in that capacity made his illegal entry into the United States, where he was resolved to stay. He led a knockabout life as newspaper errand boy, odd-jobs worker, and camp scullion; through a fortuitous meeting with a well-to-do American who had tipped him liberally on shipboard and remembered him with interest, he got into Green Mountain College, and thence to Hamilton.

Life on the Hill was comparatively easy for the hardy Dane. All that he had to do in the way of self-maintenance was to run laundry, wait on table, and act as chapel bell-ringer, besides keeping up with his studies. In senior year he was captain of the football team, and recipient of the coveted T, voted by the undergraduate body to the squarest man on the campus.

Jensen was working his way through his first year at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York when he learned of Woollcott's being in hospital, and called on him. After the usual exchange of college news, the old alumnus asked the new how he was getting on. All right, said Jensen sturdily. What was he doing? Well, among other things, he was operating the elevator, translating Scandinavian medical reports for the Academy of Medicine, and coaching football at Riverside Academy. Did that leave him time enough for his studies? Well, no, it didn't. To be quite frank, he was dropping out at the end of the year.

"Not at all," said Woollcott in his most magisterial style. "You are finishing your course."

He offered a bargain: he would back the student through to graduation, on condition that all activities other than study be eliminated.

Dr. Jensen went to Syracuse as assistant pathologist in the Medical School, and is now Captain Jensen of the Army Medical Corps. Aleck's last nonposthumous book, titled As You Were, is dedicated "To Frode Jensen, overseas."

Snobbery is a charge frequently brought against Woollcott. It is easy to see how his lordly assumptions might lend color to the accusation. Yet I think he lacked the essential quality of the snob; that is, any touch of servility in his relations with the great of the world. His contacts with prominent people, many of them quite intimate, affected him in a very minor degree, if at all. And they certainly did not influence his writing. He tended to be reticent in this respect.

Nobody could have been better "copy" than the Franklin D. Roosevelts. He kept his pen religiously off them. When the Edward-Mrs. Simpson episode was filling the newspapers, he could readily have knocked off a personal-view article which any editor would have welcomed.

Life Expands at Fifty

Consider him at the age of fifty. He has led a life that would have wrecked most constitutions ten years earlier. Self-indulgence at the table and between meals—the chocolate-cream habit—has put back most of the fat so painfully reduced by the regimen of his health retreat. His mind has toiled unsparingly; his body has remained sedentary.

S. N. Behrman, author of Brief Moment, in which Woollcott had made his professional debut seven years earlier, wrote another play with the former amateur in mind, Wine of Choice. The principal role was that of Binkie, an epigrammatical Jewish socialite, touched with faint mystery and known as "ambassador-at-large to the world."

An unpromising tryout caused a withdrawal for revision, after which Woollcott, satisfied that it was now "a fine play," took over the star part.

Wine of Choice played Washington, while on tour, and the star was invited to Sunday supper at the White House. He had met the Roosevelts before, but quite casually. The President, who knew Woollcott to be politically sympathetic, gave him a friendly welcome.

In the early stages of their acquaintanceship, Woollcott was inclined to ignore Mrs. Roosevelt and concentrate on the President. For her part she found him consistently amusing and stimulating. Presently his attitude changed. He conceived an unbounded admiration for her. He told Booth Tarkington that she was the greatest living woman, and that "if she came into this room we all ought to get down on our knees before her."

All Woollcott's communications were with Mrs. Roosevelt. He would write her, "I would like to come for a week or so. If you haven't room for me, there are plenty of other places for me to go. I prefer yours."

"Of course," Mrs. Roosevelt comments upon this, "the White House is convenient, and there aren't many places where a guest can be so free."

During the Washington run of The Man Who Came to Dinner, the star stayed at the White House and later recommended its advantages to Ethel Barrymore at a banquet in that lady's honor.

"Mrs. Roosevelt runs the best theatrical boardinghouse in Washington," he asserted.

While in New York she came to the Gotham to see him. Finding him surrounded by the impediments of his multifarious activities, she was at first distrustful of the success of her errand, which was to enlist his aid in one of the many public causes near to her heart. Could he find place in one of his broadcasts for a mention of it? Of course, said he. As he escorted her to the elevator, she said admiringly:

"I don't see how you find time for all the things you do, Mr. Woollcott."

Speechless for once, he could only stare at the author of My Day, that record of superhuman energy.

"I nearly pushed her down the elevator shaft," he said afterward.

Encore

Hitherto Woollcott's fits of depression had been attributable to digestive disorders or depleted vitality which convinced him of the probable futility of existence. Greater issues now possessed his mind and heart. He withdrew from a large and festive party at Bomoseen to write to Marie Belloc Lowndes:

"I do not have to tell you that in these days I have been thinking of nothing but England. Every letter from one of you is read again and again and passed from hand to hand, and it takes the heart out of a letter-writer to put pen to paper in a country where news isn't. I have no doubts at all that the majority of the American people want, for our own sake, to give all possible aid to England."

When the blitz fell and everything in England seemed likely to be shattered to rubble except the nation's courage, the "cynical and bitter Alexander Woollcott" huddled over his island radio night after night, unashamedly weeping.

Only one consideration could distract him from his despairing melancholy and that was the ruling passion of his life, the stage.

Just once before he died, so he had told Moss Hart (at a time when he had no intention of dying), he wanted to star in a comedy, playing it according to his own taste. Something to the same effect had been confided to George S. Kaufman. The pair joined forces and wrote The Man Who Came to Dinner.

The producer selected a comparatively unknown and lushly hirsute actor, Monty Woolley, formerly a member of the Yale faculty, for the title role.

Woollcott attended the Boston opening and saw his impersonator make an undeniable hit. The usual gathering of congratulatory friends crowded the star's dressing room at the close. There was a hush when Woollcott entered. He regarded Woolley speculatively.

"Hmm!" he murmured, as if to himself. "Now, who should have played the part? Bob Morley, perhaps? Or Lou Calhern?"

People have sometimes wondered why Aleck was not more popular with his fellow actors.

A company was recruited to play the Far West. Woollcott was to be starred.

Sheridan Whiteside is a part to daunt a veteran actor by its length, since the character is almost continuously on the stage from the moment when, a visiting and celebrated lecturer, he is brought by the exigencies of a broken leg under the hospitable roof of his small city hosts, through the enforced visit when he infests the household like a pestilence, to the finale when he is brought back in with his other leg broken.

How good he was in the part depended upon whether one had previously seen Monty Woolley. Those who had, tended to rank Woollcott a poor second.

The play opened in Santa Barbara, whence the star wrote to Beatrice Kaufman:

"You may take it from me that I was pretty lousy."

By the time San Francisco was reached, he assured a correspondent that he was "simply superb."

San Francisco is famous for good eating. The visiting actor made a list of its specialties, and for dinner ordered bisque of clams, baby squid, snails à la Bourgogne with fondue of truffles, alligator-pear salad, sweets, all washed down with a heavy Burgundy and uncounted cups of coffee. That night the overloaded stomach pressed too heavily on the overloaded heart, which collapsed. Doctors were summoned. The verdict was imperative; no more acting; complete rest for an indefinite period.

By the end of the year, the doctors permitted his return to the stage. The Man Who Came to Dinner third company was reassembled to play the Eastern circuit, opening at Philadelphia in January, 1941. With "a few years of life in the old boy yet," the star proceeded to make the most of them.

As for the characterization, it was his policy never to admit for publication the connection between the stage presentment and his own personality. Tongue in cheek, he appeared before the curtain and informed his applauding audience:

"It is not true that the role of the obnoxious Sheridan Whiteside, which I play, was patterned after me. Whiteside is merely a composite of the better qualities of the play's two authors, Messrs. Kaufman and Hart."

Woollcott in England

The summons to leave for England early in September, 1941, and give a series of broadcasts for the British Broadcasting Company exalted Aleck to the pinnacle of his ambitions.

Lady Astor, who makes it a point to take up every important American visitor, got on the Woollcott trail. After some dodging on his part, she caught him by telephone and a spirited passage ensued, the feminine member of Parliament insisting that it was the visitor's duty to himself and his country to come and see what was being done in her locality, Aleck replying that was all very well, but where was he to find the time?

"They yelled and screamed at each other over the telephone like a couple of fishwives," reports Leggett Brown, "and in the end she shouted him down. That turned out to be a wonderful trip, for she did know the inhabitants of her city from one end to the other, and gave Aleck as good a picture of the average Englishman at war as anyone could possibly get. They disagreed violently for the two days they were together, but wound up with great respect for each other. His one comment was, 'My God, what energy and no brains can do for you!'"

Toward the end of his stay, Brendan Bracken, then Minister of Information, called up Leggett Brown. Mr. Alexander Woollcott was expected at a certain country house for Sunday Breakfast.

Woollcott and Brown drove down. The Prime Minister appeared in his pajamas. He was in specially good humor and fine conversational form. For once Aleck was content, so Brown thinks, with the secondary role of listener. He left behind him the memory of a tactful deed. Mrs. Churchill was suffering from an annoying stuffy cold in the head. Fine-texture handkerchiefs were practically extinct in the realm. A box of these invaluable items had been in Aleck's assorted gift cargo, but all had been distributed. He made a tour of collection, retrieved half a dozen from people who needed them less than the afflicted Mrs. Churchill, and sent them to her.

The journey, he told Alex Osborn, was "the high spot of my life." It was also "that unbelievably exhausting endeavor." "But if you think I wish I hadn't gone," he wrote to me, "you're crazy."

January, 1943

Ninety-nine per cent of aging humanity slumps out of existence, spiritless and flaccid. Alexander Woollcott was of the fortunate fraction. He met death on the upswing.

Admonitions to slow up, take it easy, only provoked him to impatience. Any call to aid in the war effort was a "must" to him. The Writers' War Board and The People's Platform program invited him to appear with Rex Stout, Chairman of the Board, Harry D. Gideonse, George N. Shuster, and Marcia Davenport. The subject was, "Is Germany Incurable?" with Dr. Gideonse in the chair.

If he was at less than his best and most vigorous, it was not apparent to his associates. His voice had the full ring of vehement conviction. There was some confusion of opinion from the different participators; a belief expressed as to the long-run possibility of making Germany a law-abiding member of the community of nations; then Woollcott's full-toned statement: "I think time may do it."

It was his last utterance over the air. Stout saw him begin to tremble. Woollcott reached for a sheet of paper and penciled on it in large letters: I AM SICK.

This he held up for Gideonse and Stout to read. Both started to rise. He motioned them back with a gesture interpretable as, "I'll be all right, but don't expect any more talking from me."

The program continued. Aleck tried to push himself back from the table. He slumped in his chair. Gideonse half carried him out into the corridor, settling him on a bench near the elevator.

"I'm dying," he said.

Then he turned to Gideonse with a reiterated and urgent injunction.

"Go back in there. Never mind me. Go back in there."

Devol, friend and physician, was sitting at the moment anxiously before his radio. When several minutes of the discussion elapsed without anything from the Town Crier, Devol became apprehensive. His movement toward the telephone coincided with the call from the studio.

Meantime the studio's switchboard was swamped with calls from listeners who, missing Woollcott from the air, had called up to find out what was wrong.

Those who knew of Woollcott's physical weakness supposed that it was another heart attack. It was worse: a cerebral hemorrhage. An ambulance transferred him to the Roosevelt Hospital.

At midnight the air waves announced the death of the Town Crier.

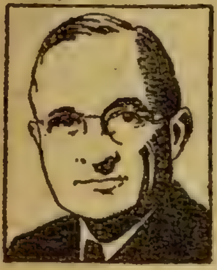
THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THIS MAN TRUMAN, by **Frank McNaughton** and **Walter Helhmeyer**, presents the President as a modest and affable man, so keenly aware of his limitations that he seems likely to grow to the greatness that has been thrust upon him.

The outstanding qualities that emerge from the anecdotes in this informal biography are loyalty and courage. Discussing the Pendergast affair, the authors quote Harry Truman as saying:



President Truman

"When Tom Pendergast was down and out, a convicted felon, the Kansas City and St. Louis papers demanded that I denounce him. I refused, and then they denounced me. . . . The newspapers poured it on me, but in public office you can't let the newspapers dictate your life and thought."

When the President was an artillery officer in a hot sector during the last war, the biographers tell, he saw a German battery moving into an area that had not been assigned to his unit. "He laid down forty-one rounds in the middle of the German battery, scattering men and horses and guns over the hillside.

"Ten minutes later his field telephone rang and he answered. A colonel farther back yelled, 'What are you doing, firing out of your sector? You know damned well where you are to fire. I'm going to have you court-martialed!'

" 'Go ahead!' Truman shouted back, summoning up some Kansas City oaths. 'There was a German battery moving into position in plain sight of us. I'll never pass up a chance like that. We plastered 'em. Besides, I think it's a fool order anyway.' "

Published by Whittlesey House, New York. Price $2.50.

THE WHITE TOWER, by **James Ramsay Ullman**, is a novel in the grand manner—a mixture of heroic physical adventure, unabashed idealism, and romance of operatic intensity. An extraordinarily ambitious book, it seems to represent a rebellion against the note of futility that's been fashionable in fiction since the last war.

James Ramsay Ullman

Mr. Ullman begins his story with a whopping coincidence. Martin Ordway, only surviving member of the crew of a crippled American bomber, bails out over Switzerland and lands near the inn where he used to spend idyllic prewar holidays with Carla Dehn, a young Viennese girl.

Given shelter by his old friend Andreas Benner, a mountain guide, Ordway decides to fulfill his boyhood wish to climb the Weissturm, a peak that has beaten all previous efforts. Another fugitive from internment, Siegfried Hein, a fanatical front-line Nazi, has the same objective. With nothing in common but their mutual hatred, they strike up a truce. They are joined on their dangerous expedition by Carla, Andreas, and two middle-aged men—one an Englishman, the other a Frenchman. To each of the ill-assorted group, the Weissturm is a symbol of courage and achievement.

With the scaling of each snow-crusted height, the story reaches a new level of suspense. An unforgettable moment is the one in which the Nazi's life hinges on his accepting help from Ordway, the representative of everything he holds in contempt. Ordway, waiting for the decision, finds in his eyes "the despairing lonely hunger of the unloving and unloved; the will to conquer and the will to die."

Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price $3.

Puzzle 334 9/15/45

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Name the new U. S. Sec't'ry of Agriculture
9 Give Captain Kidd's opinion of his fellow humans
13 Sailing without paying port duties, smuggling, etc., are acts of what?
14 Complete the opening of Vergil's Aeneid: "*Arma virumque* ——" ("I sing of arms and the man")
15 Richard Bong is a leading American what?
16 Swift's Tale of a What satirizes religious abuses?
17 Give the title of Charles II's unpopular ministry, an acrostic of its members' names
18 The accused racketeer always claims he's been what?
20 Lincoln said: "With —— toward none, with charity for all"
21 Le What is the name of a Paris paper?
22 Squirrels, porcupines, beavers, and hares are whats?
23 Pluralizer
24 Where is the Sorbonne?
25 What did Brookalyn Boity do last night at six?
26 Grass roots are usually found in what?
28 What's the November birthstone?
29 What are some defense plants said to be spending gov't money for?
30 The Supreme Court recently tagged what news agency a trust? (abbr.)
31 Who was the Elmer Davis of the last war?
32 Kind of kid gun
33 Name the conductors and motormen of elephants
35 Genius is said to be the ability to take whats?
38 What vehicles do ferry pilots operate?
39 Cultural jitterbugging might be a term for the what?
40 Beans
41 Stuffed under the shirt
42 Name the first female creation
43 See Bible: Numbers 1, 15
44 Name the wood wind nobody is said to blow good
46 What's the hardest thing to do to a house today?
47 Alpine adenoid twangers are whats?

VERTICAL

1 The back yard of a ship would be where?
2 Recan (anag.)
3 Saw moving pictures with the eyes closed
4 What's another name for Tyr?
5 The I. C. C. fixes bus and railroad whats?
6 Bullets back to back suggests what game?
7 Perc Shelley'd've called his gal's eye a what?
8 Name the Empire State (abbr.)
9 What does the statue of Blind Justice hold?
10 What's the best political thing for a presidential candidate to have been born in?
11 An unproduced play can be said to be what?
12 A wolf does what to the dames (the dirty dog)?
17 Phoenicians founded it, the Moors conquered it, its wines are famed, its name's now dim
19 Legislators or cops (abbr.)
20 Aesop's fables usually end with a what?
22 In some states, he who does what may be punished by death?
24 Auden, T. S. Eliot, and Lovelace are English whats?
26 Grandma's finest needlework's often preserved in a what?
27 That milky opalescent iridescence of sea and sky is called what?
28 Adjust with geometrical precision
29 Eisenhower was born where in Kansas?
31 James Bryant Who is the president of Harvard?
32 Le what is French for ball?
34 Who ordered all the Jews be put to death, then was hanged on his own gallows?
35 What's the Spanish equivalent of pater?
36 Complete from Pinafore: "I'm —— —— sick at sea!" "What, ——?" "No, ——!" "What ——?" "Well, hardly ever!"
37 Printer's palindrome
39 An African evening gown might consist of a what?
41 Gal's nickname
44 Gent's ditto
45 Italian article

Z	E	R	O	S	■	A	M	P	L	I	F	I	E	R
E	L	I	T	E	■	P	E	A	■	R	A	N	G	E
B	A	G	■	T	O	E	■	S	H	O	T	■	R	D
R	T	■	T	U	X	■	S	T	U	N	■	H	E	P
A	E	S	O	P	■	S	P	O	T	■	T	I	T	O
■	■	O	W	■	D	E	E	R	■	M	A	P	■	I
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O	D	■	W	A	T	E	R	F	A	L	L	■	I	T
U	D	D	E	R	S	■	H	E	I	L	■	E	L	S
R	■	E	E	N	■	H	E	E	L	■	H	E	■	■
T	R	A	P	■	B	A	A	L	■	T	A	L	E	S
S	U	N	■	W	I	N	D	■	P	I	G	■	X	I
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I	O	T	A	S	■	E	V	A	■	E	A	G	L	E
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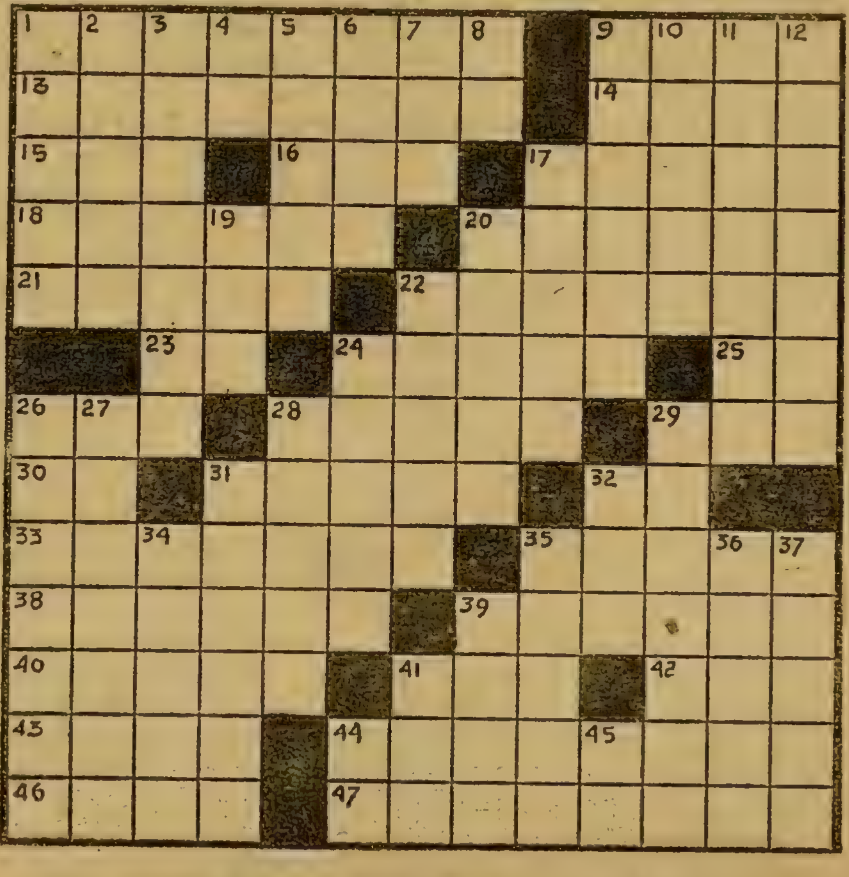
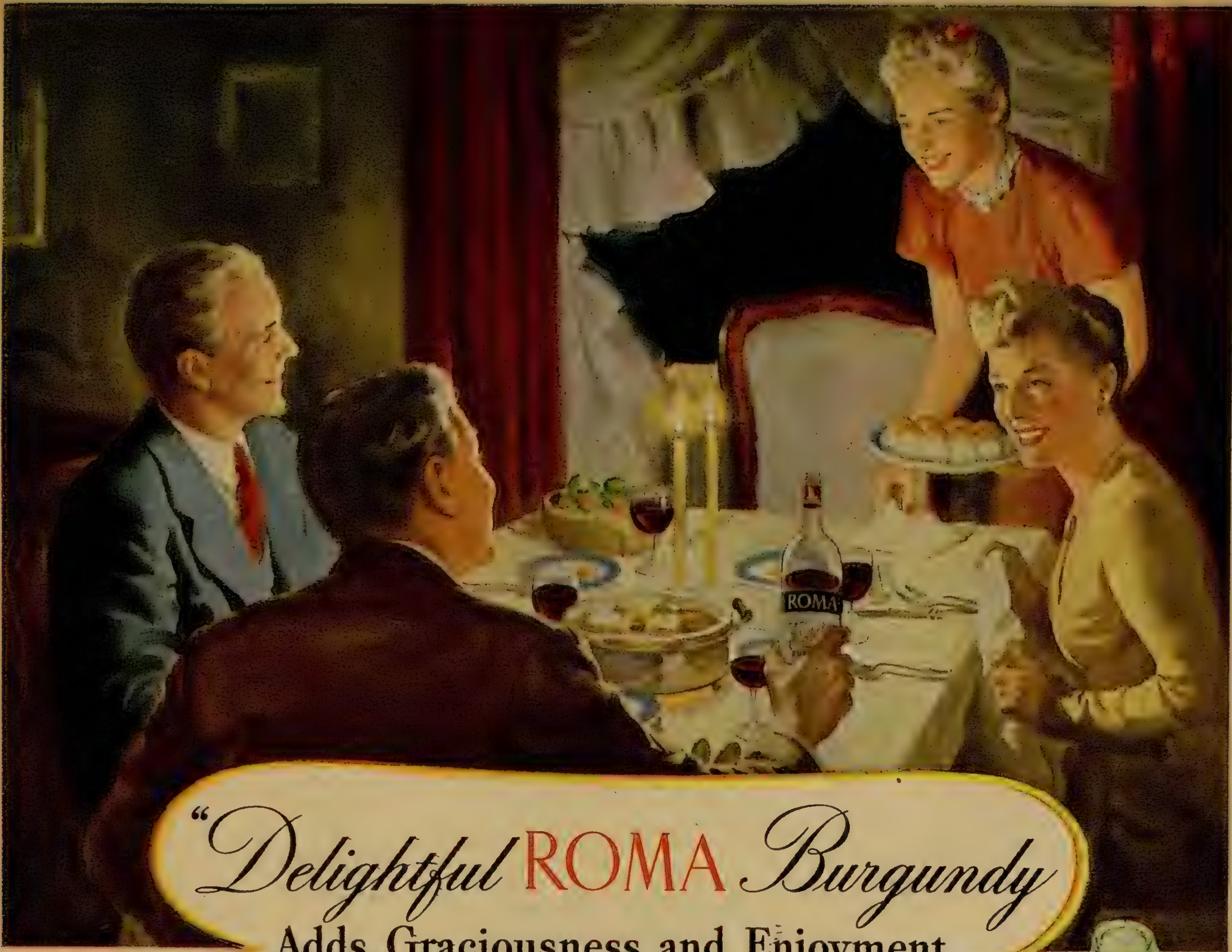
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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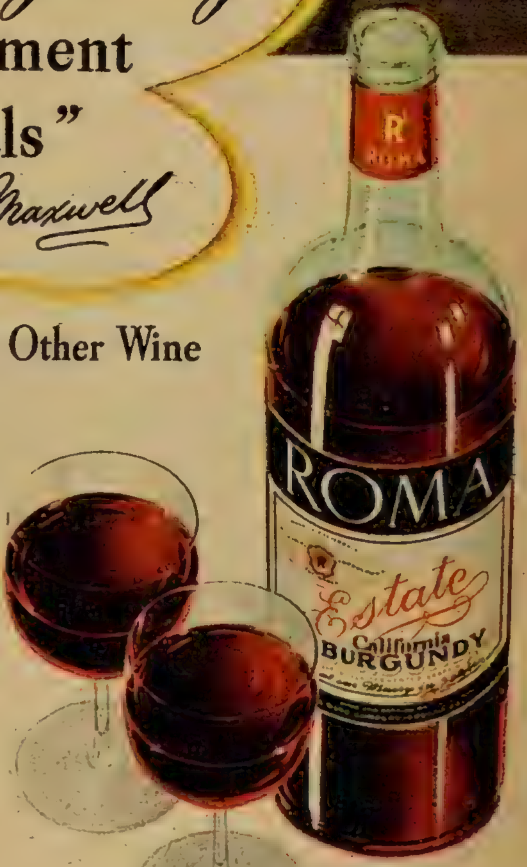

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WITH MILK AND HONEY BLEST

Continued from Page 20

sheep that were not long sheared spread out untidily across a field. Riley was working in the alfalfa patch—irrigating, it looked like. Jason lifted a hand in greeting and slowed down, ready to stop and neighbor a bit in spite of his hurry, but the old man only looked at him, gave his head a jerky bob, and went on working. Not as if he didn't know him either, but different, and harder to accept. A wary look—the way a man might do when there was news he didn't want to tell.

Jason's mind jumped quick and sharp from one disaster to another one. Apprehension crawled like a hairy spider down his spine. It didn't help his state of mind to note how overgrown the road was, going on from there. No wheel marks over it since the last rain; not much travel up to the cabin—that was certain. He winded himself taking the final rise, then eased down to breathe. Good news or bad, it had been waiting long enough to wait five minutes more. Take it easy, take it easy, his mind said. He rounded the bend and saw Pop's cabin boarded up, windows and door nailed tight, and signs aplenty it had been done a long time back. Dead leaves enough in every crack to tell him that. Last season's leaves. Jason walked slowly round the little house, taking everything in. He wasn't in a hurry any more, but, on the contrary, reluctant to go farther.

He sat on the stoop and rolled a cigarette, not so easy as he used to do it, on account of his bad hand, but he could manage. It was quiet there in the little clearing. Hot June sun poured down. A chipmunk crept alongside, watching what he did, then whisked away again at the flare of the match. Maybe one of the old man's pets and maybe not. Wild things turn back to the wild again mighty fast. Spring flowers were blooming at this height, not summer ones yet. Jason saw dandelions in the grass. And farther off, under the cool dark shadow of the pines, a clump of forget-me-nots as blue as heaven.

Suddenly he was thinking of Dossie's eyes, and he snubbed out the smoke he'd barely lit, and stood up swift and supple. No use dilly-dallying any longer. If the other place was empty, locked, and boarded up like this one, better find it out right now. He went on and a haunting memory from shipboard went with him. That soldier who had had both feet shot off, lying so patient in his bunk day after day.

"Fighting to make a better world, that's what they tell us," Jason had heard him say. "Got to expect to pay a price for it."

"Kinda makes me feel I'm getting off too cheap," Jason told him, thinking of his hand.

"Some pays one way and some another," the soldier said.

There were the pasture bars. And in the field beyond them a chestnut colt he'd never seen before. A handsome animal, three years old or so. Jason was quick to respond to nice horseflesh. But this one roused no pleasant emotion in him. A strange horse—that meant strangers on the place. He whistled, and the colt's ears pricked. It turned and looked at him. A white star on the forehead like old Grace—Jason felt his heart flop over in his chest.

He remembered the foal old Gracie had had the last time he was home. She couldn't feed it and they had not found anything it would eat, cow's milk nor anything else. It was a little rack of skin and bones, so famished and pitiful, the sight had turned his stomach. He would have shot it then and there, but Dossie still thought she was going to raise it. She had a hand with young things, it was true. But not with anything so far gone as that, Jason believed, only he didn't want to argue, his one day home. So he had just told Pop to put the crittur out of its misery on the quiet. . . . Yet there it was, full-grown and strong. Fine care had been taken of it, that was plain. Dossie had had her way. She had won out.

The soft June wind spoke to the pasture grass; the colt's bright flanks were glossy in the sun, and Jason Burr felt suddenly light as air. All the silly weight of premonition floated right up off his shoulders and was gone. Riley had always been cross-grained and somber; the closed-up cabin had to do with Pop but not with Dossie. Maybe the old man had moved up to the big place, or maybe—moved on further. He was pushing seventy-five or thereabouts. Jason had seen too many young men die to pretend great grief over the thought of death for one so old.

HE cut across the pasture, going fast. He saw the pine trees and the cabin roof with smoke coming from the chimney. And he saw Dossie going toward the barn, carrying a milk bucket in her hand. That was when Jason started in to run, raising his voice in a big shout of welcome.

She stood there watching him come. Not a word out of her, not a move in his direction. Her eyes were as blue as he remembered them, but she was different in other ways. Her face looked gaunt, with the high cheekbones showing; there wasn't a pound of flesh to spare on her tall big-boned frame. Jason slowed down without quite knowing why. Excitement had drained out of him somehow or other. He had to force the heartiness in his voice: "Hi, Dossie! I've come home."

"I see you have." She didn't look at him, saying it. Her voice was as flat as two stones chipped together. "You never wrote," she said.

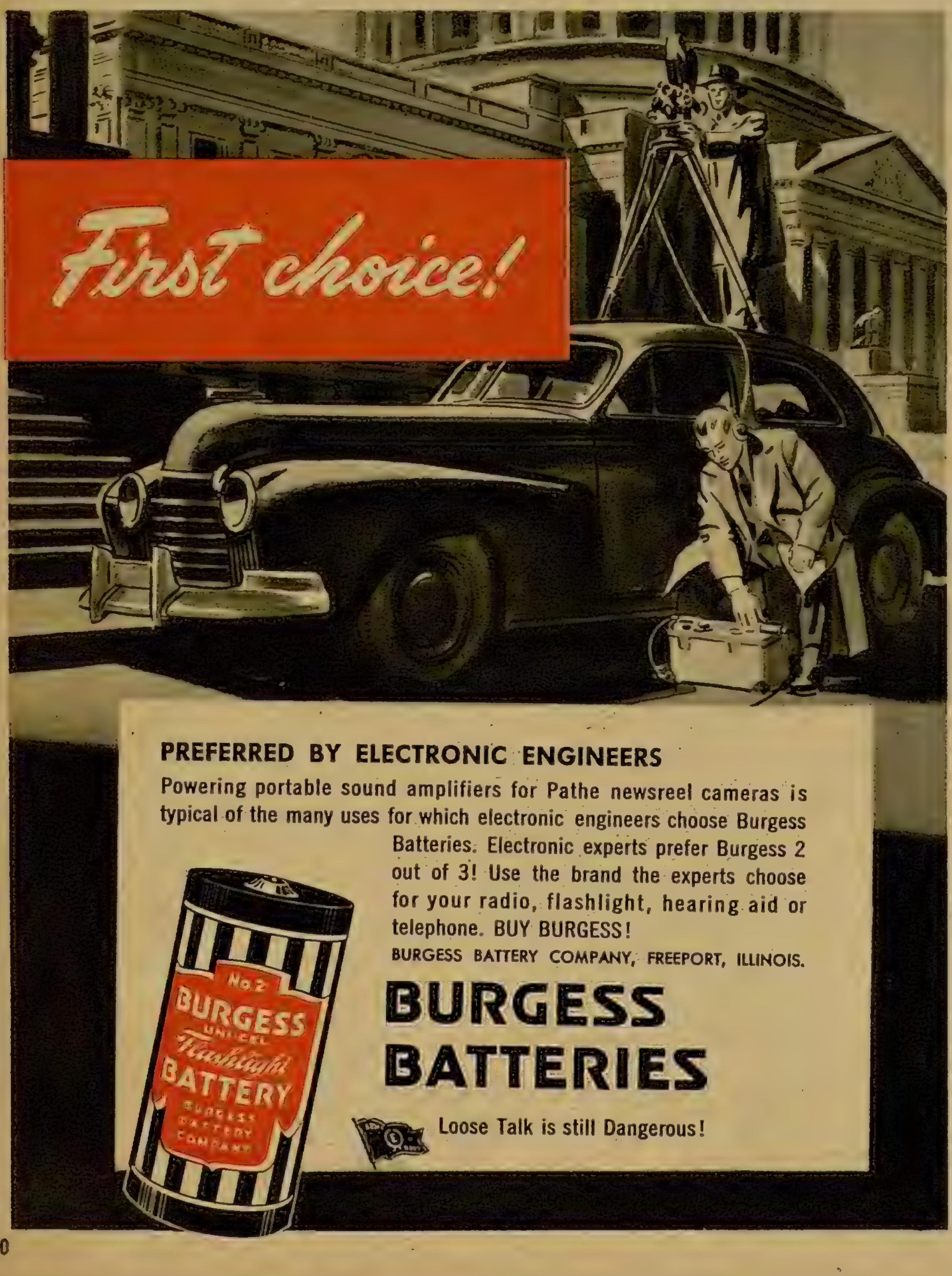
"I always had it in my mind to write. And I sent a bunch of post cards. You know that."

"In going on two years you haven't sent one," Dossie said.

This wasn't the home-coming he had planned. It had been in his mind to give her a kiss first thing, and she would kiss him back in her good warm way, and they'd pick up again where they'd left off, teammates and lovers both. He had come back to the place he left behind him. The same curve of the hills, the tall pine trees guarding the unchanged cabin, the rocky far-off peaks lifting up to the high blue sky, the remembered air that was clean and sweet to breathe. Everything just the same. Back to the place, but not back to the time. You never went back in time but only forwards. All the weeks and months and years were between them. Strangeness would take a while to wear away.

He eased his pack to the ground and pushed his cap back, rumpling his hair in

(Continued on page 62)



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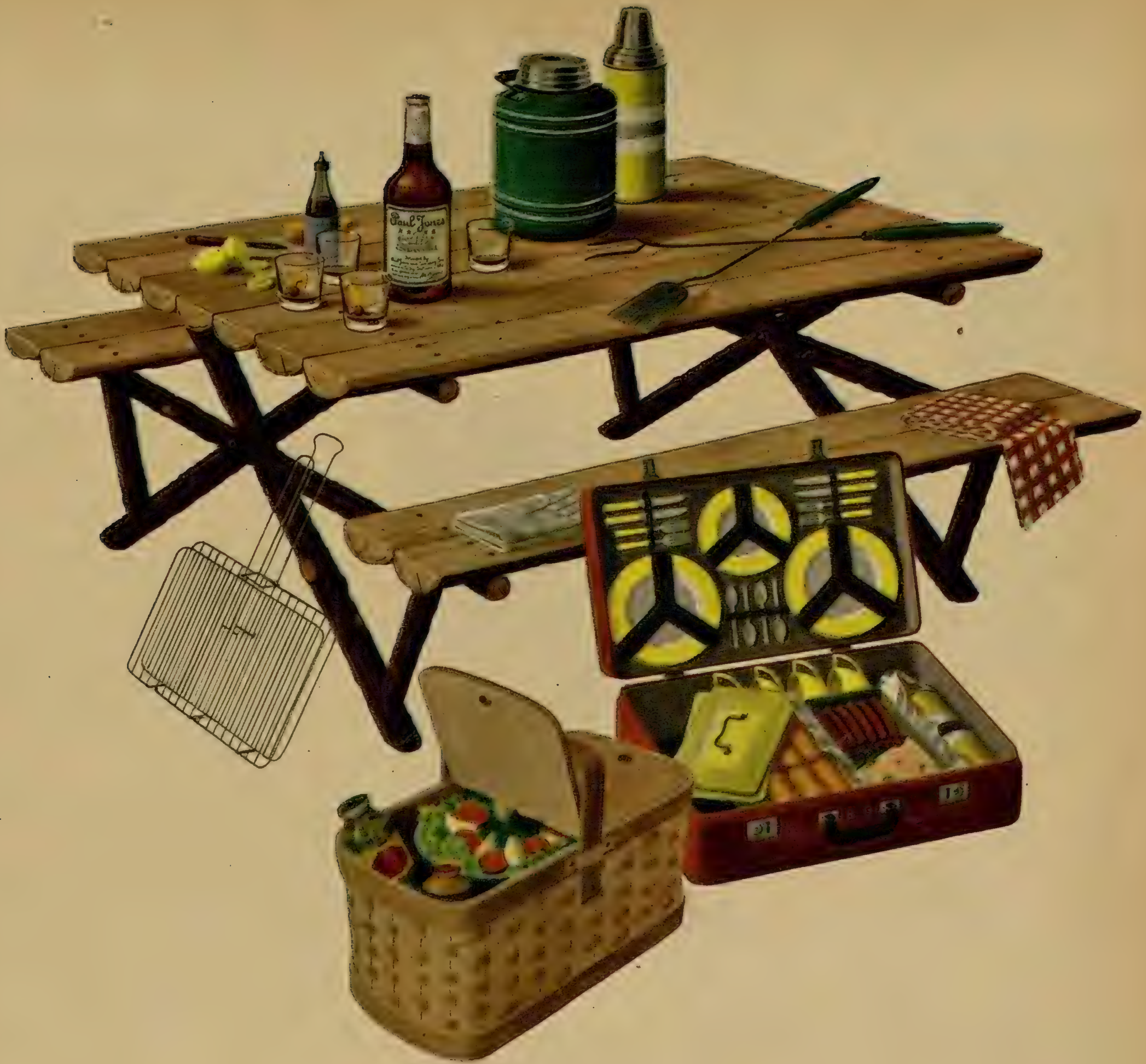

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(Continued from page 60)

a way he had when puzzled. She saw his injured hand for the first time.

"You're all shot up!" Concern for him softened her voice. She seemed to waver toward him ever so little, then pushed back, looking dull and cold and distant once again. "I'm sorry you got hurt. I didn't know."

"It's not so much. I got the use of it most as good as ever, only they don't think so in the Army. That's how come I'm here now. Home to stay."

"That's good," she said, but not as if she felt any particular goodness in it. Not as if it meant anything to her.

Jason searched her face, trying to see beneath the bleakness, making nothing of it. He thought about the empty cabin down the road: that could be part of the trouble. His voice was gentle when he said, "Pop's gone, I guess?"

"He was took sudden a year ago."

"A year!" Jason exclaimed. "You've had it hard and lonely all that time."

Color washed over her all of a sudden; a burning, scalding, painful blush; a wave of crimson, come and gone again, leaving her face like tallow. "Lonely enough. And hard enough," she said.

JASON was silent. He didn't want to speak what was in his mind. He didn't even want to think it. He wanted to be wrong. He had been walking all day long and he was tired. It wasn't five minutes since he had come bounding through the pasture, but it seemed as if they'd stood there talking hours on end. He reached abruptly for the bucket in her hand.

"I'll milk," he said. "You go on in the house and fix some supper."

"I can't get up much of a meal. There isn't anything on hand."

"Meat and potatoes is enough for me."

"There isn't any. I haven't had—I mean, there's no game now, and the chickens aren't big enough. Unless you want to try for a mess of trout—"

"What have you been eating?" Jason asked, "What's the matter with store vittles?"

"Nothing but the price."

He flared up then. "Don't talk as if you couldn't afford enough to eat! Don't the government checks come regular?"

"The envelopes are there. I haven't opened them since—I mean, for quite a spell. I haven't used your money."

Hers just as much as his. She knew it, too. He put that speech away in his mind with other things he didn't want to take up at the moment. "Whatever you were going to have yourself will do for me," he said, turning toward the barn. "No, leave that lay."

But Dossie lifted up his pack to take it in the house. She said, "The cow's just fresh. A heifer this time. Milk a bucketful and let her have the rest."

"O.K.," he said.

Everything in the barn was nice and tidy. Dossie had taken good care of the place. Most of the stock was out in pasture now, only the one cow waiting to be milked and Jim-horse in the paddock handy for riding if she needed him. Jason had a look at the grain bins. There was plenty. Dossie hadn't scanted the animals anyway. The heifer was still in the wobbly stage, but peart, butting and nozzling its mother when he turned it in. He carried the milk pail slowly toward the house. She had her garden in, he saw. She had the Ford truck and the farm equipment under cover where they belonged.

His mind was a froth of suspicion, anger, and vague irritation all mixed up together. Feelings curiously similar to what he'd known the first time he set foot on a foreign beach, scared of the next few

(Continued on page 64)

RAWLINGS

Code letter from Dreamland

The words say he's coming home. But between the lines the heart reads unwritten volumes. Two lives to live together. A whole family history ahead! Treasure every happy moment with U. S. Time. For U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timers . . . in beauty, in accuracy.

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(Continued from page 62)

minutes and at the same time anxious to get them over. He pushed the door open and stepped into the kitchen . . . and it seemed to him that he had known what he was going to find.

Dossie was setting a pan of biscuit in the oven. She straightened as he came in, pushing the door shut with her knee, turning to face him. The cradle stood over there beside the table. Mis' Riley's cradle. The one she'd offered to loan them more than once the first year of their marriage. The fact that there had been no call for it did nothing to make this moment easier. Jason felt his fingers flex and tighten, then grow limp again. Now was the time to lay hands on her if he meant to do it. He set the milk pail carefully on the bench.

"Whose kid is that?"

Dossie leaned back against the table, steadying herself, trying to hide the fit of trembling that had come over her. There was a smudge of flour on one cheek. Funny how it showed up when she was so pale. "I guess you know well enough it's mine," she said.

HE had wanted to make her say so, just the same. She'd have to say more than that before the end. His lips tightened down to a thin hard line. His voice was ugly. "A pretty welcome home."

"I didn't mean to be here when you came. I meant to go—"

But he broke in, not listening to that. "You're no young girl to be taken unawares. You're woman grown. You knew."

"You never wrote!" she cried again at that. "And Pop was dead. I was all alone here after he died. It was so quiet all the time." She was holding one hand against her throat as if it hurt her getting out the words. They came on low but steady: "I meant no harm. This man—I— He was fishing up near Hellfire last August, and he laid up here a spell with a twisted knee. He was—no account. But he had a lively tongue."

Her eyes were as blue as harebells. Just as blue. He didn't want to remember other eyes that were black and soft and merry. He didn't want to recollect the trinket bought for Dossie, given into those teasing, greedy hands. Want them or not, these things were in his mind, and he was empty of anger all at once. He wasn't mad at her. Just tired. Sick and tired and anxious to be alone. He wanted to hole up all by himself and hide his hurt. He would get over it after awhile; he knew that much. He'd find another woman—if he ever wanted one.

"It's a pity you didn't just—go along with him," he said. "If he'd have you."

"I could have gone with him," Dossie answered with a flick of pride. "But I wouldn't leave the place, Jason. You know that. Somebody had to keep it up for you. I thought you'd sure send word when you were coming. That's when I planned to leave."

"Well—I'm here now," he said.

"I know it. And I'm going. I'll go tonight. Rileys will take us in for a day or two." The baby whimpered, and she turned quickly to the cradle. She lifted it out on the table to change its didie. It was a scrawny little thing, not fat and sassy like a baby ought to be. Its face was turned toward Jason—skim-milk white, it looked to him, with dark thumb smudges under the eyes. Even its crying was feeble.

"He's puny," Jason said.

"It's my fault!" Dossie spoke up sharp, as if his words cast some reflection on the child. "I couldn't—I mean, I ain't been very well. And the cow only came fresh two days ago." Her eyes studied the ailing baby and her lips gentled. "You're better now, baby. You'll be all right. You're getting bigger and stronger every day."

Jason quit looking at the two of them. He pulled a chair up and sat down, heavy and tired, resting his arms on the table, twiddling his fingers till he noticed it and stopped. She had gone half-starved rather than spend his money. That was why she couldn't nurse her baby. "I wouldn't leave the place, Jason," she said. "Somebody had to keep it up for you." Full grain bins out in the barn; an empty pantry. Jason sucked in his lips. He'd called himself lucky coming out of the Army just about as good as new, but it wasn't going to work out quite so easy. A better world, the soldier on shipboard said. That was a laugh. He had been fighting battles far away, and meanwhile here at home— The hateful thoughts he tried to conjure up would not take shape.

He saw her working in the garden and the barn; he saw her chopping wood and shoveling snow. He thought about Pop dying. Dossie had seen death come close, the way he had. She'd known what loneliness and longing were, the same as him; she'd taken a little comfort where she found it. Like he did. The war lasted too long, that was the answer. A long war took its toll more ways than one. Those who stayed home had their own share in it, along with those who went.

"What are you going to do downtown?" he wanted to know.

"I'll get me a job somewheres. Board out the baby. I can manage."

Jason's eyes slid toward the child and then away. Poor pitiful little scarecrow. Kinda made him think of something—then he had it. The starveling foal. The one Dossie had raised up against his say-so. He thought of the likely colt up there in the pasture. Dossie had done well for him. He wasn't going to give her the same chance for her son.

ALL at once his mind jumped back to morning. He saw the boy he had met herding the cows, digging brown legs into the plump sides of the horse. He recollected the cheerful grin the young one had, and even the smears of jelly round his mouth. . . . Before he even knew what he was thinking, Jason said No to it. Not him. Not him! He wasn't such a fool.

The impulse had been born for all of that. He'd had his tiny glimpse of grandeur. He'd seen the chance to be a little bigger than in fact he was. To take a thing that lay right under his hand and turn it good instead of bad. . . . The better world. Not only overseas but everywhere. Right here, too.

"Don't sound like much of a plan to me," he said. "But you can go, if your mind's made up. Or you can stay here, just whichever you choose." He thought again about the kid on horseback. He said, "You take it a few years from now, your boy could be real useful round the place."

Dossie was holding the baby in her arms, looking down at it and smiling ever so little. The first hint of a smile he'd seen her give, and more like crying than laughing some way or other. But still—a smile. "It's a girl, Jason," she said.

"Well, then, a girl. They can be useful too."

"Well—I don't know." Her voice stayed dull. But he could see a difference in her face. A look as if somewhere far off she'd seen a light shine out. All of a sudden she popped the baby into the cradle and whirled round toward her oven.

"My biscuit! They'll be scorched. And there isn't anything else in the house for supper. Just biscuit and honey and some radishes I pulled. And there's plenty of fresh milk."

"Sounds all right to me," Jason said. "A real good meal."

THE END

BACH
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"I played Bach to win a buck!"

BLOOEY!—went our plans to hear a Bach concert with Les and Hank—those wartime refugees from a symphony orchestra. "Cheer up," I said, "and come over to our house—we've got a lot of Bach albums."

"Phonograph! . . . Records!" snorted Les. "Needles! I don't like my Bach scratched!" That burned me, plenty. "Bet you a dollar you can't tell the difference," I flared. "Sold!" smiled Les. "Let her roll." And he picked up a baton.

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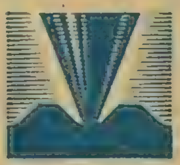

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TABLETS—POWDER

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"War or no war, a lotta folks still fall head over heels in love!

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In these days of shoe rationing, it's good to know that Hood Suprex Rubber Heels make your shoes wear longer. Look for the Hood Arrow."

LOOK FOR THIS ARROW

HOOD

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
a division of
B. F. Goodrich

THAT THESE MAY LIVE

Continued from Page 41

wondered why Roxanna hadn't turned to him instead of to Bill, but the speculation was so futile that it made her impatient with herself.

"Isn't it about time I started earning my keep?" she asked.

Ralph laughed. "All right," he said. "Come on."

As they walked up the path he filled a pipe. From time to time he glanced at her, and at last he said:

"You know, Marcia, you make me feel civilized again. I'm still wondering what made you come down here. Was it really just patriotism?"

She drew a long breath. "No, Ralph," she said. "I wanted to be with you." She supposed she ought to be trembling as she said that. To her surprise, she was calm.

First Ralph gave her a startled look. Then, seeing her expressionless face, he relaxed. He even chuckled. *"Touché,"* he said. "Serves me right for asking."

"I'm serious."

"Then I'm flattered beyond words. You're the first of my students who's come for a postgraduate course."

Marcia could feel a hot flush creep into her face. She didn't know whether she was being teased. It made her feel stupid. And yet, perversely, she was glad she'd been frank.

He stopped to light the pipe. As he blew out the light with a stream of smoke, he added:

"You know, Marcia, you've turned into quite a beauty."

"Why, thanks, Ralph."

"You—uh—*could* be a problem."

She smiled. "To you?"

"Mm. I'm an impressionable sort of guy. Fortunately"—he grinned, making a joke of the whole thing—"Bill and I will soon be going off into the hills for a couple of weeks. It'll probably be his last field trip."

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? So *soon?"* She uttered the words in dismay.

"Got to," he said. "We're overdue. You won't be too lonely. Roxanna can be pretty good company. Besides, I'll leave you plenty of work."

He led her up the infirmary steps, held the screen door open.

They found Bill Gresham at work in the laboratory with some test tubes. When they came in he stripped off a pair of rubber gloves. "Ralph show you the town?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Cleanest place on the *campos*—I'll say that for it." He tossed the gloves aside. "Also, we're forty miles from the nearest swamps, so we don't get the mosquitoes that infest some of the mines. . . . All set to go to work?"

"Itching for it."

They had to prepare antimalaria serum to take on their trip. She helped them for hours. Toward noon Margharita came to call Ralph out for some sort of household conference. And while he was gone, Bill opened a cabinet and bent to get some phials. One of the tubes, set aside by itself, contained an amber fluid. It caught his eyes, and as he squatted there and looked at it a moment, some of the bitterness came back into his face.

Marcia asked in a low, quick voice, "Is that—*it*, Bill?"

"Yep." His tone was dry. "Some day I'm going to shoot a half cc. of this into somebody with yellow fever, and then—it'll be either a flop or a revolution in medicine. But it won't be down here."

He closed the cabinet and straightened, coming back to the laboratory bench.

"Some day," he repeated.

Marcia didn't speak because there wasn't much she could say. They worked in silence until Ralph Worden came back.

It was clear that something had happened to him. He looked angry.

"So we're going to lose Roxanna, too," he said. "She's just told me she's quitting—as soon as we get back."

MARCIA was stunned. She hardly dared glance at Bill Gresham. This was all too obvious. Roxanna wants to be with him, she thought.

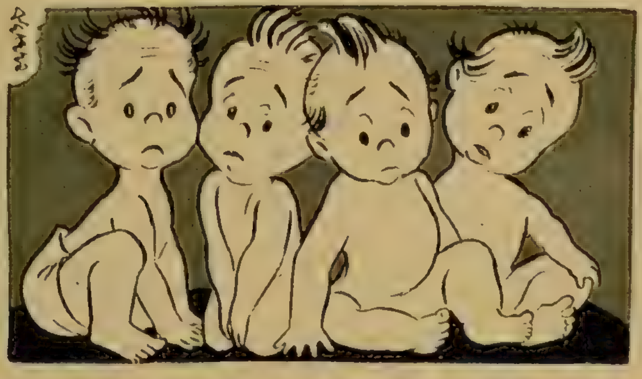
The idea gave her a twinge of pain, almost of wretchedness, that was beyond all understanding.

She kept her eyes fixed on the phials in her hands.

"Uh-huh," Bill said. The words were flat, a little weary. "She told me last week she wanted to go. I asked her not to. In fact, I thought I'd made her change her mind."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Ralph demanded.

"Because," Bill said again, "I thought I'd made her change her mind."



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FOURLORN: A sad quartette.

CROOKID: Teen-age felon.

FLORATORY: Eloquent lecture on plant life.

FRANKFURTHER: A longer hot dog.

HAW-HAWSPITAL: Where they give laughing gas.

HERE-O! A Yank back from overseas.

M-UDDER: A calf's mama.

MUSSTARD: The kind that drips down your chin.

PURRSCRIPTION: Has catnip in it for puss.

SEWLILOQUY: A tailor talking to himself.

Marcia couldn't help asking, "Why—why does she want to go?"

"She's tired," Ralph Worden said. He spoke as if he didn't believe it. "Just plain tired, she claims, and lonely. She wants Rio."

Bill said quietly, "I'm sorry, Ralph."

"Sure you are. You're sorry as hell. I know."

IN the morning Marcia stood at the edge of the village with Roxanna Paradeso and watched the two men ride away on their mules. Manuelo Gorza went as their guide. When they were gone, Arana seemed a deserted place, too quiet, too hot.

Marcia walked back with the nurse.

At the infirmary they sat on the steps, both thinking. The silence threatened to become embarrassing, until Marcia said at last, "In a way, I'm glad I've had a chance to be part of all this."

"Of what, senhorita?" Roxanna asked.

"This whole tremendous job." She wanted it to sound earnest. She thought of saying something stirring about Brazilian and American co-operation. But the words wouldn't come.

"Sim," Roxanna answered. "That is what they say in Rio, too. How we are doing a great thing. *Deus!*"

"Don't you believe it?"

"How can I believe when I look ahead?"

Marcia was puzzled. "What's wrong with the things ahead?"

"Ora, senhorita, see what you *Norte Americanos* do. You need our mica. So you bring us medicos. You bring us machines. You make thousands *mineiros* come and work in the mines. Today they are happy. Today they make much money. But what happens after the war?"

"Why, I suppose—"

"After the war," Roxanna cut in, "you will not need so much mica. You will not be building a hundred thousand airplanes a year. So you will stop buying. You will take your medicos away. You will forget these people. Then what becomes of these thirty thousand *mineiros?* How will they live? Where will they go? Misery will come upon them, senhorita. They will cry out against it. As they begin to starve they will hate. And *whom* will they hate?"

"So you think they'll come to hate us *Norte Americanos,"* Marcia murmured.

"Sim!"

Marcia considered this, then shook her head. "No," she said. "Our co-operation needn't end with the war. We can do many things together. There's much that can be developed here in Brazil. Rubber, the mines, agriculture. You'll need help and we'll give it."

"Will you, senhorita?" Roxanna spoke with skepticism. "Why should you help us when you have no need of us?"

"We will have need of you. We'll have need of all the friends we can get. Just as *you'll* have need of friends. The world's going to be a small place; and, like all small places, the people in it are going to have to help one another if they're going to get along."

Roxanna rose from the step. She drew a long breath. "I only know enough of such things not to believe them too much." She went down to the path. "I have promised one of the women to help with her children this morning. It is time."

She nodded and went away, and Marcia sat on the steps, hands clasped about her knees. She gazed out toward the glittering surface of the mine where eighty men were working. Somehow the past few minutes had given her a deeper respect for Roxanna Paradeso; and yet she saw, too, that it was going to be hard to get along comfortably with the girl. There was a whole national philosophy to separate them. . . .

MARCIA developed the habit of waiting for the nurse for meals; and on the third day after the men's departure she waited for breakfast more than a half hour. When Margharita began to complain, Marcia said, "I'll go see. She may have overslept."

The cottage was quiet. Roxanna's door was closed, and Marcia knocked.

The only answer she got was a moan. She opened the door quickly—and had a shock. Roxanna lay in bed, her black hair spilling over the pillow. Her eyes were closed. The thing that alarmed Marcia most, however, was the hot red flush in her face.

"Roxanna!" she whispered.

She stepped in, put a hand on the nurse's forehead. It was blazing.

She looked at the girl in amazement. And she glanced around the room. It was neat, with clothes laid in an orderly pile on a chair. She was hoping Roxanna might have a thermometer here, and alcohol, and atabrine, but there was nothing like that.

So Marcia ran back to the infirmary. When Margharita called from Ralph's cottage, she answered:

"Never mind breakfast now! Roxanna's sick!"

She hurried back with the things she'd need. As she took the nurse's temperature, she pushed up her own disarrayed hair with a swift hand.

The thermometer registered 104.

Marcia held her breath as she stared at the instrument. She didn't attempt any quick diagnosis.

She gave Roxanna a heavy dose of atabrine—she had almost to force it down—and followed it with an alcohol rub. After that, while she waited, she allowed Margharita to bring her a cup of hot tea and drank it on the cottage steps.

"What is it with her?" fat Margharita asked. In two years of serving Dr. Worden she'd learned enough English to make herself understood. "The malaria?"

"I don't know yet."

"Deus, yesterday she was well!"

"Yes, I know. Now go back, Margharita. I don't want you around here until I know what's wrong."

By midmorning, though the fever subsided slightly, Roxanna looked worse. Her face became splotched and swollen, the eyes sinking within heavy puffs. Her tongue seemed to swell, too, and she began to vomit.

This wasn't malaria. Marcia was sure of that.

Sitting near Roxanna or standing in the small living room, she remembered the case of Guillerdio—Guillerdio who had died of yellow fever.

With growing tension, she tried not yet to accept the symptoms for the worst they might represent. But as the morning passed and then the afternoon, her fears crystallized into a terrible conviction.

She did what she could. But she couldn't end Roxanna's vomiting, nor could she stop the fever from rising in the evening. It passed 103 and touched 104. By that time Roxanna's tongue was scarlet, and her lips were lumps of fiery red flesh in the light of the oil lamp.

IT had all come so swiftly that Marcia's shock was partly unbelief. As she stood looking at Roxanna, she dreaded the idea that this was yellow fever. She'd never seen a case of yellow fever before. Yet everything she knew of medicine, everything she had studied, pointed to the inevitable diagnosis.

She went to Ralph's house, where bookshelves held a small medical library. She took a few of the volumes back with her.

"After two or three days," she read, "of

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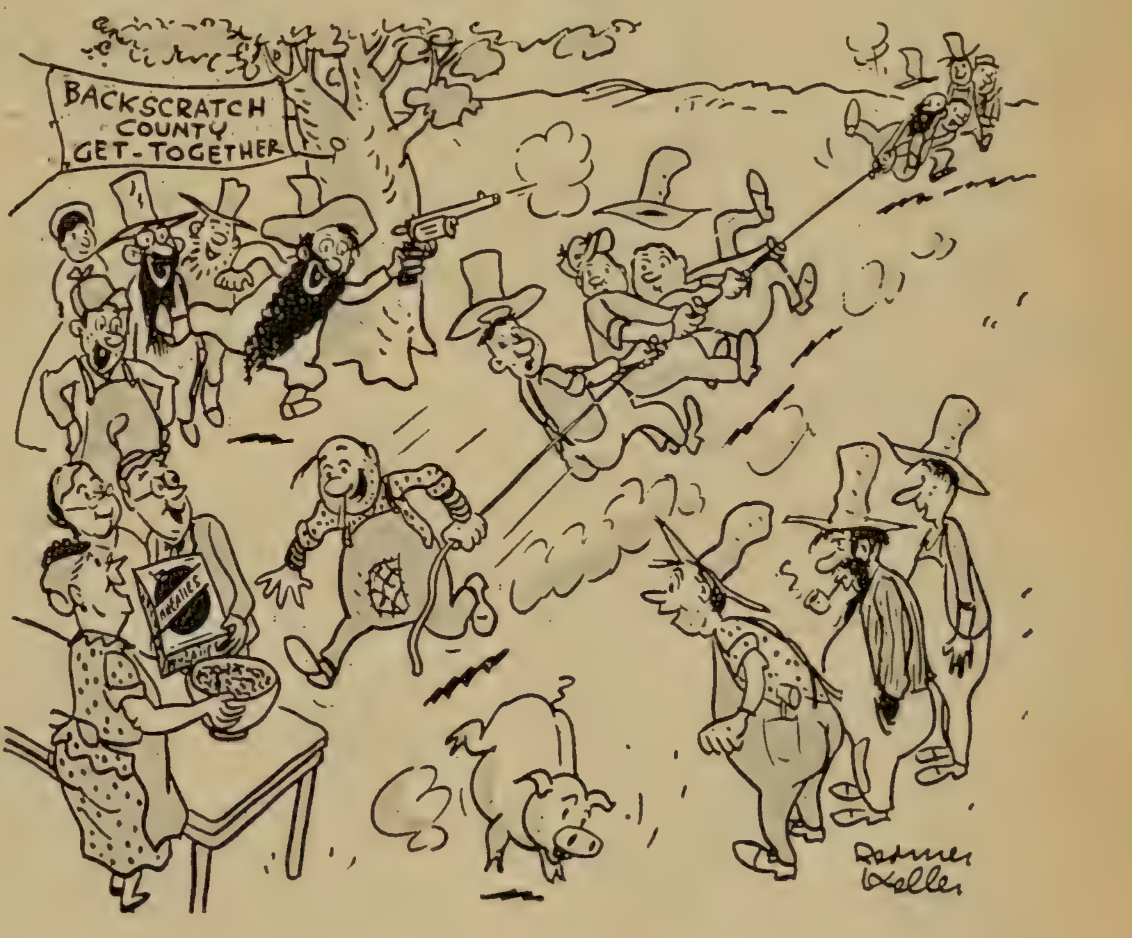

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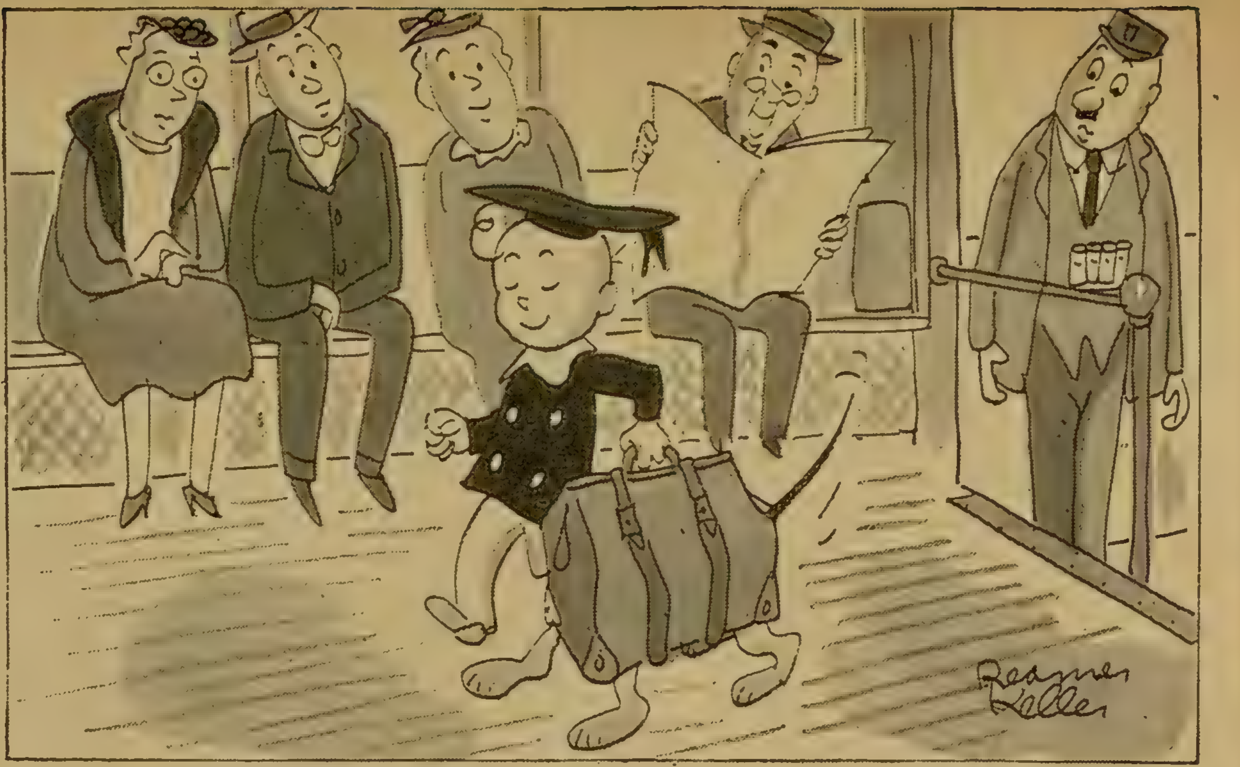


yellow fever, the temperature falls below normal, the pulse becomes slow and feeble, the skin cold and of a lemon-colored tint, the act of vomiting effortless. . . ."

No, there was nothing in the books to reassure her. She rose, drew a stiff hand across her forehead as she considered what she ought to do. What was there you *could* do in the case of yellow fever? If you failed to prevent it at the outset, you didn't have a chance.

Of course there was Bill's untried vaccine . . .

On sudden decision, Marcia went out of the cottage, back to Ralph's house. Tonight she scarcely noticed the *compos* wind or the flashes of lightning. She was still fifty feet from the cottage when she called, "Margharita! Margharita!"

The fat Brazilian woman waddled out on the porch. "*Sim*, senhorita?"

"Where do you think the medicos are now?"

"Who knows? El Diviso, maybe."

"How far is it?"

"Three days."

"Can we send a fast man after them?"

Margharita's fear increased. "Senhorita," she whispered, "is it the—*vomito negro?*"

"I think so."

Margharita fell back a step, crossed herself. *"Deus!"* she whispered.

"Who is a fast man?"

"Francesco Ligara! We can send Francesco in the morning!"

"Not in the morning. Now."

"But a man cannot go in darkness!"

"He will have to go in darkness. Get Francesco. Hurry!"

Marcia didn't want to trust herself alone in this, with Roxanna's life in the balance. Bill would never forgive her for that. She went into Ralph Worden's house, to his desk, and wrote a brief note. In it she said, "All symptoms point to yellow fever. You'd better get back."

A FEW minutes later she watched young Francesco ride out of Arana, urging his mule to speed. She watched until even the lightning flashes no longer revealed him.

Then she went back to Roxanna.

It seemed to her, as she walked, that Roxanna was more than a patient. She was a trust. For Bill. It hurt to put it that way. She wondered why she'd been thinking so much about Bill—much more than about Ralph—and it made no sense. It was, after all, with Ralph that she had thought herself in love. Why, then, did her thoughts always go to Bill?

IT took Francesco two and a half days to reach Bill Gresham. It took Bill another two to rush back to Arana.

Late in the afternoon of Roxanna's fifth day of illness he jumped off his mule and ran up the porch steps, his body soaked with sweat, his face smeared with dirt.

At the door of Roxanna's room he stopped, staring.

She was asleep. Her face had the color of a lemon. It was no longer puffed. Now it was drawn, the skin sagging, with great dark patches around the eyes.

As he pulled his helmet off, he looked to the left of the door. Marcia was rising from a chair in the corner, her face lined after a five-day vigil.

"Marcia!" he whispered. "Good Lord—"

She motioned him into the other room. When she tried to pass him in the door, he caught her wrist. He looked into her face, studied every tired line of it with growing concern.

"You poor kid," he said. "You look as if you've gone through hell."

"I'll be all right." She drew him into the outer room. There she faced him. "Bill, I think she's—going. She's been like this since morning—subnormal temperature, hardly any pulse at all. I—Bill, I did everything I could—"

"Of course you did." He turned back to the door, swallowing as he looked at Roxanna.

"Where's Ralph?"

"He ought to be here in a couple of hours. His mule went lame. I pushed ahead."

She waited a moment. Then she drew in a long breath.

"Bill."

"Yes?"

"Two hours ago I gave her a half cc. of your vaccine."

Bill Gresham swung around, staring. He started to speak, but the words refused to come.

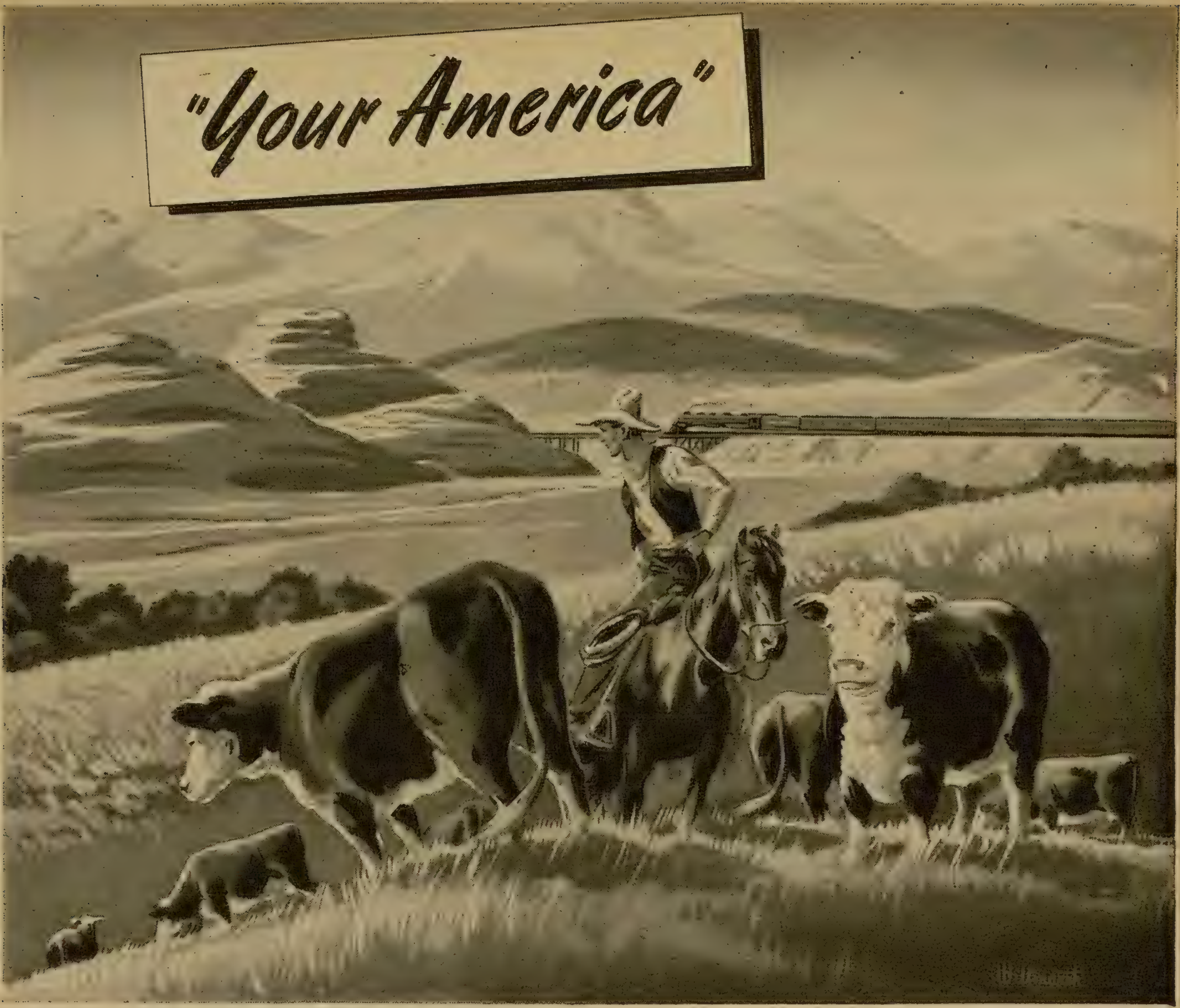
"She was going, Bill. I'd tried everything else. I couldn't let her slip out without taking that last chance. Knowing how you felt—"

He didn't say anything. She could see the muscles work in his face. Then he went to the bedside and put fingers on Roxanna's pulse. He lowered his ear to her heart. He pulled the chair to the bed and sat down.

"I'll take over," he said. "Get some rest."

Instead of going away, she watched him a while. He was bending over Roxanna,

(*Continued on page 70*)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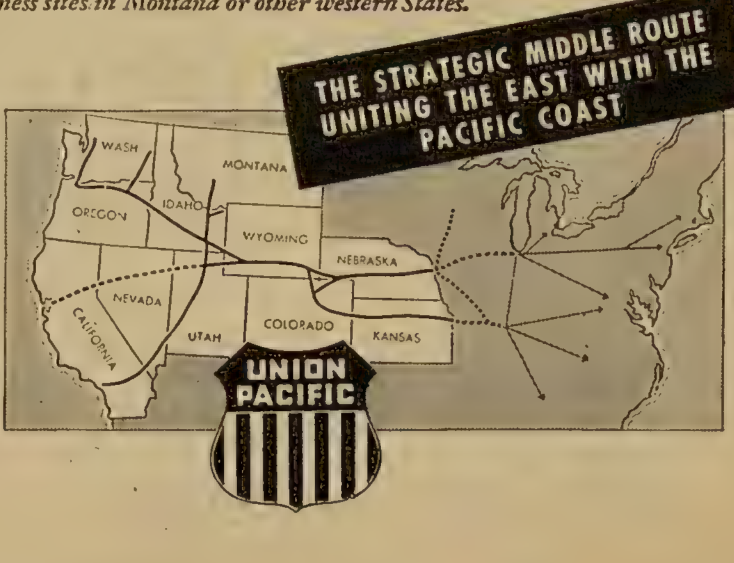
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(Continued from page 68)

intent on her. It must be pretty bad for him, she thought. Not only because he loved Roxanna but because her life hung on his vaccine. Marcia was too spent to have any clear feelings about it now.

She turned and went toward her room. Before she could reach it, Bill came after her. His face was gray.

"If we tell Ralph you gave her the shot, and if he reports it, it can break you, Marcia! It can cost you that M. D."

She nodded. "I did what I know you'd want to do for her yourself," she said.

She pulled away from him, went into her room. For the first time in days she flung herself on the cot, face down. She sobbed a little in sheer exhaustion. I'm crazy, she thought. I'm all mixed up. But having seen Bill again, she was sure now. Crazy as it might be, she loved the man.

When she awoke—because there were voices in the cottage—she lifted her head and winced against the dawn light coming through the blinds. She sat up, sweeping the hair off her face, and listened. Bill and Ralph were in the outer room.

"I *had* to give her the shot," Bill was saying. "It was the only hope I could see."

"What if she doesn't pull through?" Ralph Worden demanded.

"You can put the responsibility on me. You weren't here to stop me."

Marcia was fully awake now; violently awake. Out there Bill was lying, inviting full reprisal on himself, offering his own medical career. She jumped up, crossed the room, and pulled the door open.

"He didn't give her the shot, Ralph," she said. *"I did!"*

Ralph Worden stared at her. Apparently he had arrived only a short time ago. In bewilderment he turned to Bill Gresham.

Bill was angry. He said to Marcia harshly, "What the devil's the matter with you? You don't have to try to pull me out of this. *I* gave her the shot. I'm the only one who had any faith in it—"

"Then where," she challenged, "did you put the phial?"

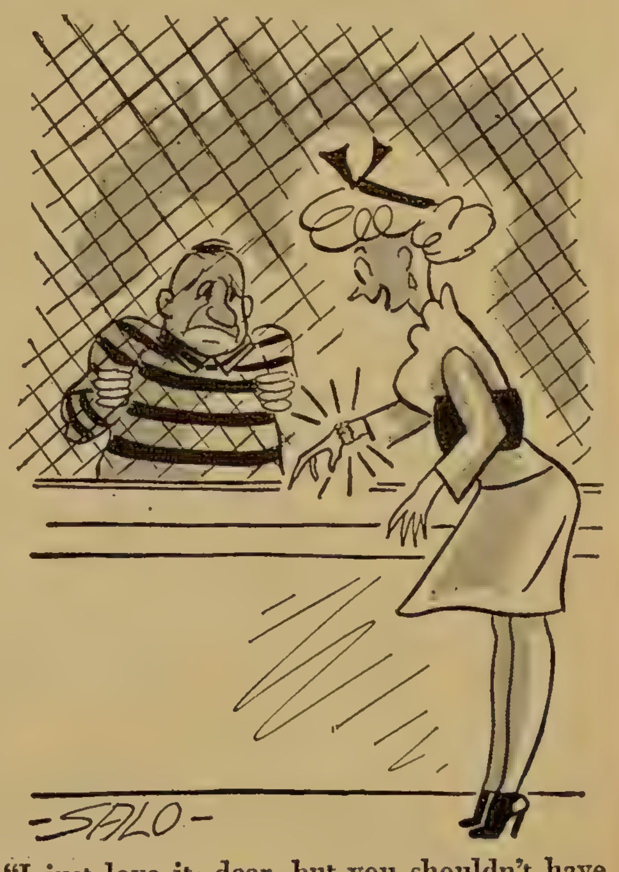
"The phial?"

"If you used it, you must have put it away. Where is it?"

"Why—in the lab—back in the cabinet—"

"You won't find it there," she said to Ralph Worden. "He can't tell you where it is because *I* put it away after I used it. It's in the top drawer of the chest in my room."

(Continued on page 72)



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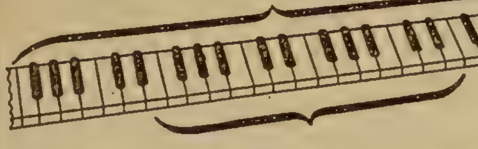

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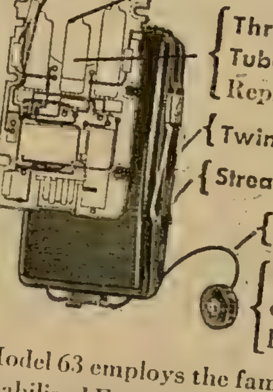
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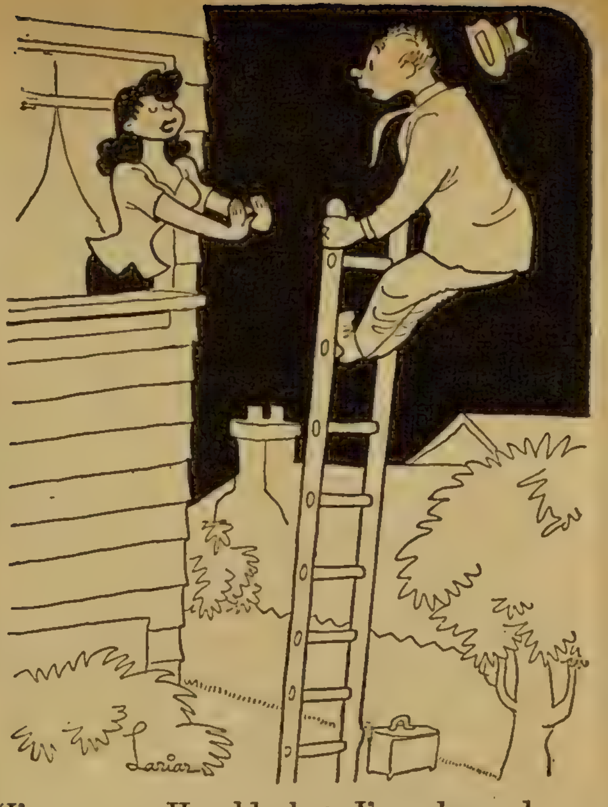


"I'm sorry, Harold—but I've changed my mind!"

(*Continued from page 70*)

Ralph looked from one of them to the other. His eyes were full of wonder. Then he shook his head. He went into Roxanna's room, pulling the door shut behind him.

As soon as they were alone, all the anger faded out of Bill Gresham's face.

"Why didn't you leave it as I gave it to him?" he asked. "I was satisfied."

"I couldn't, Bill. I just couldn't."

His eyes held hers. And then he said, "You're swell, Marcia. I knew it from the start."

He went on. "There are some things I've got to tell you—right now. How I kept thinking about you on the way to El Diviso. How I couldn't get you out of my mind. How I struggled with it for two full days and—and finally told Ralph I'd stay on here—because I wanted to stay on as long as you stayed."

Her eyes went wide in amazement.

"He thought I was crazy," Bill said. "Maybe I was. But I'd had time to think the whole thing through. I started wavering about going away the day you came off the boat at Pirapora. That's why I resented you, I think—or tried to make myself feel I resented you. You sort of—undermined my plans. And out there on the trail, on the way to El Diviso, it came clear. I didn't want to leave now. The vaccine business could wait."

She was filled with a sense of unreality—but with a strange happiness, too.

And then, remembering, she whispered, "But, Bill, I thought you—and Roxanna—"

"I know," he said. "You saw us at the cottage that first night. I saw you, too, when you ran away, and it made me feel rotten. Later I wanted to tell you about it—only I couldn't. Not without sounding like a heel. It won't sound very gallant even now, but I've got to tell you now."

She waited, lips parted.

"I've never been in love with Roxanna," he said. "I don't think she was ever really in love with me, either. But there were only two of us out here—Ralph and I—who could give her any fun, and Ralph was too sunk in his job to give her much attention. So she turned to me. She had to have companionship of some sort. I say companionship, Marcia, and that's exactly what I mean. Only, the Latins aren't always sure where companionship ends and love begins. The night I took a book to your room, Roxanna stopped me. She said that when I went away she wanted to go with me. It—it sort of scared me, and I said no. She wanted to know if I was blind, if I couldn't see how she felt. Then she was in my arms, and she kissed me—and you came along the path—"

"Bill!"

"That's how it was, Marcia."

She believed him. She wanted to believe him. He must have seen it in the way her eyes began to shine, because he took her into his arms then, and he kissed her, and for a while he kept his face buried in her hair. Marcia didn't try to talk.

Sure, it was crazy to come with an illusion of love for one man and to find it swept away by love for another. It was crazy, but wonderful.

A LONG time passed before Ralph Worden came out of Roxanna's room. "Her pulse is much stronger," he said. "Sixty now. She's breathing easier, too." His bloodshot eyes went from Marcia's white face to Bill's, searchingly. "You know," he added in a hesitant way, "it's beginning to look as if she may pull through."

They both tried to speak, but Ralph pressed on:

"Of course she might have pulled through *without* the vaccine." His eyes narrowed with a strange new light in them. He asked Bill, "You don't plan to claim any credit for that serum on the basis of one case, do you?"

"Well, no-o," Bill said. "Still, if she does pull through, I'll feel more certain than ever that I've—"

"You'll be happy about it. Naturally. All of us will. But you don't want public *credit*, do you?"

"Why, no—"

"Good. In that case, I don't see why we'll have to report the thing at all and bring on a question of ethics."

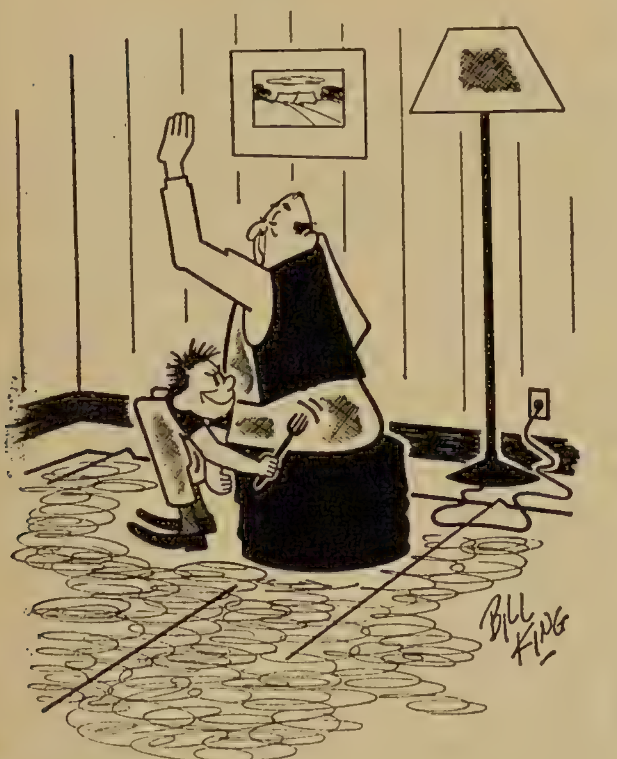
As Ralph Worden turned back to Roxanna's room, he glanced over his shoulder. This time Marcia could have sworn she saw the hint of a smile in his weary eyes. He said, "I don't want investigations bothering us down here. We've got too big a job to do. We've still got to help win a war." He looked straight at Marcia. "Did Bill tell you what he told me on the trail? About staying on?"

"Ye-es."

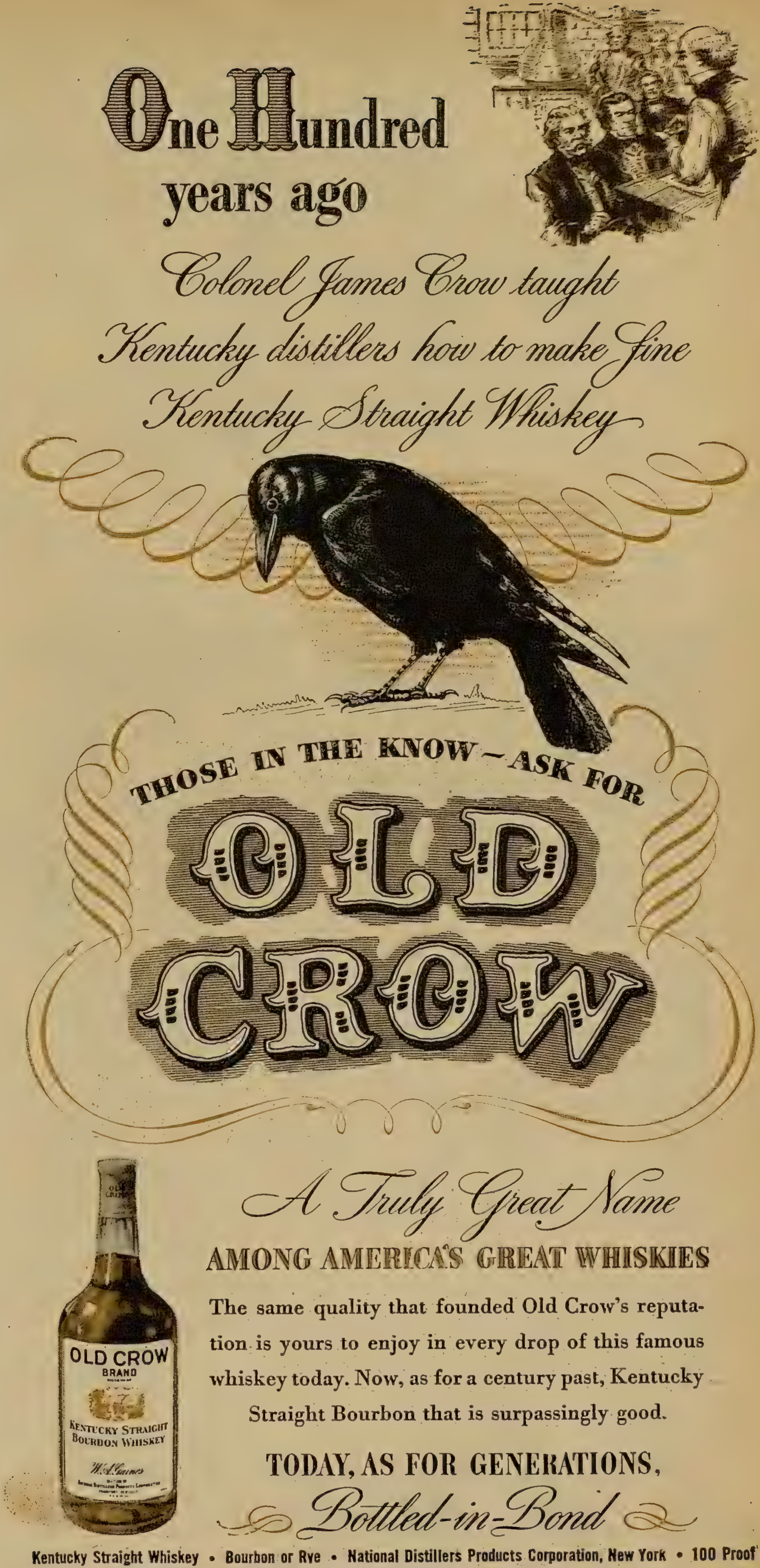
"The fool thought he hadn't a chance with you. He thought you'd come down here because of me. Tell him how wrong he is, Marcia."

Ralph Worden smiled again, nodded to her, and went into Roxanna's room.

THE END



"This is going to hurt me more than it does you."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SALTONSTALL OF MASSACHUSETTS

Continued from Page 19

lector of the Port of Boston by Grover Cleveland. Odd as it may seem, both his grandfather and father were Democrats.

The Saltonstall wealth came from his mother's side of the family. She was a Brooks. So Leverett's background is inextricably interlaced not only with Saltonstalls but with Brookses and Adamses. Their great fortune was founded not in Massachusetts but in the Middle West: they were early and highly successful plungers in Chicago real estate and Western railroads. Leverett and his mother are supposed to be worth somewhere between $5,000,000 and $10,000,000 today.

Seldom have I seen in America such a tightly packed bit of family ground as the Saltonstall colony in Chestnut Hill, Newton, just outside Boston. Gray stone gates lead into a small park; there is an artificial ditch across the road, forcing automobiles to slow down—to protect children playing. Saltonstall's grandfather laid out in this neighborhood five lots for his five children; on one is Leverett's house—a simple gray frame structure. Next door, in a red brick house, lives his mother, Mrs. Richard M. Saltonstall. Other relatives occupy more Saltonstall properties close by.

IN 1903 the eleven-year-old Saltonstall met a young girl named Alice Wesselhoeft at dancing school. He fell in love with her on the spot, and has been in love with her ever since. They were married in 1916, and have had six children. One, Peter, was killed in Guam in the summer of 1944. Another, Leverett Jr., is a lieutenant overseas. Emily is a radio specialist in the Waves; Bill is a student at Andover; the youngest, Susan, is still in school.

I talked to Saltonstall several times, trying to explore the pattern of his convictions. His belief always centers about his family. And he has reached a simple philosophy more or less to the effect that a good family spirit is what produces good communities, which in turn should produce good government. Naïve? Perhaps. The last question I asked him was, "What do you believe in most?" He scratched his head and looked puzzled. "Well, it might sound more impressive if I said something like 'democracy' or 'the country,' but let's not be pretentious—what I believe in most is my family."

Saltonstall was graduated from Harvard in 1914; and, family aside, what he believes in most is Harvard. He was secretary of his class. His scholastic record was not distinguished. He played hockey and captained the first and only Harvard crew ever to win the Henley cup. He read for the bar and worked for a few years as an attorney and, of course—Boston being Boston—as a "trustee."

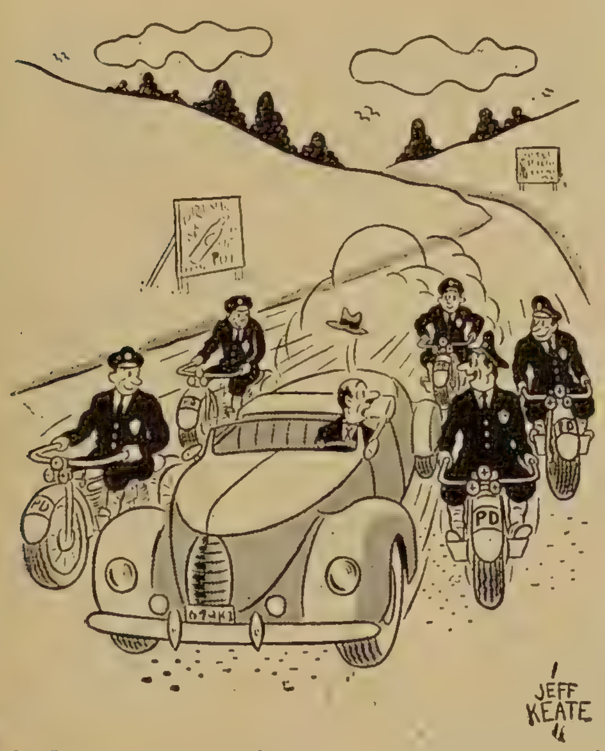
But politics bit him early. It is in the blood. Once, in the family archives, he found an old newspaper dated 1875, which described how his grandfather, on being sworn in as Collector of the Port, appealed for integrity in public office. This made a great impression on Leverett; ever since he has felt impelled to follow his forebear's footsteps. I asked him how his political life began, but I do not vouch for all the details that follow—he is both so swift in speech and so shy that it's hard to nail him down. It seems that one of his uncles, Endicott Peabody Saltonstall (the whole story is pivoted on family relationships), ran for district attorney when Representative James Michael Curley, then boss of the local Irish, was mayo of Boston. When Curley heard that Endicott Peabody Saltonstall might become district attorney, he snorted, "What! All three of them?" Then—this was in 1920 or thereabouts—young Leverett was elected an alderman in Newton. In the next year he became his uncle's assistant as district attorney, and in 1923 he entered the Massachusetts Legislature.

At the beginning, because of his shyness, he was hopeless at political give and take; he was the world's worst greeter. The legend is that two friends hired a suite in the Parker House, installed a soapbox in a locked room, ripped off his coat and shirt, hoisted him up on the box, and kept him there shouting and gesticulating until he got used to it. Another story is that one adviser sought to curb him from ever saying anything extemporaneous; Saltonstall had made some wisecrack that hadn't quite caught fire. The adviser cautioned him, "Lev, any time you ever think of another quickie, call me up, and next day I'll let you know whether or not to use it."

IN 1936, having risen to be speaker, he ran for the lieutenant governorship. He was defeated in a close race by an Irishman who, ever since, has lived on the reputation of being the one man who ever beat him. For Saltonstall has never lost another election. He has risen astonishingly fast. He ran for governor in 1938 against Curley and won by a tremendous vote—in part because so many Bostonians had become sick of Curley. He was reelected in 1940, but by a narrow margin; his opponent, Attorney General Paul A. Dever, was an excellent vote getter. In 1942, running for governor a third time, Saltonstall beat Roger Lowell Putnam, the mayor of Springfield. Then came the senatorial race in 1944.

This election filled the seat originally held by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., who, an ambitious and complex young man and an Army Reserve officer, resigned from the U. S. Senate in February, 1944, to enter active service. Saltonstall might easily have quit as governor and been appointed to the Lodge vacancy without a fight. But, says Saltonstall, "I didn't quite like to do it." So he decided to finish his term as governor and take his chances in a regular election. To fill the vacancy he appointed his friend Sinclair Weeks, with the understanding that Weeks would not subsequently run against him.

His victory in the November race that followed was prodigious. He carried Massachusetts by a 2-to-1 majority—something all but unprecedented. And it was the more impressive in that President Roosevelt



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carried the state by 113,936 votes, and Mayor Maurice J. Tobin of Boston, a Democrat, of course, won the governorship overwhelmingly. Taking the Roosevelt-Dewey figures as a criterion, Saltonstall ran ahead of his ticket by more than 300,000 votes. No such personal triumph had been known in Massachusetts history, and Saltonstall became the greatest vote getter in the annals of the Bay State.

We come now to a question that demands answer. *Why* did Saltonstall run so far ahead of the ticket? What accounts for his hold on Massachusetts voters? It appears that there are several reasons:

1. His obvious merit. He gave the state six years of excellent administration. People liked him because he was wholesome and upright. His popularity overran party lines.
2. He was careful not to say anything much against Roosevelt. He always worked closely with Washington on national defense.
3. A distinct liberal, he caught most middle-of-the-roaders. Some of his speeches sounded as if they had been written for, not against, the New Deal.
4. His labor record was good, and although the P. A. C. did not overtly support him, it did little to oppose him. The C. I. O., incidentally, did support him in 1942.
5. Above all, the Irish did not fight him with much zest. Motives for this date back a long way. Many Irish were mortified by the records of some previous governors; fed up, they wanted an honest man.

Incidentally, Saltonstall is a member in good standing of the most venerable and celebrated of Irish institutions in Boston, the Charitable Irish Society. He dug up an Irish ancestor some years ago and thereupon became eligible for membership. The joke is that it was quite a strain to find his Irish strain.

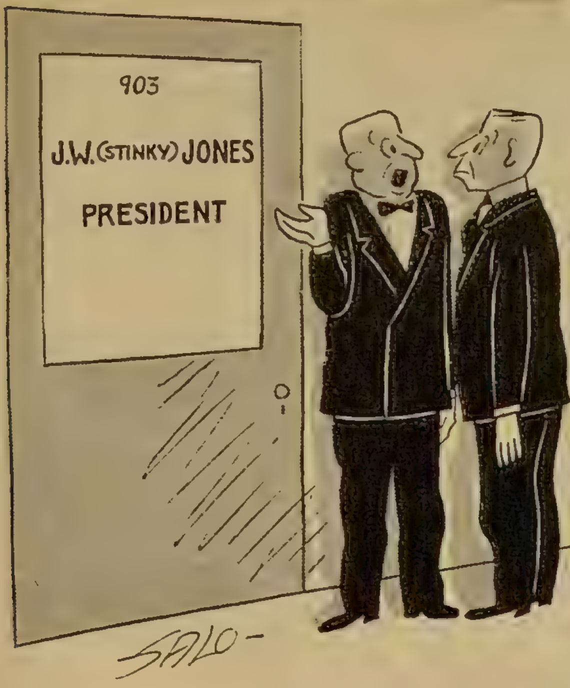
SALTONSTALL'S home is in Chestnut Hill, but he much prefers to spend what time he can on his ninety-acre farm near Dover. When he was governor he always spent week-ends there, even if it meant leaving the State House at three o'clock Saturday morning, when his work was finally done. On the farm he liked to relax by pitching hay and cutting wood, but lately he has found this too fatiguing, and now he loafs. For years he and Mrs. Saltonstall rode to hounds, but they gave it up in 1939 when, Saltonstall told me, "I fell and broke my neck and the missus fell and broke her leg."

On week days, as governor, he used to take a suburban train and get off in the Back Bay, about a mile from the State House; he usually walked the mile, since this was the only exercise he was likely to get. He arrived at his desk at nine twenty and worked till six, eight, or midnight, as the day demanded.

He drinks nicely, smokes very little, and eats anything. He has a drawl and pronounces the word law "lawr." He is fond of the theater, but never gets time to go. What he likes best are familiar things. When he was governor, if he happened to be in New York or Springfield, he would always try to catch the last night train, so that he could sleep at home in Boston

He has little time to read anything except official papers. But he goes through one of the news magazines cover to cover, and glances at a picture magazine. It takes him a very long time to read a book. Sometimes he picks up a hefty tome, usually on a political subject; it will last him months. "My wife jollies me about it," he says.

He likes to get good people to help him write his speeches; then sometimes this embarrasses him. Boston's new archbishop, Dr. Cushing, drafted his 1944 Thanksgiving Day proclamation, but when it won wide



"No matter how high he's climbed, he's never lost the common touch."

praise, Saltonstall felt that Cushing should have the credit. When his son was killed, however, he himself wrote the letter in which he responded to condolences, and it was a beautifully written and moving document.

Saltonstall is not much of a churchgoer. Technically he is a Unitarian. But his faith, in the Puritan tradition, springs out of himself rather than from organized religion.

His sense of humor is acute. Once he got letters from President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt on successive days, concerning the same matter. Saltonstall exploded, "Can't those two *ever* get together?"

I asked him what he wanted most out of life. He replied with a disarming simplicity, "To be of service, and to leave a good name." He would be pleased to be President in 1948. But also he would be scared to death.

HIS friends are legion, partly because his own friendliness is effortless. He told me that he probably knew about 10,000 people in Massachusetts by name and face, but that now, as he gets older, his memory sometimes fails him. He has a nice homely touch, very rare with blue bloods; he is neither stuffy nor a backslapper.

Among the people very close to him—and this is a good example of Saltonstall's wide gamut—is Allen Larrivee, his aide and chauffeur when he was governor. You can tell a lot about a man by the amount of proprietary interest taken in him by people of his entourage; and Larrivee worships him. No detail in the life of the governor was beyond Larrivee's respectful attention; he had carefully read the questionnaire I had submitted, and he wanted above all to be sure that I would *understand* his boss. That Saltonstall's chauffeur should be au courant on such details as a political interview is, of course, typical of the United States. Larrivee is "new" in Saltonstall's service; that is, he has been with him a mere six years. The other chauffeur has served the family thirty-four years. Saltonstall, Larrivee told me, "is the most considerate man who ever lived." He will take the most extraordinary pains to see to the chauffeur's comfort, and so on. Larrivee, of French descent, is Catholic. Ted Stavredes, a sergeant in the state police who was official bodyguard, is Greek in origin.

Saltonstall has a good puritanical sense of the value of industry; also of time. He

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☐ *Handsome is as handsome does*
☐ *Beauty is only skin deep*

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has only one habit that sometimes riles the entourage. "He drives us crazy catching trains." If a train is to leave at 2.37, he wouldn't dream of getting to the station until 2.36½.

He works "like a jumping jack," his friends told me; he is after something or other day and night. And one of the few criticisms I heard is that he tries to do too much himself. He is so conscientious that he finds it difficult to delegate authority; he likes to fuss around. He can't keep his fingers out of things—another New England trait.

THERE is a wisecrack that Saltonstall has everything—except brains and intellect. Myself, I have my doubts. Saltonstall's chief defect, if you can put it that way, I'd describe as a certain lack of essential bulk, essential stature. He does not lack stamina, but he could never be like Theodore Roosevelt, say—a great man capable of taking violent risks or making tremendous mistakes, of generating explosive forces. Saltonstall is not Olympian; no blasting fires of creation rage in his lean belly.

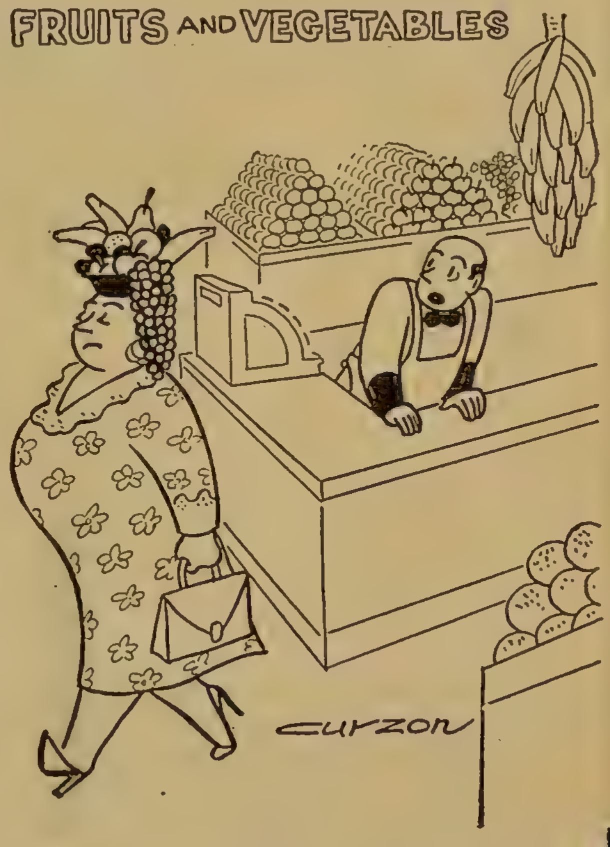
Sworn in on January 9, 1945, as junior senator from Massachusetts, his first remark to Washington reporters was characteristic: "I'm not here to make news; I'm down here to try to learn." And he added to friends, "All I know is that I'm on the honeymoon. No commitments; no promises of any kind."

Very early in his Senate career Saltonstall showed (a) that he knew the way the wind was blowing, (b) that he was willing to be heterodox with the courage of his convictions, and (c) that he was a liberal, by being one of the few Republican senators to vote *for* Henry Wallace.

I asked him in Boston how he happened to become an interventionist long before Pearl Harbor, in 1939. His answer was both simple and profound. He kept hearing airplanes fly over his house. And he knew they were en route to Europe. Well then, Europe couldn't be so far away! He represents a seaboard, a mercantile community. Therefore he couldn't afford to blind himself to what went on abroad.

And certainly he will take a strong line for liberal trends; in fact, one of his first acts in Washington was to join the round robin of freshman senators pledging support of the administration's foreign policy.

THE END



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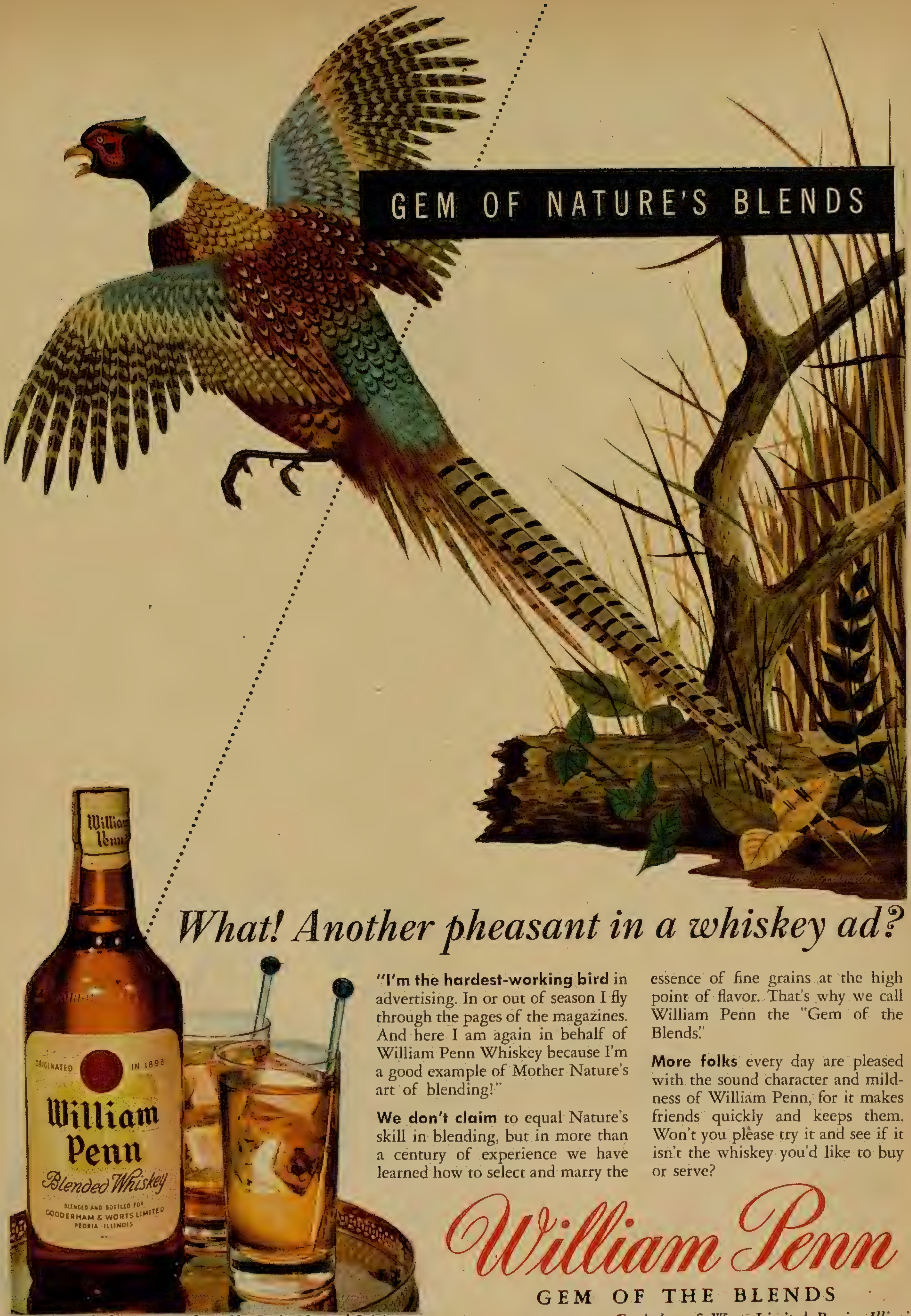
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STOP-WATCH COMPOSERS

Continued from Page 35

scene; catch the cues—the cat, Lester, and brother; compensate for anything the scene might lack through bad direction; write something worthy of himself; and satisfy the producer, who knows nothing about music except what he likes.

A picture composer usually makes sketches and turns them over to the orchestrator with a short briefing on what he'd like to hear by way of instrumentation and voicing. The orchestrator, who has been through this before, nods the composer on, and thinks: What a bum this guy would be without me! The composer, painstakingly making his explanation, thinks: If only I had time to do my own orchestration!

The copyist now enters the pattern. He gets the score the orchestrator has transcribed from the original sketch and copies the individual parts from it. After extracting the parts, he turns the whole works over to a librarian, who then begins to photostat or mimeograph the string parts for the many string players who will be in the orchestra. Composers favor large string sections because a string complement ensures instrumental balance and therefore records better, makes for more effective writing and enhances the timbre, vibrancy, and sonority of orchestral tone. In short, it sounds good.

WHEN all the sequences to be underscored have had similar treatment, we are ready to record.

The contractor has instructed the orchestra personnel to convene on a given date at a given time.

On the Scoring Stage, at H Hour of D Day, the conductor mounts the rostrum and gives the first down beat. The recording is now in session.

The scoring stage is a large room with walls and ceiling acoustically treated. At one end is a motion-picture screen and at the other a control booth for the sound engineer, or mixer, who watches the stage through a glass panel; a projection room and an equipment room which contains the sound-recording machines (called sound cameras), and scores of other complicated contrivances about which no one except the mystic cult called soundmen, knows anything.

After rehearsing—we're the conductor, remember—we are ready to run the music against the picture for a final rehearsal. There we stand with a stop watch in our left hand, a baton in our right, the conductor's score on the desk before us, and the picture about to appear on the screen at the far end of the room. We're a busy man.

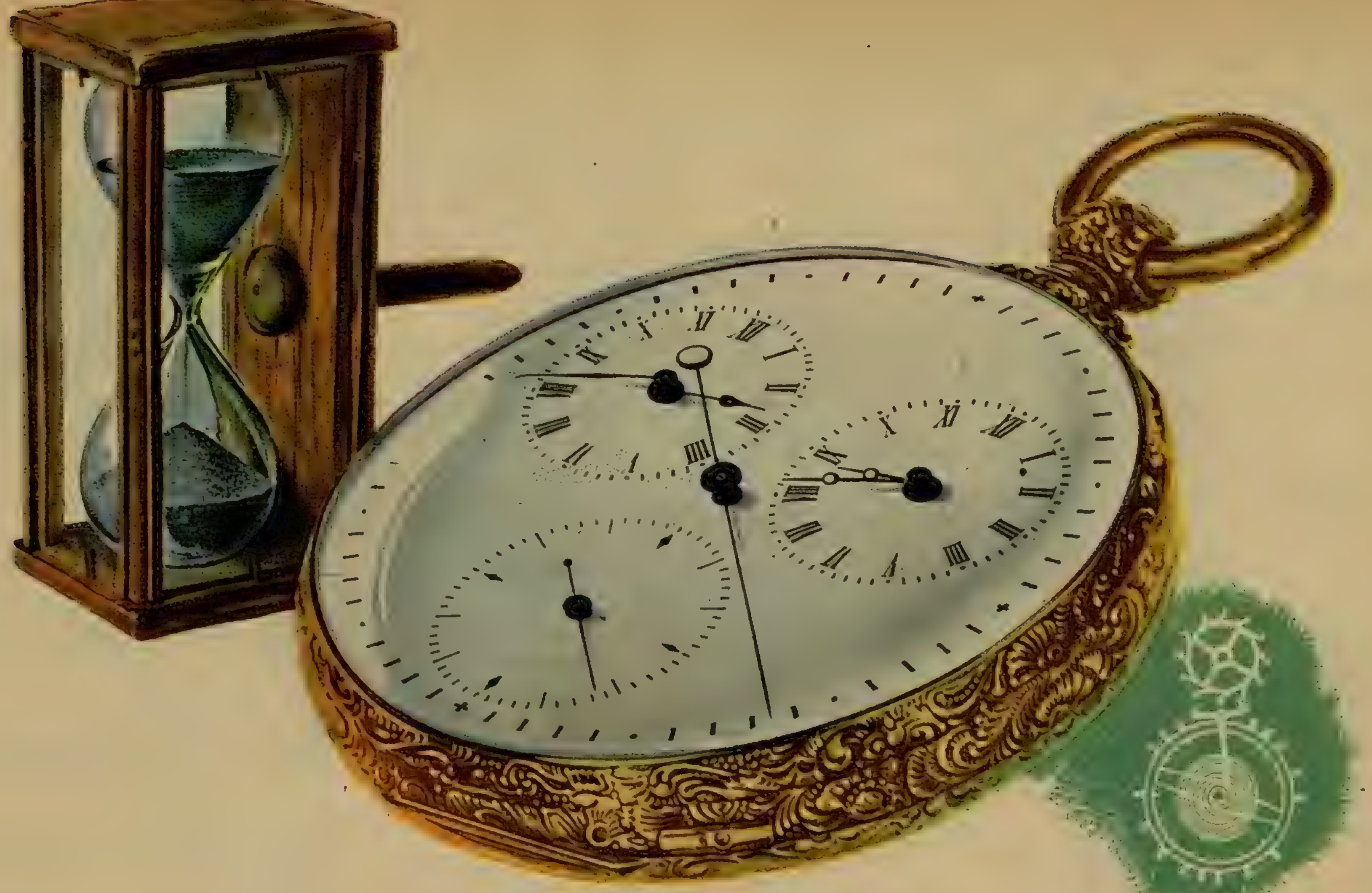
The stage lights go down and the action immediately preceding Lester's entrance into the newspaper office flashes on the screen. We wait tensely for Lester, and we're grateful that the music cutter has marked two preparatory cues on the film to warn us of Lester's approach. The warning cues pop by and the scene is upon us.

We start the orchestra with our right hand and punch the stop watch with our left.

The picture is running, the music is playing, and everything's right with the world.

At eighteen seconds we check the action against the score and, sure enough, there's Lester's hand taking the paper from the file. At fifty-two seconds we look up to see the cat as the wood winds make like one.

(*Continued on page 82*)



"Observation Time Piece" by Morris J. Tobias—Liverpool (1798). Believed to have been a Presentation watch made for George Washington.

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(Continued from page 80)

At one minute Lester stumbles to the proper accompaniment. In anticipation of brother's dead face, we turn to the trombones, and darned if they don't come in on the button, and at one thirty-five we hit the last chord and cut it off at one forty, just as Malcolm turns on the lights.

Our own lights go on and everyone starts to talk at the same time.

The supervisor yells: "Great, let's make it!"

The composer: "It doesn't seem to have the right feeling."

The orchestrator: "For all the violas I heard, they might just as well have been playing in Hoboken."

The mixer, over the loud-speaker from the booth: "Just keep the basses down a little and I think we can make a take."

After overcoming the usual difficulties—sour notes, bad balance, and a dozen other recording problems, everything works at the same time for a successful take. We are now ready to rehearse the next sequence, which takes place on the veranda of a boathouse overlooking a moon-drenched lake, where Malcolm tells Gertrude he isn't worthy of her.

And so on into the night.

WHEN the picture was first filmed, the actors' dialogue was recorded on a sound camera. At this stage of movie making the picture and the dialogue are on separate strips of film. Consequently we have film with picture on it; film with speech on it, called the dialogue track; and film with music on it, which is called the music track.

The day after the recording the music cutter starts "lining up" the music tracks with the picture, so that everything will fit beautifully. And in the lining-up process, the sound effects department, to the discomfiture of all within earshot, has supplied the picture with any sounds required, natural or otherwise.

In addition to dialogue and music we now have three or four sound-effects tracks. These vary in number according to the dictates of the picture. For instance, a train, with spasmodic whistle blowing, running through a thunderstorm would necessitate three tracks—one for the train, one for the whistle, and one for the storm. A few shots fired somewhere in the sequence would require a fourth sound-effects track. Every so often we cut to the cab of the locomotive for a few comments on the situation by the engineer or the fireman, and the entire scene is underscored by music for a grand total of six tracks.

The problem: What to do with six tracks.

The answer: Re-record them on one track.

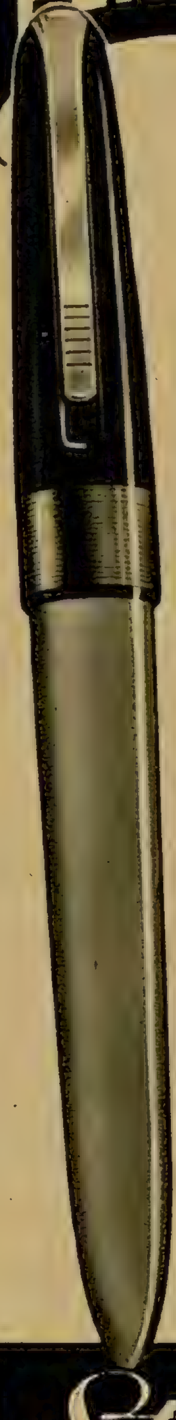
If all six tracks are played back at the same time, they should make audible sense with the picture; and if the sound of all six tracks running simultaneously is "dubbed"—recorded by a sound camera—the result will be one composite sound track of all the sounds necessary for the picture. Then the dubbed track and picture are reproduced on one strip of film called the composite print.

The musical picture involves an additional procedure. Singing and dancing performances make it necessary to record songs and music for dance routines before the scenes are photographed. This is called prescoring.

When Dorothy Lamour is called upon to sing one of her horizontal songs, she is placed recumbently beneath the particular palm chosen, and then photographed moving her lips to the sound of her prescored voice. You can see that this ensures her best possible singing performance and still allows her to be photographed in the at-

Gary Cooper
Producer and Star of International Pictures' "Along Came Jones". . . always a dependable performer.

DEPENDABLE PERFORMERS



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THE DEPENDABLE PEN

tractive position which is called for by the script.

Just think of Gene Autry astride Champ, his trusty steed, jogging slowly along beside the leading lady and dulcetly intoning Tumbling Along with the Tumbling Tumbleweeds as the seat of his frontier pants bumps in staccato rhythm against the saddle, and you have a rough idea why prescoring is so important.

THE songs used in pictures are seldom written by the underscoring composers. Song writers, as a rule, concentrate upon producing popular songs, and the composers and orchestrators see to it that the songs are presented as attractively as possible. Musical education, strangely enough, is not a prerequisite to successful song writing. This is no criticism, because some of our best composers couldn't write a popular song worth playing on a sweet potato.

Of course there are exceptions. Recently David Raksin, one of the composers at Twentieth Century-Fox, related, with some astonishment, that a theme he used in a picture as background music for the girl got considerable comment from the public. Thousands of letters poured into the studio inquiring about the theme, asking where the music could be bought, who wrote it, what its name was, and so on. With an eye to making some unlooked-for dough, Raksin had Johnny Mercer write a lyric for the piece, and shortly thereafter found himself with the country's number one song on his hands.

The name of the picture was Laura. The song—Laura.

That old chestnut, "Where does the music come from?" was effectively resolved recently during a conversation which took place between a studio composer and the secretary of one of the more important producers.

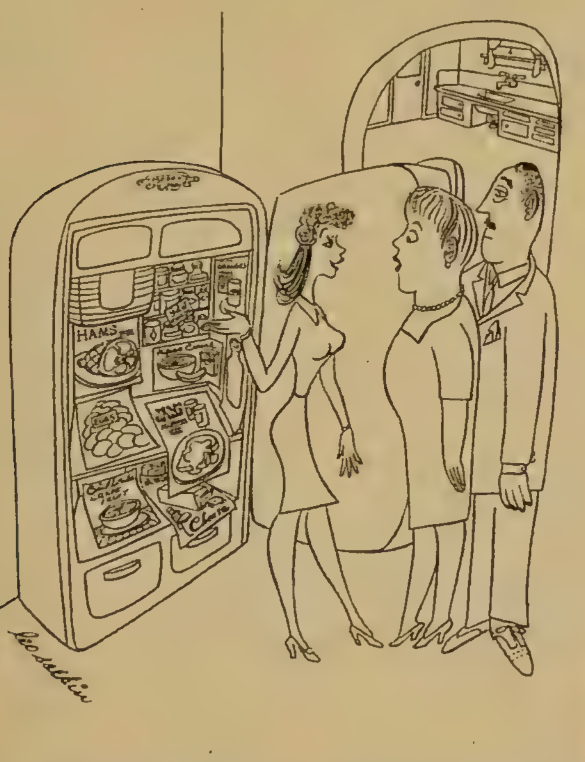
"Have you heard," she inquired blithely, "that the boss has decided not to use a note of music when making our next picture?"

"How'd he ever arrive at that momentous decision?" asked the composer as he smoothed the hair on the nape of his neck.

"Well," she said, "the entire action takes place in a lifeboat. Now, really, where would the music come from?"

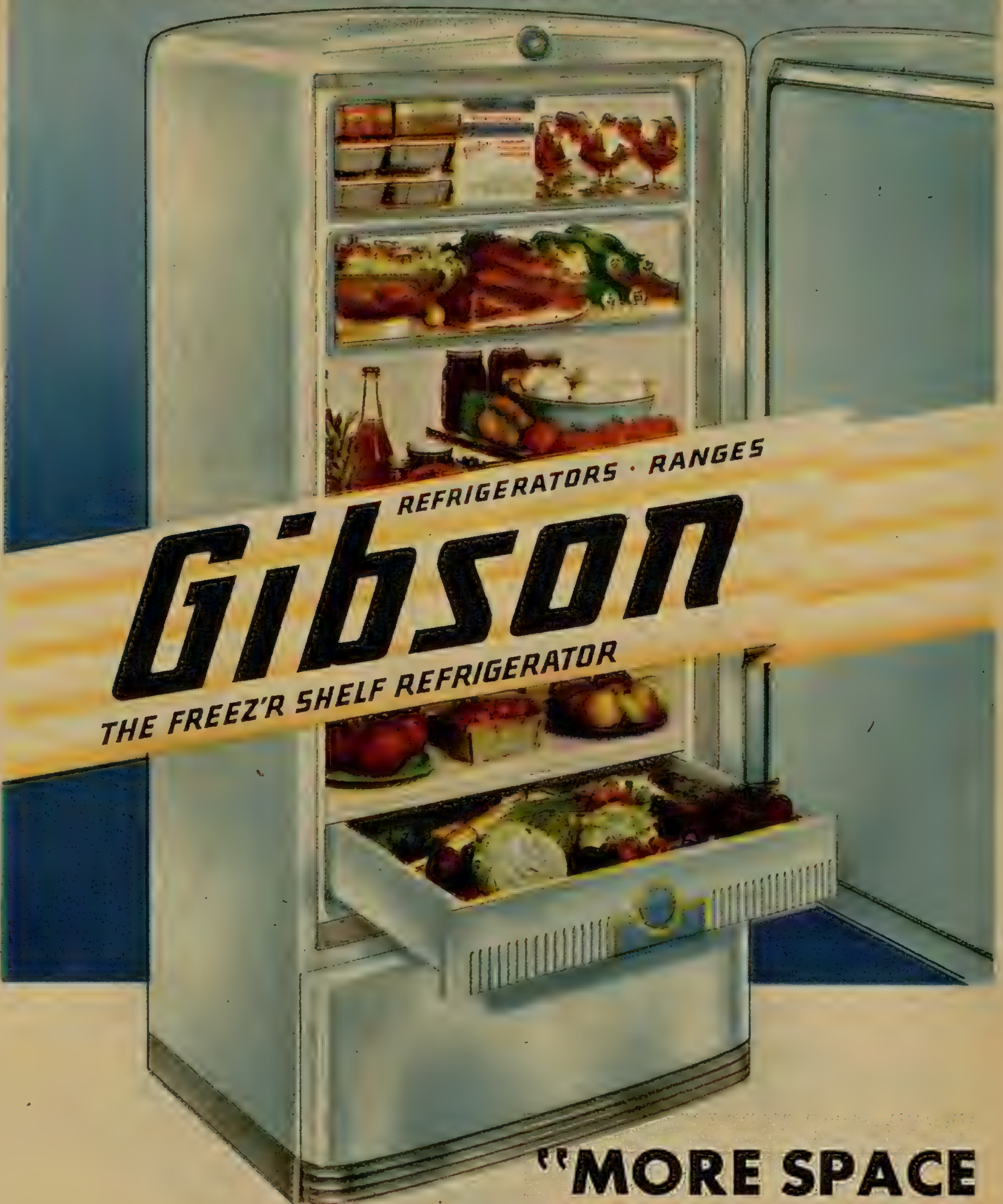
"You go back to the boss," said our boy, "and have him tell you where the camera was. Then see me and I'll tell you where the music comes from."

THE END



"Of course, they're only food advertisements cut from magazines, but they do keep up my morale!"

WITH WALL-TO-WALL FROZEN FOOD STORAGE



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Kookall ELECTRIC RANGE

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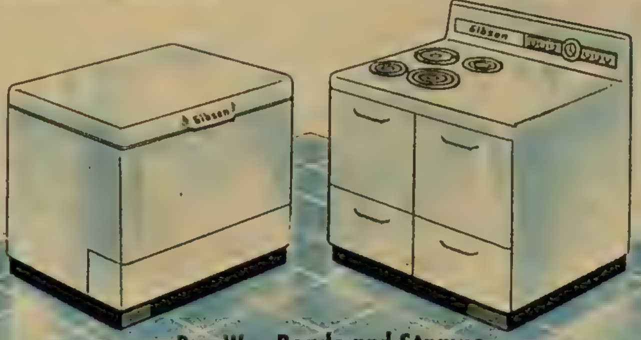

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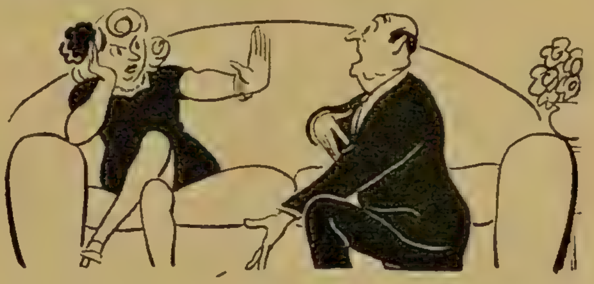
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

BOYS FROM OVERSEAS: Among the boys who have recently arrived from overseas are two who never saw the United States before. Bent on becoming Americans, they stowed away aboard Army transports. One is a nine-year-old Italian, Natale "Chuck" Piavallo. The other is a Polish orphan, Joseph Eugene Paremba, twelve years old. Battery C of the 38th Field Artillery Battalion, Second Infantry division, found Joseph in Germany and adopted him as mascot. He was smuggled aboard a troopship in a duffel bag, and on arrival in Irvington, New York, was discovered by the Immigration Service.



CONCEALED WEAPONS: Taffeta petticoats in bright Scotch plaids are helping fashion-hungry servicewomen fight off the gentle melancholy induced by the monotony of uniforms. Though the color doesn't show, they know it's there, and the feminine whisper of taffeta reminds them that they're women and will one day return to frills and furbelows.

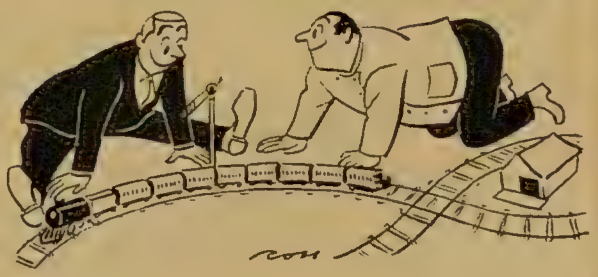
NO SPARK PLUG, HE!—A Down East belle, getting on in years, was asked why she didn't yield to an old beau's importunate proposals of marriage. Richer in candor than delicacy, she replied, "What would I do with an old man? *I'm* not getting any younger. I don't want my batteries run down; I want them charged up!"

HATS ON!—Velvet, fake jewels, and feathers are destined to go to our heads this fall, according to several New York hat designers. Cloches, turbans, and berets appeared in a recent showing of fall millinery by Lenesta, among them a wide-brimmed black velvet beret intricately draped and bordered with a band of phony jewels. Gold metallic inserts brightened a black felt turban. Another fall collection, Mago Hayes', showed berets trimmed with simulated jewels. Feathers for femininity appeared in profusion, for this designer believes that the return of the male animal to the home front will make such fluttery, flattering foliage unusually popular. Her circlet of gray feathers had a muff to match, lined with gray moiré taffeta. Marine blue and sea-green feathers merged in a crown which rippled and shimmered with such abandon that its creator called it "The Blue Danube Waltz."

SPEAKING OF MOLARS: Dentist M. Joel Freedman of New York City takes most of the pain out of toothaches by getting his patients to his office for regular check-ups, and entertaining them while there with moving pictures, radio, recent magazines, books, and best of all, a magnificent electric train. The streamliner, enclosed in a large glass case, is operated by push buttons on the outside, with a special red job for tooting the realistic whistle. The train, plus a generous supply of toys in a playroom and an assortment of Mother Goose and Donald Duck movies, make small fry actually beg for visits to the dentist. Dr. Freedman encourages mothers to bring very young children two or three times just for fun, so that when a searching look at their teeth is indicated, they have no fear of the office, the dentist, or his assistant nurses.

STRANGE SPOUSE: In 1932 Lawrence Gordon Cowen married Brenda Lee Cowen of Surrey, England. During the first five years of their married life they lived in Iran and agreed not to have children then, because they felt the danger of childbearing for a European woman in that country was considerable. This summer the British Court of Appeals granted Mrs. Cowen's petition for an annulment of the marriage as "unconsummated" on grounds that Mr. Cowen had continued to insist they should not have children.

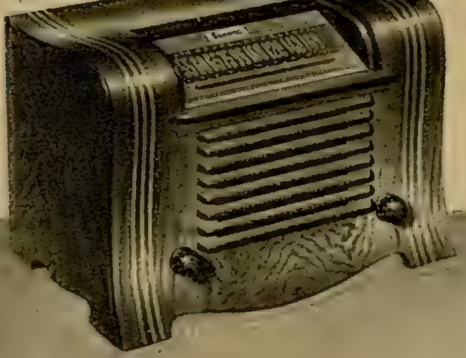
MASH NOTES: Here's to the guest who uses a coaster when putting his highball glass on my piano. . . . And to the lady who doesn't leave lipstick on towels or dinner napkins. . . . And to the boss who never starts a meeting at 5 P. M. . . . And the bus driver who stops when I'm running to catch his chariot instead of looking doggedly the other way and stepping on the gas. . . . And to the noble character who takes a look around when opening her umbrella so that she jabs it in nobody's eye. . . . And to the mother who doesn't quote *all* the bright sayings of her young. . . . And to the husbands and wives who keep on talking zestfully *to* and *about* each other after years of married life. . . . And to guests who leave the party while it's going strong instead of waiting till it begins to drag. . . . And to the boss who hasn't forgotten that a kind word is more stimulating than a bawling out. . . . And to the hostesses who manage to have fun themselves, and give their guests a good time despite wartime shortages. . . . And to my family for gallantly pretending to like fish when it's all I can get.



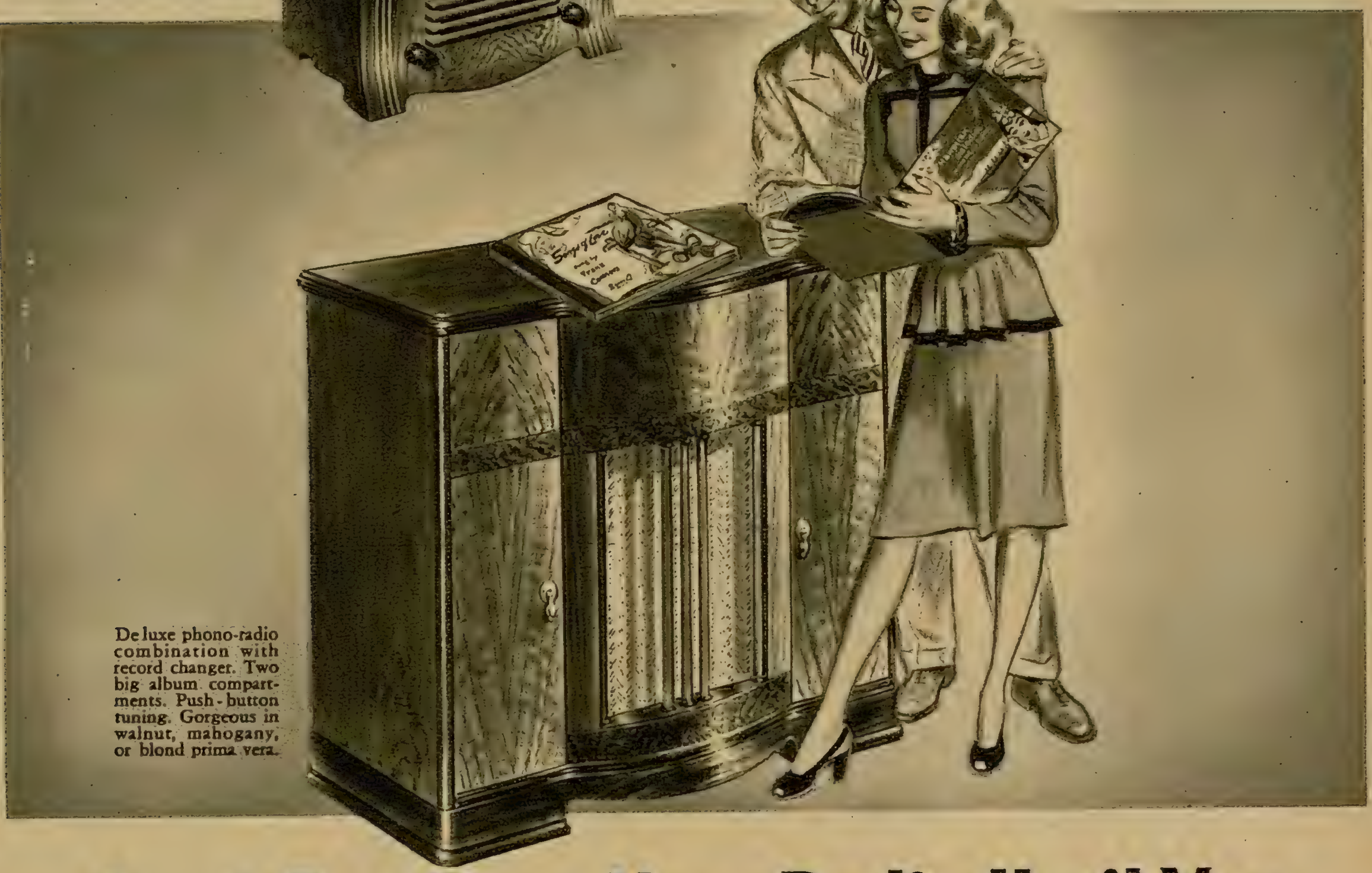
HUMAN PRETZEL

Wrinkling up his button nose,
Baby chews his cherub toes.
How can anyone so fat
Be that smooth an acrobat?

Whether it's a Table Model or a Console...

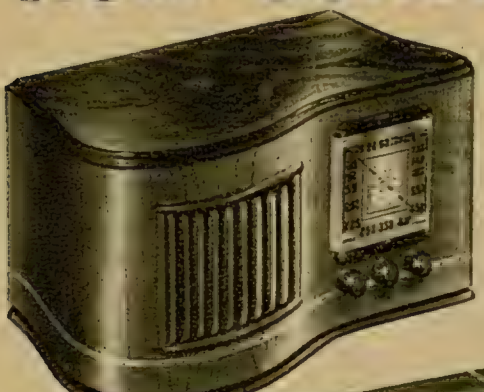


This 5-tube AC-DC table model features extra-large full-vision dial. Built-in "Sonorascope" loop — no aerial or ground needed. Walnut cabinet. Inlaid striping.

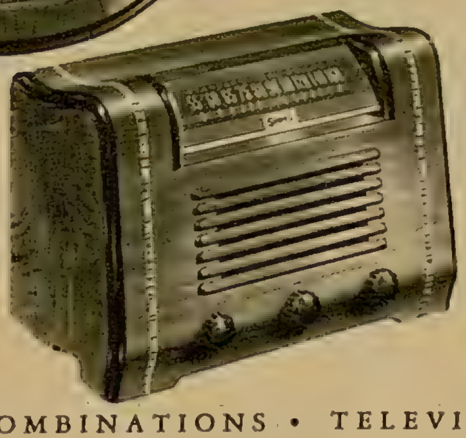


De luxe phono-radio combination with record changer. Two big album compartments. Push-button tuning. Gorgeous in walnut, mahogany, or blond prima vera.

Don't Buy Your New Radio Until You Hear Sonora's *"Clear as a Bell"* Tone



You'll get big-set tone with this 6-tube AC-DC walnut table model. Unique dial styling adds distinction to handsome cabinet.



This de luxe 6-tube AC-DC table model sounds like a console! And it's a beauty—in walnut or blond prima vera.

When you buy your new radio, don't depend on claims. Check. Compare. Yes, compare any SONORA radio for tone with any other radio in its price class!

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Have *you* taken it for granted that you *must* always wear a belt-pin-pad harness on "those days" of each month? That you *must* be careful about bulges and ridges that "show"? And *must* use a sanitary deodorant? . . . Please remember that Tampax eliminates all these worries because it is *worn internally*.

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

THE BIG BALLOONS ARE BACK

Continued from Page 33

burg, and other German Zeps, who turned up shortly after V-E Day, may be our only source of information concerning the fate of the rigid airships. In view of his known anti-Nazi attitude, we may soon add to our knowledge of airships.

Already we have learned that the Germans had discovered helium deposits in the Belgian Luxembourg region and were preparing to develop this small supply to the limit for military purposes.

The extraordinary fact is that the United States has made no wide military use of its own great quantity of helium—except, of course, in the blimps.

But no effort, apparently, has been made to put into effect the vision of General Billy Mitchell, who foresaw the bombing of Tokyo by aerial-borne planes such as the Germans tried to perch on their hydrogen-filled Hindenburg.

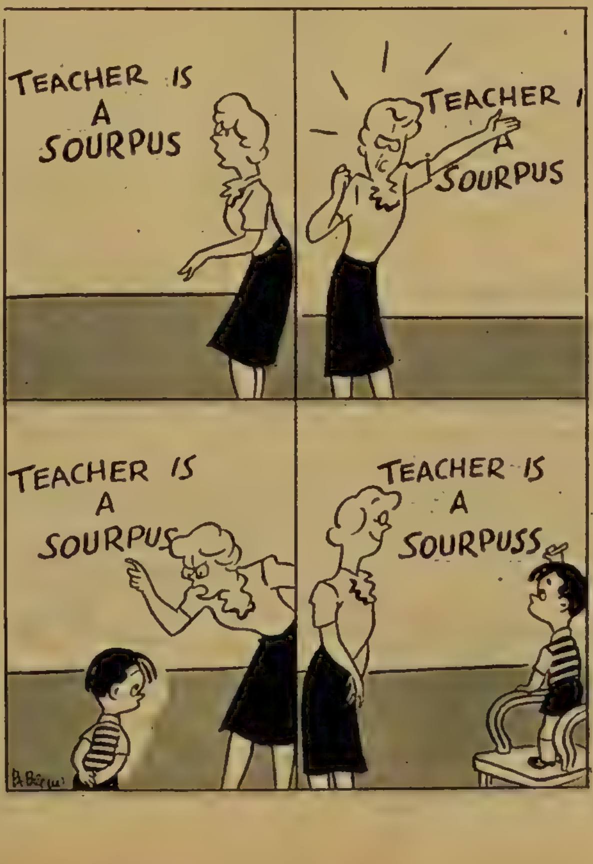
The American designs for dirigible carriers, both then and today, are, in the opinion of our lighter-than-air enthusiasts, much more practical.

The American models—which have had actual tests—provide for picking up planes, housing them *inside* the great dirigible, and relaunching them. They were intended originally for military use, but the idea is perhaps even more practical for commercial purposes. It would permit the pick-up of passengers, express, and mail from way stations on a transcontinental nonstop flight.

During a recent Congressional hearing, it was demonstrated that a rigid airship with a gas capacity of about 10,000,000 cubic feet (some 850 feet long) could carry seven to nine heavy bombing planes as a striking force. Half a dozen such aerial carriers could equal the striking power of a medium-sized surface carrier, and have at least three times the speed of delivery toward the target. Furthermore, the actual launching of the planes would be faster, because they would be launched in full flight.

What is more, economy is claimed for dirigible plane carriers. They would need no escort of destroyers, cruisers, and other screening units which now accompany surface carriers. This is apart from the saving in fuel.

This factor of economy, plus the restful



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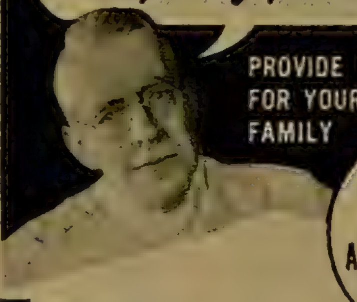

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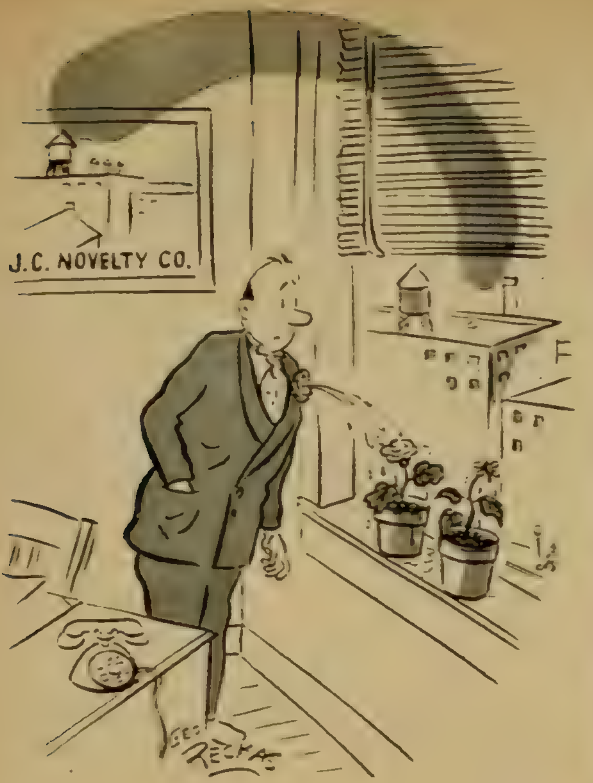
J.C. NOVELTY CO.

comfort of travel by dirigible, led a number of air-line companies to debate the possibilities of a change in postwar plans. Here, in a preview of a postwar advertisement being made ready by a dirigible service, is the way the lighter-than-air salesman puts it:

"There is no engine noise, no perceptible rolling or plunging in ordinary weather. The sensation is one of floating effortlessly, and the passenger lands refreshed, with greatly restored energy and a sense of well-being."

A craft that can remain aloft no matter what happens to its engines would undeniably appeal to many. The superb safety record of U. S. air lines using planes reduces this advantage, but it remains a comforting thought for the less adventurous.

On one voyage the Hindenburg's motors cut out while the ship was still over the Atlantic more than 1,000 miles from America. Further, the Hindenburg was making a westward voyage against an eastbound hurricane that did millions of dollars' damage along the Atlantic coast. Lakehurst received repeated phone calls. How could the fragile airship buck the storm?

After riding the hurricane's edge, the navigator found he had made a land speed of 160 miles an hour with an air speed of eight. Further, there was no perceptible increase of motion during the storm. With the passengers none the wiser, the ship had simply ridden the air currents until repairs were made. It was not even alarmingly behind schedule.

"The currents wouldn't have been so right again in a thousand times," Eckener is quoted as saying, "but it happened that time."

The Hindenburg's capacity was 7,000,000 cubic feet. It carried about fifty passengers, about thirty tons of fuel oil for its four Diesel motors, and some five tons of cargo and provisions.

American designs now on the drafting boards are larger. These dirigibles will be capable of transporting 125 passengers and ten tons of cargo, in addition to fuel oil. The military version of the same ship can cruise from six to eight days at sixty knots, just about double the speed and range of a surface aircraft carrier.

Dirigible experts believe that ships of this size can profitably transport cargoes at costs which will stump the heavier-than-air boys, and carry passengers at fares comparable with first-class steamship rates.

Is your marriage rapidly approaching
the 'Indifferent state'

...because you don't know these
Intimate Physical Facts?

A peck on the lips for a kiss? No more holding hands in the movies? A lack of attention when you're talking? All *little* things — but things which can lead to that intolerable indifference—then QUARRELS!

All too often the fault lies with the wife. She simply doesn't realize how important *douching* often is to womanly cleanliness, health, charm and happiness — how important *douching* is to combat one of women's most serious deodorant problems. And — SO VERY IMPORTANT — the wisdom of putting an effective germicide such as ZONITE in the douche.

So POWERFUL Yet So SAFE To Delicate Tissues

Certainly no modern well-informed woman would think of using old-fashioned weak homemade mixtures such as vinegar, salt or soda. These DO NOT and CAN NOT offer you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so *powerful* yet so *safe* to delicate tissues as ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength — ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. It positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no creosote, phenol or mercurial ingredients. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injury.

Zonite Principle Discovered by Famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE *instantly* destroys and removes offending odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* that no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to kill all the germs in the tract BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! ZONITE *instantly* kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

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SLOE GIN

★ Pour 2 ounces Red Horse Sloe Gin into 8-ounce glass. Add ice. Fill up with lithiated lemon or lime sparkling soda. Stir briskly until frothy head foams.

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For those who love roomy luxury, the new dirigibles will have something of an edge on any plane thus far practically proposed. Their steadiness will allow voyagers to stretch their legs, and there will be plenty of space for observation cabins, smoking rooms, dining saloon, and private sleeping quarters. Also, cabin windows offer a virtually unlimited view.

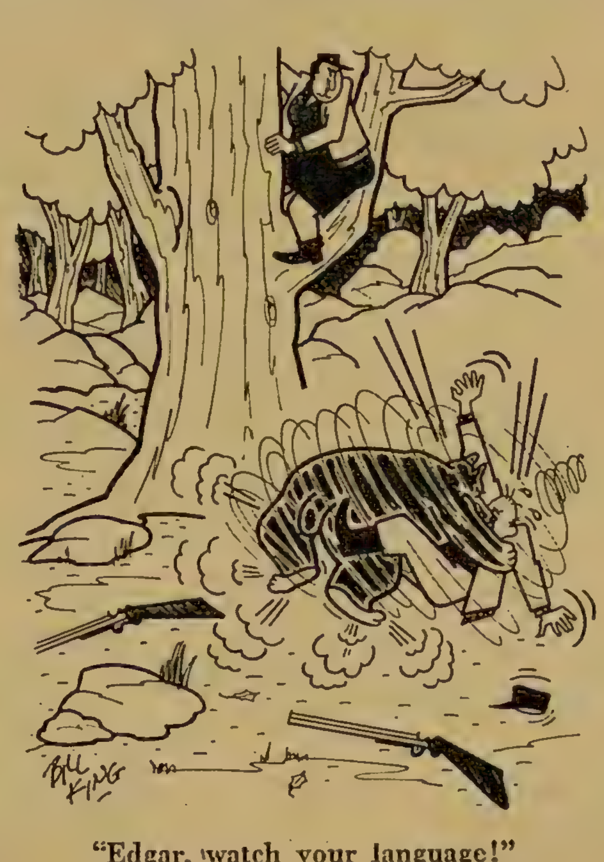
If the air lines do go in for dirigibles, our natural monopoly of helium will give American lighter-than-air craft command of this type of transportation.

Next to hydrogen, helium is the lightest gas known and has 92 per cent of the lifting power of hydrogen. Today, the principal helium production plant of the U. S. Bureau of Mines at Amarillo, Texas, is a closely guarded military reservation. By 1940, after eleven years of operation, it had produced more than 100,000,000 cubic feet of helium, and at that time had an annual capacity of 24,000,000 cubic feet. Besides Texas, the government has reserve areas in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, Kansas, Montana, and as far east as Michigan. All told, the peculiar rock formations apparently hold enough helium to supply all foreseeable needs of American lighter-than-air aviation for at least a couple of centuries.

Our top-ranking naval expert, Rear Admiral Charles E. Rosendahl, U. S. N., summed up for Liberty the virtues of the dirigibles in relation to the lessons of the present war.

"Much farther than any airplane, much faster than any surface vessel," was his terse summary of the advantages of aerial carriers for fighting and bombing planes. "In any field where long range, high speed, and large load-carrying capacity are involved," he said, "the airship merits the most thorough consideration. Combine those qualities with superior habitability, better radio and communications, better navigational facilities, wider speed range, and steady, vibrationless elevated platform, together with an ability to handle much worse weather situations than it is commonly understood to be able to, and the airship becomes a formidable specialist for an assortment of tests. No scheduled commercial airship flight was ever canceled or uncompleted. In reliability and adherence to schedule over long distance, considerable data show that the commercial airship outshines the commercial flying boat as the sun does the moon.

"Obviously, there are more people who have knowledge of and interest in the



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Make of car
now owned .... year model
9

* * *

As the Allied troops went into Germany, the people were voluble about their dislike of the Nazi regime and how they really hated war. A special correspondent of the London Daily Mail wondered who was it, then, that had kept Hitler in power. After deep reflection, he came up with this explanation:

"It was a small bespectacled little German, Hans Puffler of Bad-Muckinstein, who did it. In 1933, secretly and unknown to the German people, he elected Hitler by disguising himself and running in and out of a polling booth 13,500,000 times. And it was Hans Puffler who did all that Sieg Heiling, who started the riots in the Sudetenland and Danzig, etc. And in our opinion he should be slightly punished."

* * *

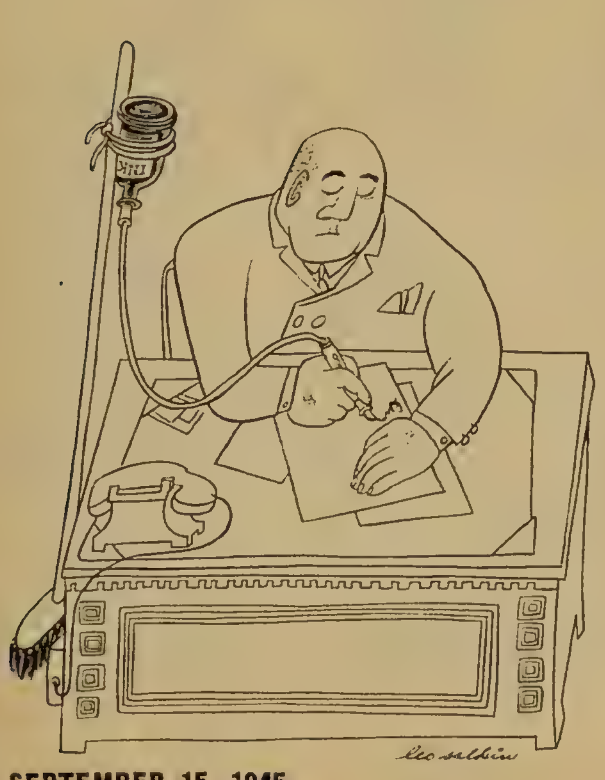
hundreds of thousands of airplanes built year after year than the few who know anything at all about the hundred or so big airships ever built in the world. But those who study the subject openmindedly and fairly should be able to see that airships and airplanes can complement each other rather than be competitors. Some people feel they must take sides on the subject of heavier-than-air (airplane) and lighter-than-air (airships). Unlike politics, however, it's entirely legitimate and logical to believe in both airplanes and airships, provided, of course, that one realizes that each is a specialist in its own right."

A visit to wartime Lakehurst, New Jersey, the nation's principal dirigible port, leaves the impression that the laboratory of war has given the airship new versatility and added vastly to the knowledge possessed by its operators. This knowledge will be passed on to the men who will build and fly dirigibles in time of peace.

In fact, an experienced blimp pilot rattled off some quite startling postwar uses for the *nonrigid* airship: seed sowing, insecticide spraying of large areas, aerial mapping and surveying, scouting and spotting for the fish industry, wild-animal census taking, forest-fire patrol, and even elevated mobile platforms for Hollywood when overhead shots are desired.

Conceivably, such uses may create a lively peacetime demand for the airship. A lot of airmen are beginning to think so.

THE END



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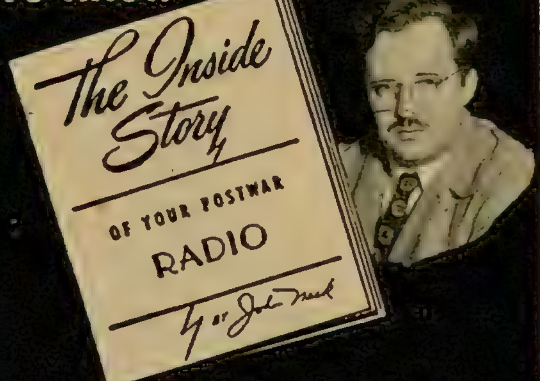

What recent technical developments in the electronics field mean to postwar radio.

Wartime research has led to important achievements and continual improvements in the radio and electronics field—so read this story of the results of recent progress *before* you choose your postwar radio set. Written by John Meck, leading electronics engineer engaged in producing special wartime communications equipment, the book gives you interesting and authoritative data on modern radio and includes advance information on the new Meck sets. Write today—John Meck Ind., Inc., Plymouth, Ind.

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Sometimes beauty can be very cooperative — as in this smart new Flip-It cigarette case by Barr. A slight press of the thumb — flip! — and your cigarettes, round and unrumpled, are presented to your waiting fingers. In sterling, gold-plate or silver-plate — *soon at your favorite store.

FROM THE *Barr* FAMILY OF *Fine Gifts*

* War work is taking our full time today. Buy war bonds now—your Flip-It case and other Barr gifts later.

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the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

GINGER

How's your tan? Summer working out nicely? We have a suggestion to top it off—a "Week-end At The Waldorf".

★ ★ ★ ★

Forsake the vales and hills, the rills and lakes. Try the Great Indoors. Pleasure guaranteed; good hunting.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of course the hunting is the Boy - Chases - Girl variety, but that's good too. Especially when it's Walter Pidgeon after Ginger Rogers and Van Johnson after Lana Turner.

LANA

★ ★ ★ ★

WALTER

Ginger plays Irene Malvern, the movie star. Walter plays Chip Collyer, the war correspondent. Lana plays Bunny Smith, the hotel stenog. And Van plays Captain Hollis, who's in a bad way.

★ ★ ★ ★

Anything can happen in a big hotel. Well, anything *does* happen. And it all happens adroitly, amusingly, excitingly.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a picture charged with intrigue. It excites. It has hearty laughter. There's also music provided by Xavier Cugat. We like all of it.

VAN

★ ★ ★ ★

You may go so far as to think "Week-end At The Waldorf" is the best picture of the year. We *know* it's first class.

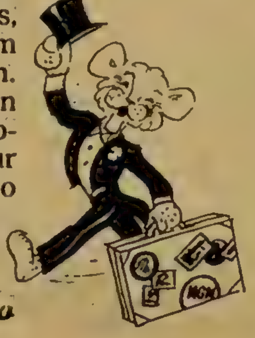
Along with those other big stars you meet Edward Arnold, who plays a tycoon; Phyllis Thaxter, a worried bride; Keenan Wynn, a cub reporter; Robert Benchley, a columnist; Leon Ames, a father; Lina Romay, a hot tamale; Samuel Hinds, an oil magnate.

It's a big "Week-end". Thank Robert Z. Leonard, the director. Thank Sam and Bella Spewack, screen playwrights, who took an idea from a play by Vicki Baum. Thank Guy Bolton who made the adaptation. Thank Arthur Hornblow, Jr. who produced it all.

★ ★ ★ ★

And thank

—Leo



LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

As a prewar duet, Bennett and Fields had only the best of everything.

PARIS UNDERGROUND

(United Artists)
Constance Bennett, Gracie Fields

MUCH has been said and written about the French underground, and the last word hasn't been heard yet. Paris Underground, adapted from the book of the same name, covers one phase of underground activity in and around gay Paree.

And Paris seems to be pretty gay in this depiction of the German occupation. In comparison with recent newspaper reports concerning complaints of French merchants against boisterous and rowdy American servicemen this picture makes the Nazis seem like the only people for Paris.

Constance Bennett (who modestly lists her name at the bottom of the cast) is the star and producer in this adult version of The Pied Piper. As her co-star, Miss Bennett presents Gracie Fields in a straight role with strong dramatic appeal and very light comedy shadings. Bennett is chic, flip, *très, très* American — and a good actress.

Miss Bennett, an American married to a Parisian, becomes embroiled in underground work when she and Miss Fields arrange an escape from occupied France for a downed British airman. Prior to the fall of Paris, Miss Bennett enjoyed her leisure, her dancing, and her minor flirtations, but the problem of a constant stream of Allied refugees soon becomes her only work, assisted by the iron-jawed Gracie. In time, the Gestapo closes in and arrests both of them. After a lapse of two years they are liberated from a Nazi horror camp by the U. S. Army. The French government decorates them for their heroism in the last scene, which reunites Bennett and her husband.

This picture introduces George Rigaud and it is nice meeting him. He is a mixture of leading men we already know. A dash of Boyer and a couple of jiggers of Errol Flynn.

The major fault of the picture seems to be in the portrayal of this particular underground group. The Paris organization seemed much too loose to fool the Gestapo. But then a man named Hitler had all the Nazis fooled for years.

After two years of Nazi prisons, they are physical and mental wrecks.

THE PLAY BROADWAY ROARED AT FOR OVER 2 YEARS

Now ...**A Great Columbia Picture!**

Kiss and Tell

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION • Play and Screenplay by F. HUGH HERBERT

starring

with love and kisses from **SHIRLEY TEMPLE** *as Corliss Archer*

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Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE

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DON'T PICK *your skin!*

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ORGANIZED LABOR'S PROBLEM CHILD

Continued from Page 27

As big unions go, U. A. W. is not at all rich. Each member pays monthly dues of one dollar. Of this amount, sixty cents is allotted to the local chapter to maintain organization, recreation, benefits, loans, and the like. The remaining forty cents goes to the International treasury at Detroit. This division of funds is in marked contrast to the steelworkers' union, to cite an example. A local in that union sends seventy-five cents out of every dollar to the International.

The U. A. W. treasury reserve is modest because it costs so much to keep the organization intact. This cost is greater than in many unions because of the lively and constant competition offered by the A. F. of L., and also because of the great variety of people, racial groupings, political and religious ideologies within the membership. It takes incessant attention by many well-paid organizers to maintain some semblance of unity and discipline among them.

Thus, although the International treasury took in more than $3,250,000 during the six months ending last November, it could add only a trifling $17,000 to its permanent reserve fund. The rest went for operating expenses—not for swollen salaries, but for many salaries. As of the last financial report, the net worth of this great union was only about $2,500,000.

As I have pointed out, the wartime disputes and battles between union men and management have not arisen over the question of wages. Union members charge some of the disruptions have been deliberately provoked by management, to embarrass the union before the public and particularly in the eyes of servicemen. Others have been provoked cynically by district and local leaders, in order to make the members feel that the union was fighting for them.

In principle, though certainly not always in fact, the U. A. W. has centered its arguments around the demand that labor share in the functions of management. George Romney speaks with some bitterness upon the subject:

"How can they ask for a share in management when every conceivable breach of discipline has occurred in most of Detroit's war plants? These men cannot keep themselves in order. How can they hope to assume the duties of managing a complex manufacturing operation?"

Walter Reuther's enthusiasm for labor-management production committees is well known. His insistence that labor have a voice in management springs, perhaps, from his own often brilliant abilities in the field. To Romney's observations he answers vigorously, and a little disturbingly.

Testifying before the Mead committee, Reuther said that management had taken unfair advantage of the no-strike pledge, refusing to settle disputes promptly and thus goading the men to strikes which the International disapproved. He added the charge that certain companies had engaged in secret reconversion activities for months, trying, against strict government orders, to get the jump on their competitors. One of these charges was officially corroborated: that Republic Aircraft, as long ago as last fall, diverted engineers from important war jobs to plan the postwar manufacture of toys.

President Thomas of U. A. W. told the committee that expert foundrymen had been transferred from their regular work to other jobs, "though foundry work is the most critical bottleneck in the industry today"; that skilled hammermen
been put to work sweeping floors or
ing heavy machinery in preparatio
reconversion, "while machinery capab
producing 16,000 75-mm. shells a day
idle."

"Our union," said Thomas, "has re
to accept the position of management
problems of war production are no
our business."

What is U. A. W.'s attitude towar
returning veteran? As this was writt
seemed tentative, for there has bee
great influx of discharged soldiers lo
for jobs. Even in government the
some confusion upon the point. The
Bill of Rights would seem to provide p
ity for the veteran, regardless of
sort of job he seeks. But the War L
Board has now suggested that he is
titled to priority only if he resume
sort of work he had before he was dr
The automobile union apparently is
paring to support this view.

At the Paterson plant of Wright A
nautical, returned veterans have ask
their old jobs. Workmen with higher
iority have been discharged to make
for them, and U. A. W. has made no
plaint. But the time will come whe
decision won't be so simple. Before
war, Wright had fewer than 9,000
ployees. Now it has about 180,000. A
50,000 men have gone into uniform
the company's plants. Yet after r
version, the company expects to em
about 20,000 workers in all.

The attitude of most men, labor le
and management alike, is that they
only wait and see.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Were there many prisoners inside t
Bastille when it was stormed by Fren
patriots?

Contrary to popular belief, when t
Bastille was stormed on July 14, 178
there were only seven prisoners insid
Instead of being tortured, they we
really living pleasantly.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Whatever happens is likely to be
if the more disturbed observers ma
believed. To these men, and there
many of them, the situation in the a
motive-airplane industry has reache
almost hopeless impasse and will get w
before it gets better. Frank Rising
dustry's member of the War Labor B
in Detroit, prophesies gloomily:

"There's bound to be an explosion
between labor and management afte
war. I can't see anything that will st
Things are so bad, it's the only way
can resolve their differences. This
is in a terrible mess.

"It will be plagued by more strikes
ever before. They will be caused by
agement's efforts to increase produ
and labor's resistance to discipline.
ing the war, management has overlo
many acts of worker irresponsibility
management has never changed its
about the right to enforce discipline.
union is too big, loose, and irrespon
The International has no control ove
membership. In fact, the union is u
down. It tries to provide the ultima
democracy, but fails."

Reuther's answer is government
operation plus management-labor co-c
ation: "Without government initiativ
effective mobilization of our nat
economic life and productive effort
not be achieved in time of war. We
be prepared to accept government d
tion and co-ordination to meet the pe

THE END

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Durable
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Yours after Victory
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HIZZONER, THE MAYOR OF OKINAWA

Continued from Page 31

"O. K. Let's get going," said Captain McAllister.

In succession, the council discussed such matters as how many carts Mr. Koshi could get in the morning to carry fertilizer for the sweet-potato patches, the need for soap, and the influx of more civilians into the settlement. At this point a *hancho* read a statistical report on recent additions in his district, and Mr. Koshi fell asleep. When the hubbub of voices suddenly awoke him, he promptly slipped in the sage suggestion that such reports henceforth should be shorter.

A SQUAT *hancho* with a Hitlerian mustache got to his feet. He bowed first to Captain McAllister, then to Mayor Yi. "I have had nothing to wear since the Americans came. Someone who was in a cave with me took my clothes. I know there is a war, but yet I have no clean clothes to wear." He pointed to his torn robe and bare feet.

"War is always tough on little people," Captain McAllister replied, "and I know there aren't enough clothes. But we've got to get ammunition and guns here first for our soldiers. After all, there's a war going on. But we'll try our damnedest to get clothes. Tell him that, mayor."

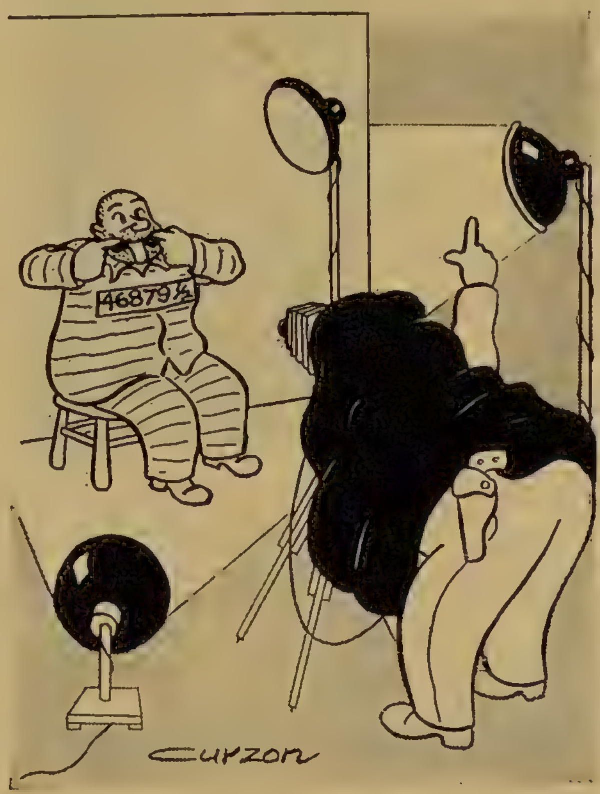
The *hancho* heard the promise, bowed low, and sat down. He jotted down the captain's words in a little notebook.

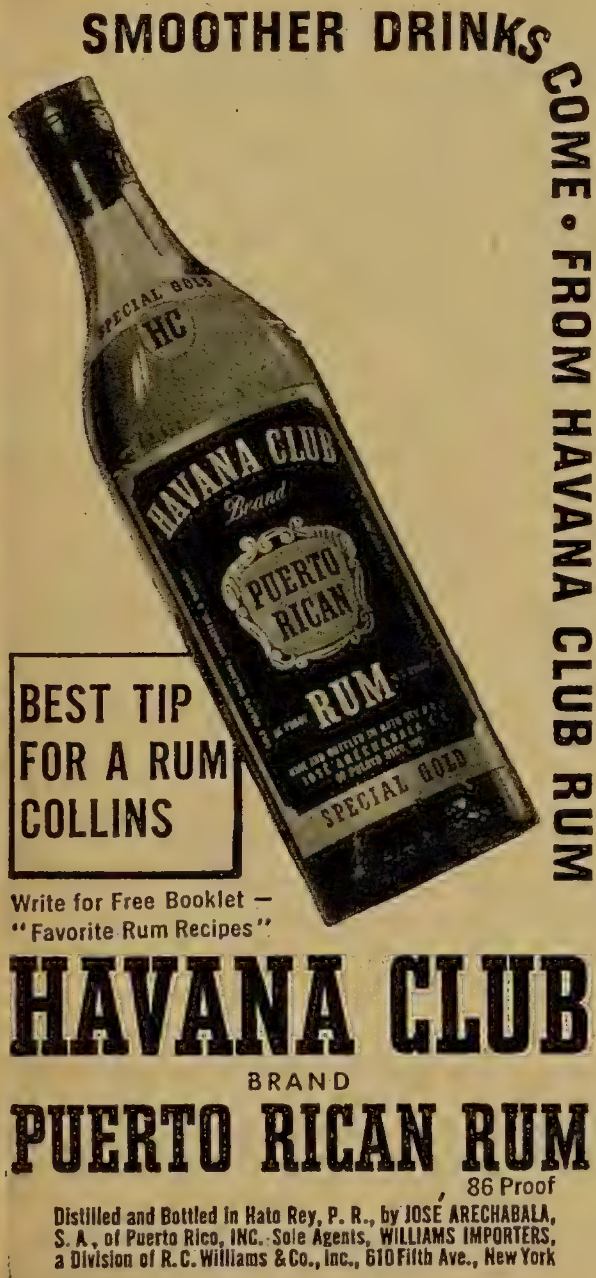
"Now, here's something up the old chief's alley," said Captain McAllister. "There have been a few troublemakers around, people who hang around the compound all the time, who wander around at night—damn it, they get shot accidentally that way!—and who don't clean up their houses. Stuff like that. Well, we're going to set up a court, and you, chief, and you, mayor, and the lawyer in the village will be in charge. The better people behave, the less work you'll have."

Mayor Yi's head bobbed as Captain McAllister spoke. He was obviously pleased with the added power. "I be good judge," he promised.

The chief beamed. The *hanchos* nodded in unison.

Next, Captain McAllister and Mayor Yi held a five-minute symposium on the need for keeping streets clean and for digging





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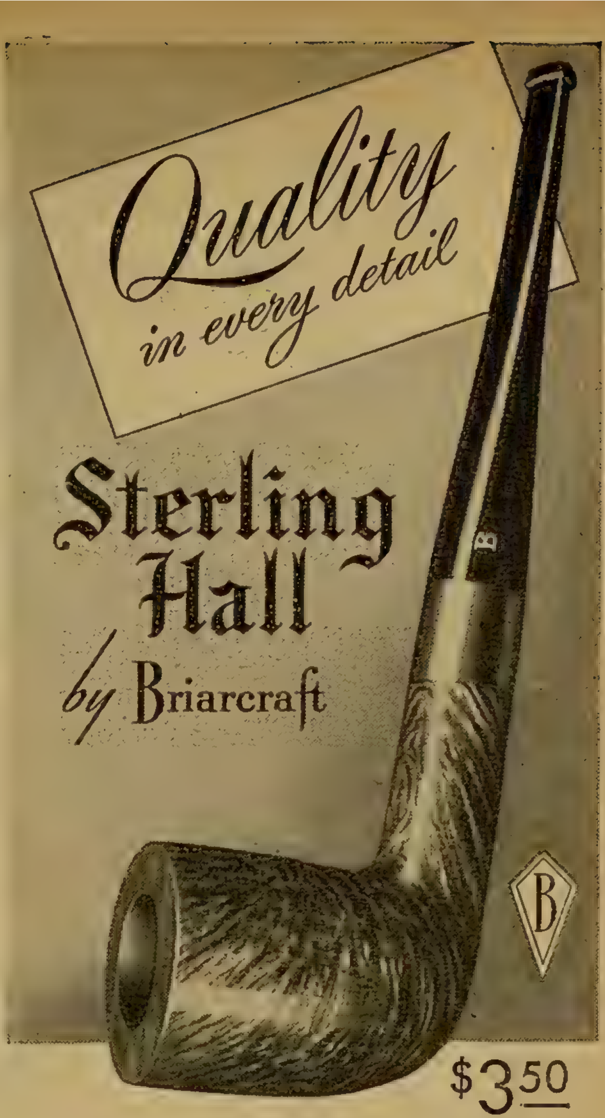

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TREDS
AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

deep drainage ditches. Several *hanchos* related what was being done in their sections. One testy old man boasted that even the women in his district were working at these jobs. The others sniffed at this show of pride and mumbled demands to get on with the meeting.

It was now Y. Nobolu's turn to tell of the program for planting sweet potatoes. In a dullish voice he outlined how each district would begin preparing the earth in the morning. He droned on and on at some length, and again Mr. Koshi's head dropped on his chest and he snored very quietly. This time, two of the *hanchos* joined him in irreverent slumber.

They were awakened by the excited voices of three *hanchos,* silent up to now. These were the farmers, who had little interest in the urban problems discussed earlier. They gabbled away, obviously overjoyed at having their first say in the meeting.

"The important thing to tell them," said Captain McAllister when the farmers had finished, "is that they must start their farms again. We're not here to change their way of life. We want them to live and be well. But there's a war going on and we just won't be able to feed everyone who comes in here. So they have to start planting now. Otherwise a lot of people will starve. And we don't want that."

During part of Mayor Yi's explanation to the *hanchos* he held his shaved head in his hands and shook from side to side, emphasizing the seriousness of the situation. The *hanchos* clucked and the farmers promised full co-operation. "We shall be ready before dawn," they chorused.

From the street below came shouting. Chief Futumai swiftly placed his helmet on his head, stepped to the window, and yelled. There were loud cries. He roared out of the side of his mouth and the noise ceased. Then he turned to the council with his gold-toothed smile. Someone, it seemed, had sought to enter the compound, but he had put a stop to this breach of regulations at once. He stared at Captain McAllister for commendation, but the captain was busily talking to Mayor Yi.

"O. K.," the captain was saying. "Let's read the minutes."

City Clerk Gushumi wet his lips and read softly. Those *hanchos* who had taken notes compared the minutes with their jottings, and once there was a rapid-fire argument about the disposition of a particular issue. When Gushumi finished, Mayor Yi asked for questions. There was none.

Captain McAllister got up from his cramped seat. "O. K. We meet again tomorrow. And let's try to have everyone on time."

He pointed at the police chief, who caught the meaning at once and bowed.

"Listen, mayor," the captain told Yi. "Let's have the *hanchos* get on the ball and stay on it."

Mayor Yi placed the tips of his index fingers on his forehead, his gesture when he is perplexed or cannot think of the proper English word. "On the ball?" he repeated. "This I can no' un'estan'. What mean?"

"Oh, see that everybody does as he's told to—as the *hanchos* tell them. That way we'll all be happy and we won't have so many headaches."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, 'es, 'es," Mayor Yi chuckled. "Be happy, ev'body happy." He danced along at the side of the captain, the top of his Panama hat even with the officer's chest. Chief Futumai skipped behind them.

DOWNSTAIRS, Mayor Yi and the chief of police solemnly bade each *hancho* farewell and repeated the captain's advice about following orders. Then they strode toward the compound to detail men for work in the fields.

Along the way, marines grinned and shouted, "Hi, Mister Mayor! How's it goin'?"

"O. K., very O. K.," laughed Mayor Yi. "See, ev'body say to me, 'Hi!' Feel like goddam king!" He slapped his knee as he bent double with laughter.

A woman approached him for a pass through the front lines; she wanted to find her mother. He settled this problem by advising the woman to wait until morning, then looked around for his chief of police. Chief Eutumai was shuffling along the road, yowling at children to get off the main highway. Instead, they stood agape, admiring the chief's helmet.

"Hah! Hah!" Mayor Yi called to the chief. "Come, we have business in Nakaoshi. We must meet with the new *hanchos* there. We must tell them the orders. Come, come!"

The chief ran to Mayor Yi, waved his hand at the children, and the two walked off like a pair of cocky bantams. "Well," said one of the Marine M. P.s, "there they go. I bet those boys'll have a dozen new wards lined up for their ticket by morning. What a sweet pair of precinct captains they'd make in Jersey!"

THE END

****

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****

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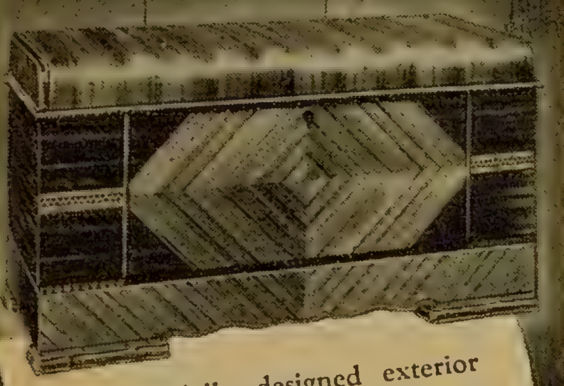

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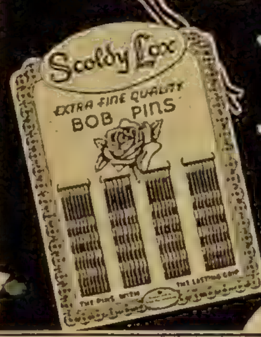

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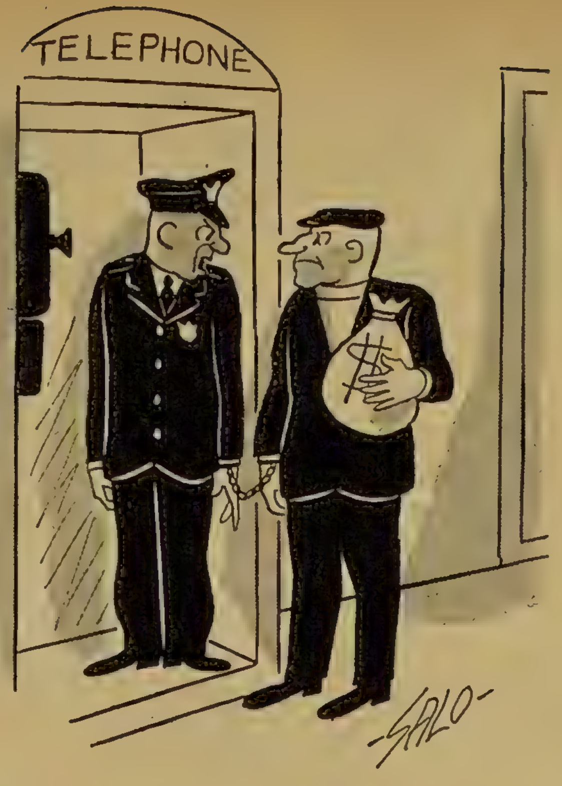

"Got a nickel?"

THE BROWNSVILLE HANDICAP

Continued from Page 37

ries, as anyone who has ever seen or been an umpire at Ebbets Field will testify. Apparently not even the amiable little Mr. Karp was immune, for one day my uncle came in to announce gleefully that Kaplowitz and Karp were going to race their horses on Sunday for a purse of fifteen dollars.

My father was incredulous. "Go on!" he said. "Who's going to put a saddle on that animal?" He was talking about Solly. "Who's going to sit on her? A midget?"

"Who's talking about saddles?" my uncle said. "This is a sulky race. As is."

"Sulky race!" my father exclaimed. He knew a thing or two; he was not above putting down a two-spot on the ponies now and again. "A fine sulky race—between a fruit wagon and an ice wagon!"

"All right," said my uncle with an impatient gesture. "So it's a *heavy* sulky race. Why are you so technical?"

The news of the race spread like wildfire. Everybody took sides. There hadn't been such a furor in our neighborhood since Steinberg's Appetizing Store burned down. Mr. Karp still made his daily rounds as usual, hopping and inarticulate, but we could see that he was in a state of high nervous excitement. Only Solly seemed unmoved by the flurry she'd occasioned. She stood and meditated, she flopped an ear, switched her tail in stately cadence, moved in slow caesuras from stop to stop, archaic but sound, like good Elizabethan prose.

THE day of the contest dawned bright but not early. It dawned on a fine Sunday in June about seven o'clock in the evening, which was the earliest that either of the contestants could get away from his business. The course was over two furlongs, or blocks, on unpaved street which is now part of Linden Boulevard. Julius Kaplowitz, Jr., was up for the Kaplowitz stables and Samuel Insull Karp was to carry his father's colors to victory. At the last minute Mr. Karp changed his mind and took the reins himself. He couldn't bear to trust Solly's sensitive mouth to any hand but his own.

A sizable throng lined the course. The little brown man who sold sweet potatoes from a portable stove on wheels had heard the news and was trundling his wares

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about, doing a brisk business. Two small confused boys were trying to sell Dodger and Giant pennants. Mrs. Davidoff was out with her basket of pretzels. Kaplowitz and Karp weren't speaking. The smart money had gone down on Mike, but many of us who felt a bond of loyalty to Mr. Karp had backed Solly with everything we had. Feeling was running pretty high.

Uncle Phil had conceived a novel idea for the getaway. He set a cannon cracker under each wagon and appointed two deputies to explode them simultaneously. At the explosion Mike was off to a fair start and, plentifully belabored by Julius, managed actually to work himself into a disheveled canter. But Solly seemed hardly to have noticed the noise at all. She was, I fear, a little deaf. She moved forward a few feet, stopped, and settled her haunches for the customary wait. Mr. Karp lifted the reins and let them fall ever so gently. Solly switched her tail and stood there. Mr. Karp leaned forward and spoke to her. She began to walk. He joggled the reins and tried to carom her off into a trot with a kind of frantic buttock-english. Solly didn't get the idea at all. She ambled a few paces and stopped, looking expectantly to the side to see if her master had decided to quit this foolishness and get down off the wagon and go somewhere, respectably, with a piece of ice.

MIKE was already halfway down the first block and going strong. Mr. Kaplowitz was jumping up and down in unsportsmanlike glee. The crowd, from sympathetic shouts of encouragement at first, had begun to mutter. We all liked Mr. Karp, but a lot of us who had let sentiment get the better of our judgment were beginning to regret it. I stood to lose a quarter myself and I felt pretty bitter.

Mr. Karp whispered, cajoled, clucked, pushed—all to no avail.

Disgusted taunts began to fill the air: "Get her a wheel chair! . . . Get a horse! . . . What a nag! . . ." My uncle came running up. "Use the whip," he hollered. "Get her started."

Mr. Karp's face blanched at this suggestion. There was a whip in a rusty sheath at the side of the wagon, but it was an accessory merely, like the tassel on Solly's hat. Mr. Karp wouldn't have dreamed of using it. But the noise and confusion had begun to unsettle him. He brought himself to lift the reins and slap them against Solly's rump. Startled, she went forward a few paces at a gait somewhat resembling a trot, then she stopped again and turned sideways altogether, flashing her master a look more puzzled and reproachful than indignant.

"Use the *whip!*" my uncle screamed. "Use the *whip!*" Poor Mr. Karp. His honest flat face was covered with sweat and a look of pain, real pain. It was Solly's reputation he was worried about, you may be sure, not his own. The jeers were coming thick and fast. He looked despairingly at my uncle, who grabbed the whip, wrenched it out of its socket, and handed it to him. Mr. Karp looked at it for a moment as Abraham must have looked at the sacrificial knife.

Then he raised it and brought it smartly down across Solly's flank.

The result was startling. The old pampered darling reacted as if a shower of bricks had fallen on her. She plunged wildly into the air, almost upsetting the wagon and tumbling Mr. Karp back inside, out of view. Then she came down on all fours and was off like a shot. When we saw Mr. Karp next, he was standing against the buckboard, holding the reins, swaying perilously like a charioteer of old.

Solly won the race by half a furlong.

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She was halfway to Canarsie before Mr. Karp could stop her and bring her back. His face was a study as he got down. He couldn't bring himself to look at Solly. The crowd was wildly excited. Someone hung a tattered lei of dandelions around Solly's neck. Mrs. Davidoff offered her a pretzel. One of the small boys excitedly stuck a Dodger pennant into her collar. Solly just stood there shivering a little, looking at her master with a glazed uncomprehending eye. Suddenly she sighed heavily, sank to her knees, rolled over slowly, and expired.

For a moment Mr. Karp was unable to take in the catastrophe. He knelt down beside the horse, spoke to her pleadingly. "Come on, Solly," he said. "Get up." He tugged at her. "Don't be foolish. I didn't mean it." Finally it penetrated. He stood up, looked around dazedly. My uncle was standing with a group of sober-faced spectators, looking on uncomfortably. Mr. Karp walked over to him, lifted his work-hardened fist as if it were a mallet, and drove it into my uncle's face. Then he went back and sat down beside Solly and thought, I suppose, of a lot of things, as one does at the death of a friend.

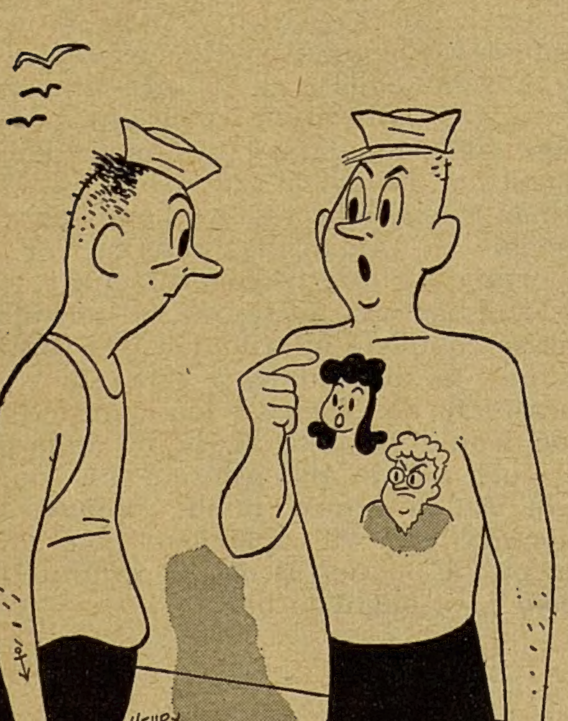
IT'S to my uncle's credit that when his jaw was in working order again, he sought out Mr. Karp and tried to make amends. "It shows you," he said. "Even an expert can be fooled. I was dead wrong about Solly. That horse was a thoroughbred. In spades."

Somewhat shamefacedly he forced some money on Mr. Karp for the purchase of another mount. In a few days Mr. Karp appeared on his rounds with a horse named Molly. To the casual observer it might have seemed the same horse all over again, the same swayback, the same floppy ears, the same beige mohair effect about the joints.

But you could see it wasn't the same for Mr. Karp. At his time of life you don't form new relationships easily. There was a certain sad reserve in his manner toward Molly.

And now whenever the wind blew in from Jamaica Bay, bringing the odor of spent fish to our nostrils and the dank grayness of dead time to our Brooklyn skies, if one of us remarked on the dismal character of the weather, Mr. Karp would glance heavenward and sigh. "Yes. Not so clean today," he'd agree reluctantly. "Not very clean vetter oussite."

THE END



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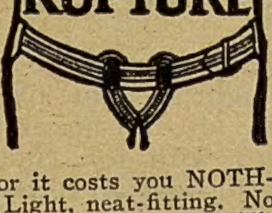
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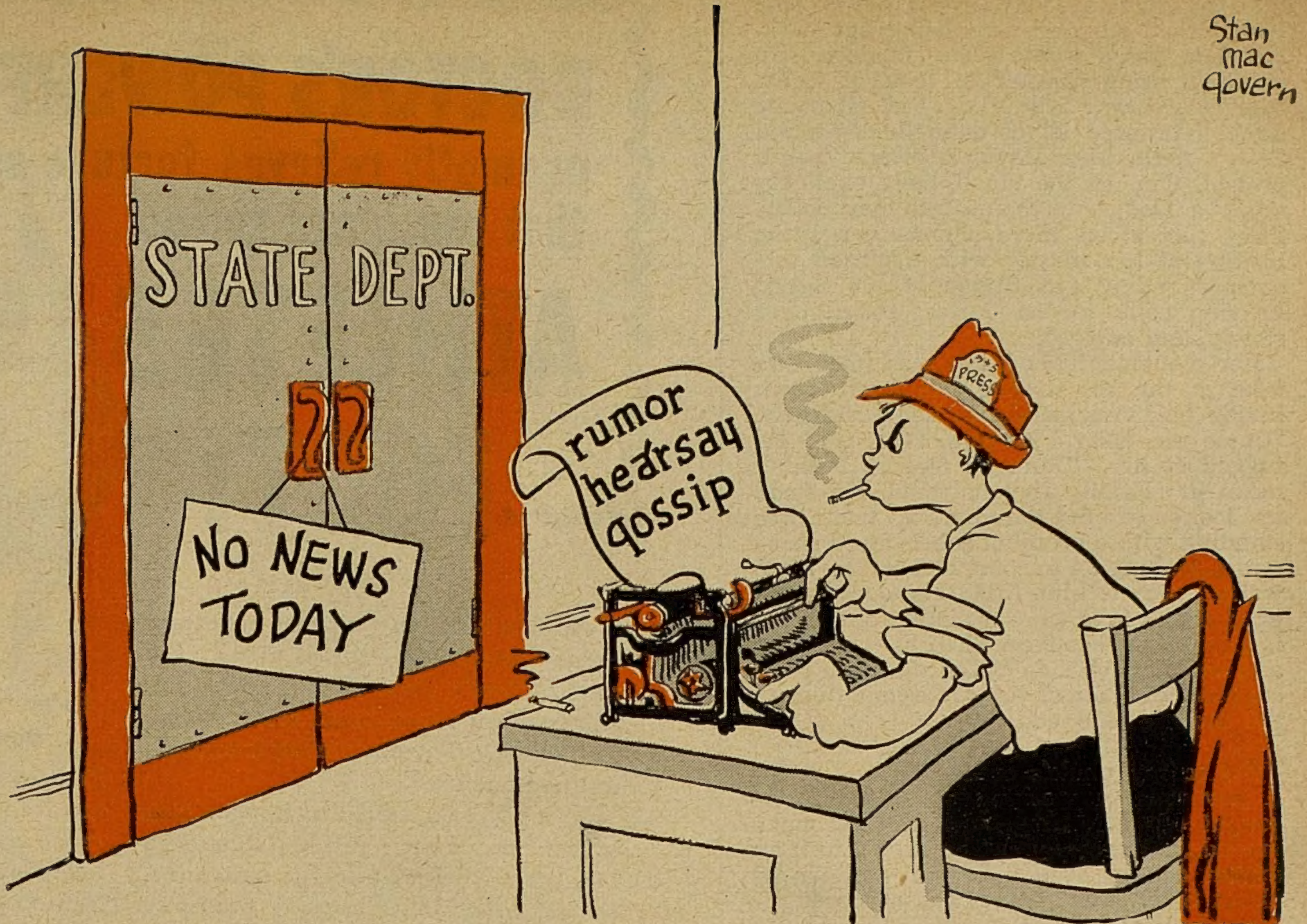


MEN AND POLITICS ABROAD

DESPITE Big Three conferences, the United Nations organization, and the best efforts of diplomats here and abroad, it will be many a long day before the European political pot simmers down to a soft boil. The results of the war and its aftermath will not become evident in a day or a month. It will be some time before order and tranquillity again settle over the European scene.

Meanwhile our press and radio carry many tales of sinister political maneuvering abroad. Many writers and commentators excite very easily over these happenings and often form conclusions based on inadequate possession of the facts. Often their interpretation indicates dissension among the Big Three or a betrayal of the principles for which the war was fought. American foreign policy is derided as dubious and the people in charge of it as ineffective, or worse.

Actually our administrative and diplomatic officials are not imbeciles. They are, for the most part, competent gentlemen who seek to execute their duties in accordance with sound American principles of freedom and justice. Usually they have far more information available to them on men and events than the average writer or reporter who, in many cases, merely puts his own conclusions on what information he gets from government sources.

In judging European political developments, we ought to remember that while it is a safe bet all European politicians who fooled around with the Nazis and Fascists are bad men to deal with, the reverse is not necessarily true. Because an individual opposed Nazism or Fascism does not prove he is on our side or wears a sacrosanct political halo.

There are in Europe many individuals whose profession is unrest, both political and economic. We have our share of them in this country, too. They make a living by being "agin" whatever happens to be. Many of these professional opposers will be equally opposed to whatever new government is formed in their respective countries or, for that matter, in countries which are not theirs at all. They have no ability for government. They have genius only for opposing the existing political system. Though they may agitate for Communism, for example, they would be at odds with it once they got it.

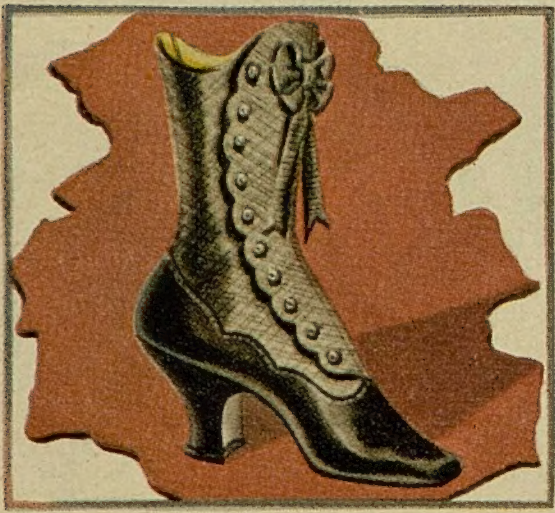
Thus, when we, or one of our allies, seem to oppose some individual, the opposition may not rest on ideological grounds at all. Maybe the man is only a professional opposer who is incapable of organizing, running, or even supporting an orderly government.

It would be wise, of course, for our officials to make complete information of this nature available to the public, a thing they seem reluctant to do. Then, at least, misinterpretation would be difficult, if not impossible, and much breath and printing ink could be saved. An informed public opinion in a democracy is a valuable asset, but all too often public opinion is not so accurately informed as it ought to be.

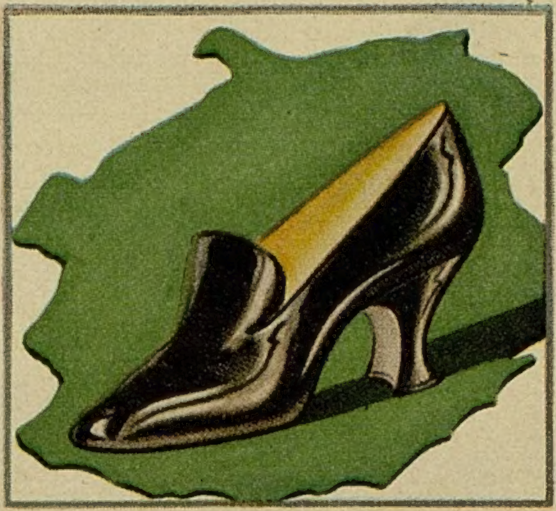
Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

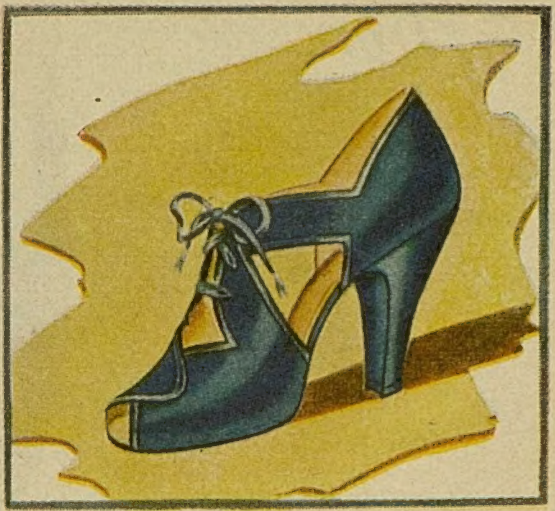
Styles afoot change like a breeze!



1898 **HIGH SHOES,** with hanging tassels, looked like boots. Buttonhooks were a part of every dresser set. Since skirts dragged the floor (in this 40th year after the name Corby's Whiskey was first known in Canada), women's shoes were mostly out of sight, out of mind.



1920 **END OF** World War I brought in the "flapper era"—short skirts and a new emphasis on shoes. Paris contributed the French heel. Silk stockings became so attractive, high shoes were changed to pumps, as Corby's reached its 62nd year of Canadian fame.



1937 **IN AN EFFORT** to make shoes look smaller, designers borrowed a sandal idea, introduced open-toe styles. A bare-leg fad soon followed, which in turn resulted in painted toenails. Styles afoot were breezing along as Corby's saw its 77th year of fine Canadian tradition.

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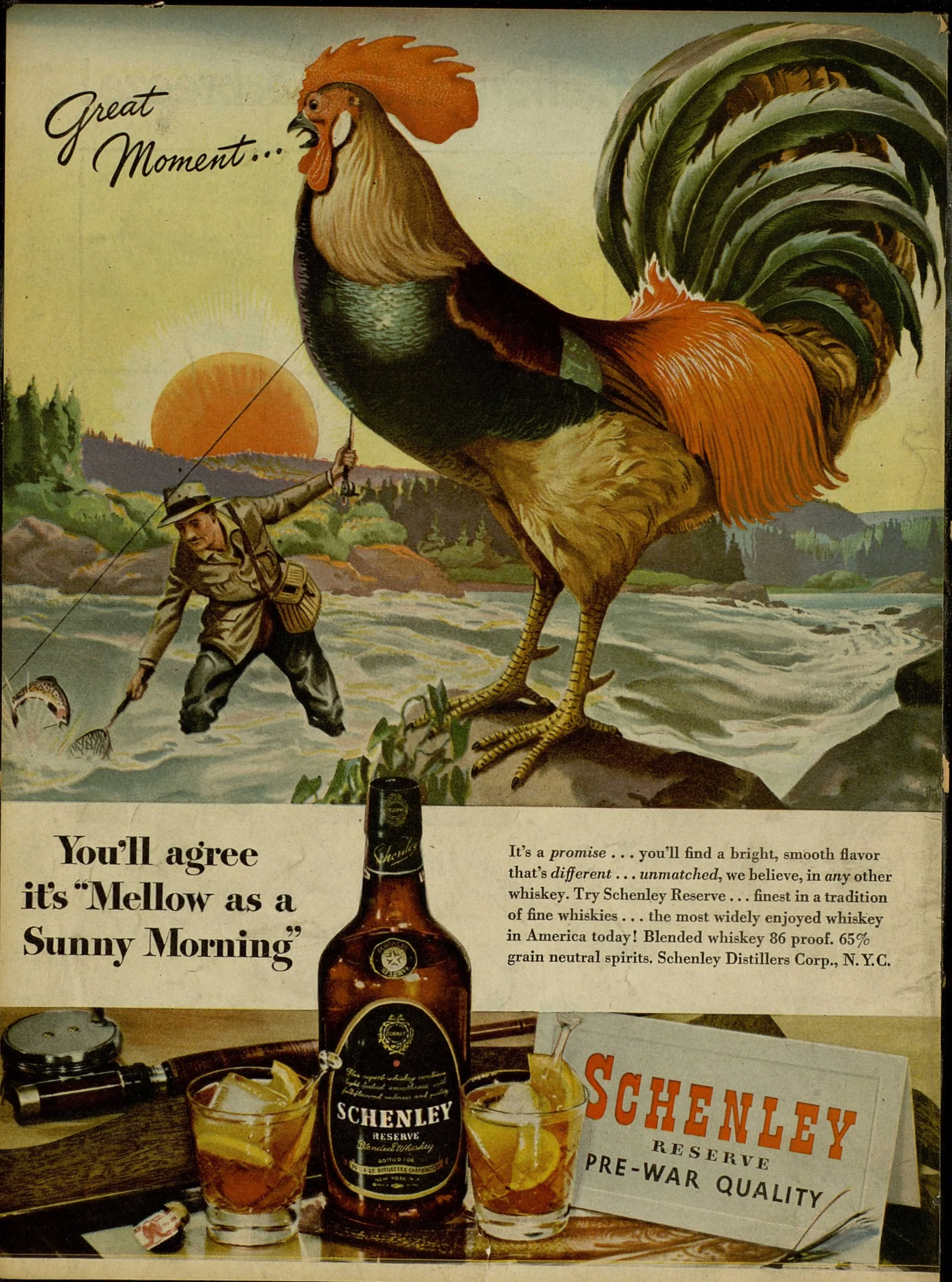
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